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SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1897—JUNE, 1898.

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THE
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OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 1.

IVY ORATION

THE FUNCTION OF THE COLLEGE

There is at present a wide spread delusion, not only among the outside world, but also among students themselves, as to the precise function of the College. It is unfortunately the popular conviction that college is primarily a place for acquisition, and that it is secondarily a place in which to develop the practical and social sides of one's nature. It is time that the functions of the College were more clearly defined and that these four years were recognized by world and students alike, not chiefly as a period of acquisition, not to any great degree as a chance to display our social faculties and business abilities, but as an opportunity to advocate and reconcile, as far as possible, those tendencies of the day whose conflict renders living problematical.

There are at present two tendencies conspicuously at work. There is the tendency that would exalt the individual at the expense of social intercourse—that delights in eccentricities,—that clamors for self-assertion, that sits aloof in its egotism and cries out for the development of the self. There is the tendency whose respect is wholly for organization, that is sceptical in regard to the individual, but confident in regard to coöperation,

that believes the sweets of existence to be attainable only through the medium of the club, and in order to expedite the problem reduces the individual to the least common denominator. Since therefore the College proposes to prepare its students to meet and answer these opposite demands, its function is primarily the solution of a paradox.

The mission of the College is in the first place essentially ideal. If in these four years we do not learn to reverence ourselves as worshipfully as a child reverences its saints, if we have not become in some degree cognizant of the fragrance, the delicacy and the power of our own souls, we have missed the bloom of the experience and the fineness that makes a college course dignified and venerable. The world is at present troubled with insomnia. It is terribly awake. Its silences are disturbed by the beating of its own heart and the rushing of its own blood. It is restless, wayward, egotistical and fretful. We need individuals—men and women, who do not feel oppressed by the wakefulness which this age makes the heritage of us all, whose peace cannot be violated by conflicting tendencies, whose nerves are so steady, whose pulses so sure, whose gaze so intrepid and serene that instead of being coerced by the activities of the day, they handle them as easily as the engineer turns the throttle bar of the engine.

There is at present a little word of which we all stand more or less in awe. It is the word practical. There is not one of us who has not in his heart either a lurking desire to be practical, or an unexpressed fear that he is not. We cannot but feel profound admiration for those individuals who convert their dreams to dollars, their reveries to railroad companies, their silences to political canvassing and the inspiration of their solitudes to the promulgation of the trolley car. We look with regard that verges upon veneration at that woman who is the mother of half a dozen well regulated children, who is inspector of the orphan asylum, president of the Ibsen Club, patroness of the night coffee house, an influential Daughter of the Revolution, and who is involved in every philanthropic this, social that, and intellectual the other thing which so largely constitute the life of to-day. All this is highly admirable. We cannot respect too highly these efficient, energetic and self-sacrificing individuals, who are so devoted to the welfare of humanity and the erection of the elevated railroad. Yet there is

danger that among such extreme activity we miss somewhat of that fragrance, color and exquisite personality which is the blessed privilege of the individual. There is at present a tendency, not so much to overestimate the value of the practical, but to misconstrue the meaning of the word. The most practical movements that we know, have been the outward results of momentous inner changes. They are the outcome of profound spiritual activities, are serious and sublime and are shadowed always by the presence of a force beyond themselves. It is the power of which it is representative that makes the practical venerable to us. Yet there is danger that in our reverence for the outward and visible sign, we forget the inward and spiritual grace. There is danger that our practicality become a hard exterior varnish, a sort of intellectual shellac—without the flush of passion and the suffusion of soul which alone makes it lovely. It is too often a cup without the wine—it is the bread without the blessing—it is a prefatory and irreverent sacrament—an empty symbol flung for an insult in the face of the deity it will not recognize. It is just this tendency that the ideal college course ought to tend to counteract. It should develop in us a certain richness of character which shall express itself always, even in the midst of active life—a fulness, a depth and a rotundity which shall make the practical side of us gracious and vital, and a certain integrity of personality which shall cling like a sweet savor around our every act. If in these four years a student does not succeed in gathering around himself the warm and subtle atmospheres of thought—if he has not acquired something of that benevolence, stateliness and intellectual elegance which characterize the true scholar, and if he does not feel within himself a free and irrepressible personality which shall stamp itself upon his every action, he has thwarted the sacred mission of the College and has denied her the privilege of giving him her best.

The mission of the College is in the second place practical—to show us ourselves in connection with others and to afford us opportunity to study, not only our possibilities, but our limitations. A college course implies a series of fine adjustments. If it affords opportunity for success, it also affords opportunity for a noble and self-respecting defeat. Success is not decided in ways that can be easily seen. It is not measured by red tape. It is possible for a student to graduate from college a leader in

every social function, the centre of an admiring group of friends, a star in all her classes, distinguished by every honor that her Alma Mater has to give, yet with the blight of failure in her heart if her self-recognition depends upon the recognition of others, and if she measures her individual worth by her external success. It is possible for a student to pass through college unfriended and unknown, mediocre in her scholarship, unrecognized for attainments of any sort, yet successful if she has obtained an understanding of herself and if she persists in reverencing that self—no matter whether others do or not. At some time or other we are all of us fated to humiliation. It is the negative without which it is impossible to realize the affirmative. Self-consciousness is supreme only in defiance of possible extinction. A man may attain in the cloister to a certain superiority of soul and may grow in grace like the lilies of the field. It is not until he has buckled on the sword and contested for every inch of that territory which he calls himself, that he is fully an individual. The man who, after a fair struggle, learns that in certain lines he is ineffectual, who eats for bread the bitterness of defeat, and who yet proudly maintains his self-respect, has mastered the fundamental problem of success. The man who recognizes the fact that he has been cancelled to a virtual zero, yet who still insists that a zero is a highly respectable thing to be,—who does not flinch when required to take his place in society in the capacity of a zero—who is willing to look his God in the face and say "I have fulfilled and respected the obligations of the zero that thou didst make me"—that man is mightily individual and a social lever. Recognizing at once his limitations and his dignity, he feels himself none the less respectable because his weakness compels him to coöperation. He is so intrenched in his indomitable personality that he needs no hermitage in which to pamper his egotism, but can maintain his self-respect even when his comrades show him his deficiencies.

The function of the College is then, twofold. It is to teach a student to maintain his own personality, gracefully and haughtily—a legitimate egotism whose sacred right is to enjoy itself—and to preserve a modest yet dignified good fellowship with others, and that reverence for them which is entailed by the recognition of his own limitations.

Since then the function of the College is the solution of this

paradox—it is primarily to instruct us in that spiritual equilibrium which is the essence of all paradoxes and therefore the source of power. College is fundamentally a place in which to acquire force. It is the battery in which electricity shall be stored. It is for taking into ones self those fine and elusive qualities which make one dominant in the world. This is the foundation of greatness—a sort of divine arrogance, a justifiable and superb assertion of ones self coupled with a reverential delicacy in regard to others. The strong man balanced between these two antitheses, although beset by the aggressions of a complicated social life is yet at heart invulnerably calm. It is health. His brilliancy is not the rotten and fallacious bloom of decadence. It is the steady effulgence of absolute sanity. College is for spiritual acquisition more than for intellectual. Spirituality is no vague and evanescent quality. It is not attenuated. It is not thin. Because it is so often in the mouth of quacks and charlatans it is not to be classified as a refined and well-bred hysteria. It has on the contrary plenty of sinew and plenty of brawn. It is not wholly delicate and elusive but has a grappling quality that can cope with fate and a defensive stolidity that will not be downed. He who possess it surveys the world with the big, healthful, placid gaze of a Homeric view. He is like an Indian. As the trail along the grass indicates the presence of the enemy, or the passing of a storm, so little things become to his refined inner senses significant and prophetic. He is befriended by natural forces and can lie amid thunder and lightning and not be dismayed. He can fight to the death. When he grapples, his muscle is convincing and when assailed, although apparently quiescent, he is unfailing in obduracy of soul. This is what it means to be spiritual. It is the most practical thing in the world in the long run. The secret of spirituality is equilibrium—a certain exquisite poise whose accuracy is its beauty and whose delicacy is its power. The majority of us live too forcibly. We are sharply ejaculatory as if we were exclamations upon we do not quite know what. We struggle over straws and grapple desperately into gossamers. We survey our obligations through the minute in which we live as if it were a microscope. We lose sight of things that are large and are impressed with the importance of things that are small, we go into Liliputian hysteria. When a man has attained his equilibrium he is powerful at the same time that he is exquisitely sensitive. He is powerful because the equilibrium of the indi-

vidual is the equilibrium of the universe. He is backed by the stability of mountains, tides and stars, yet can modulate himself to every influence into delicate, instant and harmonious response. Planets, destinies, marches of nations, weeds in his garden, the question of the Sunday newspaper, the idiosyncrasies of his next door neighbor—each effects him in its own appropriate degree, no more, no less. Nothing is too trivial, nothing too great for him to weigh and estimate in the nice balance of his soul. He has quieted the dispute between activity and meditation. When he withdraws into himself he is not afraid that he is robbing Peter to pay Paul. He knows that as he dreams so shall he act, and that his reveries shall be transmuted into thought and deeds. He has reconciled to himself the horns of the everlasting paradoxes, gentleness and force, activity and rest, self-assertion and self-abnegation—where others perceive antagonisms and discords he detects the music of opposites moving harmoniously to one and the same end. It is the secret of equilibrium that makes a man heroic and serene, that endows him with that insight and efficiency which we call practical, that gives him that fine and indomitable quality which we call spiritual—that makes him great whether he be poet, prophet or scientist, and that shall breed individuals who are imperative, benevolent and Titanic.

It is right that in these bustling days in which our lot is cast, we should have at some time in our life a few years of quiet in which to study the secret of equilibrium and to become conscious of our powers and deficiencies—years which shall be refined by a rich and gentle studiousness, which shall be made profound by meditation and rendered human and warm by kindly sympathies. It should be an opportunity to become conversant with ourselves, to study spiritual reticence and to permit in ourselves that gradual, delicate and mysterious growth which seems somehow to be developed in seasons of high thoughtfulness. It is a large and beautiful conception that before the beginning of active life, at that sensitive, critical and self-conscious period when youth is merging into intellectual maturity—there should be set aside a few years in which to be studious of all that is tranquil, lovely, dignified and gracious—in which even for so short a time a young man or woman may for once in his life, with all the confidence, fervor and devotion that is in him, be disciple to the beautiful.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

IVY SONG

The parting hour, sad-hearted, comes at length;
The meadows' hazy calm, the mountains' strength,
The sunlit river, deepening to the sea,
Must be for us henceforth a memory.

The joy of comradeship, the happy hours
Fast fading ere we made their promise ours:
Truth's lifted veil that stirred life more divine,
Our Alma Mater, all are gifts of thine.

In memory of days that live no more,
In hope of fruitful work that lies before;
In gratitude of years that gave us power
We plant, to-day, our ivy by thy tower.

Near to thy walls we bid its branches twine
A symbol of our hearts, knit close to thine;
To others of thy children may it tell
The love that lies beyond the word "Farewell!"

AGNES HUNT.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROYED

The most high Gods have decided that too much power over the hearts of men shall not be given to other men, for then the Givers are forgotten in the gift and the smoke dies away from the altars. So they kill the men who play with souls. According to an ancient saying, before they destroy the victim they make him mad. There are, however, modifications of the process. Occasionally they make him drunk.

As I came down the board walk that leads to the ocean, I saw by his staggering and swaying gait that the man was not only very drunk indeed, but that he gloried in the fact. This was shown by the brandishing arms and the tossing head and the defiant air with which he regarded the cottages, before one of which he paused, leaned forward, placed one hand dramatically

at his ear, and presently executed a wild dance of what was apparently derision. A timid woman would have retreated, but I am not timid, except when I am alone in the dark. Also I have what my brother-in-law calls Bohemian tastes. As nearly as I have been able to understand that phrase, it signifies a great interest in people, especially when they are at all odd. And this solitary, scornful dance of a ragged man before the Averys' cottage was odd in the extreme.

So I walked quietly along. When I reached the man, I heard him muttering rapidly to himself, while he rested from the exertion of his late performance. What did dancing drunken men talk about? I walked slower. My brother-in-law says that a woman with any respect for the proprieties, to say nothing of the conventions, would never have done this. I have observed however, that his feeling for the proprieties and the conventions, both of them, has on occasion suffered relapse, more especially at those times, prior to his marriage to my sister, when I, although supposed to be walking and riding and rowing and naphtha-launching with them, was frequently and inexcusably absent. So I gather that the proprieties and the conventions like many other things, are relative.

As I passed the man he turned and looking crossly at me, spoke apparently to some one far away behind me, for he spoke with much force. "Did you ever hear such damn foolishness?" he demanded. Now there was nothing to hear but Miss Kitty Avery, playing Chopin's Fourth Ballade in A Flat. She played it badly, of course, but nobody who knew Kitty Avery would have imagined that she would play otherwise than badly, and I have heard so much bad playing that I don't notice it very much anyway. I thought it hardly probable that the man should know how unfortunate Kitty's method and selection were, so I passed discreetly by. Soon I heard his steps and I knew he was coming after me. While he was yet some distance behind me he spoke again. "I suppose that fool of a woman thinks she's somethin' great?" he growled as he lurched against a lamp post. Then I did the unpardonable deed. I turned and answered him.

"How do you know it's a woman?" I asked. "Huh: Take me for a fool, don't you?" he said scornfully, scuffling along unsteadily. "I'm drunk as an owl, but I'm no fool! No. I know it's a woman from the pawin' 'round she does. Bah!

Thinks she's playin': Damn nonsense!" He sat down carefully on the sand by the side of the walk and wagged his head knowingly. I looked cautiously about. No one was in sight. I bent down and untied my shoe. "Perhaps you could play it better?" I suggested sweetly. His jaw dropped with consternation. "Play it better! Oh! Lord! She says can I play it better! Can-I-play-it-better! Well I'll tell you one thing. If I couldn't play it better d'ye know what I'd do? Do you?" "No" said I, and tied my shoe. He didn't talk thickly as they do in books. On the contrary he brought out each word with a particularly clear and final utterance.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd go off and drown my sorrows in drink! Yes I would. Although I'm so beastly drunk that I wouldn't know when I was getting drunk on principle and when I was just plain drunk. Le' me tell you somethin'. *I'm drunk now!*" He announced the fact with a gravity so colossal as to render laughter impossible. I untied the other shoe. "Can you really play Chopin?" I said. He shook his fist at the Avery cottage. "What I can't play of Chopin you never heard played! So that's the end o' that!" he said. The folly of the situation suddenly became clear to me. I hastily tied my shoe and turned to go. He half rose from the sand, but sunk helplessly back. "Look here," he said confidentially, "I'm tired and I need m'rest. I got to have rest. We all need rest. If you want to hear me play you come to the ol' hulk of a barn that's got the piano in it. They call it auditorium—audi-to-ri-um. (He pronounced the syllables as if to a child of three.) I'll be there. You come before supper. I'll be rested then. I'd like to shoot that woman—thinks she's something great—damn nonsense—" I went on to the beach.

After dinner my brother-in-law came down on the afternoon boat and of course he occupied our attention. His theories though often absurd are certainly well sustained. For instance, his ideas as to the connection between genius and insanity. He says—but I don't know why I speak of it. I defeated him utterly. At length I left the room. I hate a man who won't give up when he's beaten. I found the Nice Boy on the piazza and we sat and talked. Really, a charming fellow. And not so very young, either. He told fascinating tales of a shipwreck he'd experienced where they sat on the bow as the boat went down and traded sandwiches. "I gave Hunter two hams for a chick-

en, and it was a mean swindle!" he said reminiscently.

"Speaking of sandwiches, I gave a chap ten cents to buy some this afternoon. Awfully seedy looking. Shabby clothes, stubbly beard, dirty hands, not half sober, and what do you think he said?"

I remembered and blushed. "I don't know," I murmured. "He invited me to a recital—a piano recital! He said he was going to play at 5.30 in the auditorium, and I might come if I liked, though it was a private affair! How is that for nerve? He didn't look up to a hand organ."

My curiosity grew. And then, I had a great consciousness of not liking to disappoint even a drunken man. He evidently thought I was coming. I sketched lightly to the Nice Boy the affair of the morning. He was not shocked. He was amused. But my brother-in-law says that nothing I could say could shock the Nice Boy. In fact he says that if I mean nothing serious I have no business to let the Nice Boy think—but this is a digression. It is one of my brother-in-law's prerogatives to be as impertinent as he cares to be. "Shall we go over?" said I. "He is very probably an accompanist, stranded here when his engagement ended. Perhaps he even plays well. These things happen in books." The Nice Boy shook his head. "We'll go, by all means," he said, "but don't hope. He's not touched a piano this long time."

So we gathered together some shawls and cushions and went over. The building was all dusky and smelled of pine. As we stumbled in, the sound of a piano met us. I own I was a bit excited. For one doubtful second I listened, ready to adore. Then I laughed nervously. We were not people in a book. It was Mendelssohn's Spring Song, played rather slowly and with a mournful correctness. I could feel the player's fingers thudding down on the keys—one played it so when one was obliged to use the notes. The Nice Boy smiled consolingly. "Too bad!" he whispered. "Shall we go out now?" "I should like to view the fragments of the idol!" I whispered back. "Let's end the illusion by seeing him!"

So we tip-toed up to the benches and looked at the platform where the Steinway stood. Twirling on the stool sat a girl of seventeen or so, peering out into the gloom at us. It was very startling. Now I felt that the strain was yet to come.

As I sunk into one of the chairs a man rose slowly, from a seat

under the platform. It was the stranger. He nodded jauntily at us. "Good thing you come," he announced cheerfully, "I don't know how long I could stand that girl. I guess she's related to the other?" and he shambled up the steps. His unsteady walk, his shaking hand, as he clumsily pushed the chairs out of way, told their disagreeable story. He walked straight up to the girl and looking beyond her said easily, "Excuse me, Miss, but I'm goin' to play a little for some friends o' mine, an' I'll have to ask you to quit for a while." The girl looked undecidedly from him to us but we had nothing to say. "Come, come," he added, impatiently, "you can bang all you want in a few minutes, with nobody to disturb you. Jus' now I'm goin' to do my own turn."

His assurance was so perfect, his intention to command obedience so evident, that the child got up and went slowly down the stairs, more curious than angry. The man swept the music from the rack and lifted the top of the piano to its full height. Then with an impatient twitch he spun the music-stool a few inches lower and pulled it out. The Nice Boy leaned over to me. "The preparations are imposing, anyhow," he whispered. But I did not laugh. I felt nervous. To be disappointed again would be too cruel! I watched the soiled, untidy figure collapse onto the stool. Then I shut my eyes, to hear without prejudice of sight the opening triple-octave scale of the professional pianist. For with such assurance as he showed he should at least be able to play the scales.

The hall seemed so large and dim, I was so alone—I was glad of the Nice Boy. Suppose it should all be a horrible plot, and the tramp should rush down with a revolver? Suppose—and then I stopped thinking. For from far away somewhere came the softest, sweetest song. A woman was singing, somewhere. Nearer and nearer she came, over the hills, in the lovely early morning, louder and louder she sang—and it was the Spring-song! Now she was with us—young, clear-eyed, happy, bursting into delicious flights of laughter between the bars. Her eyes, I know were gray. She did not run nor leap—she came steadily on, with a swift, strong, swaying, lilting movement. She was all odorous of the morning, all vocal with the spring. Her voice laughed even while she sang, and the perfect, smooth succession of the separate sounds was unlike any effect I have ever heard. Now she passed—she was gone by. Softer, fainter,

ah, was she gone? No; she turned her head, tossed us flowers and sang again, turned, and singing, left us. One moment of soft echo—and then it was still.

I breathed—for the first time since I heard her, I thought. I opened my eyes. It was all black before them, they had been closed so long. I did not dare look at the Nice Boy. There was absolutely nothing for him to say, but I was afraid he would try to say it. He was staring at the platform. His mouth was open, his eyes very large. Without turning his face toward me, he said solemnly, "And I gave him ten cents for sandwiches! Ten cents for sandwiches!"

Suddenly I heard sobs. Heavy, awkward sobs. I looked behind me. The girl had dropped forward onto the chair in front and was hysterically chattering into her handkerchief. "*I played that! I played that!*" she wailed. "Oh! he heard me! he did, he did!" I felt suddenly bitterly, horribly ashamed for her. How she must feel! And youth can suffer so.

But the man at the piano gave a little chuckle of satisfaction, and ran his hands up and down the keys in a delirium of scales and arpeggios. Then he hit heavily a deep, low note. It was like a great bass, trumpet. A crashing chord—and then the love song of Germany and musicians caught me up to heaven, or wherever people go who love to that tune—perhaps it is to Germany—and I heard a great, magnificent man, singing in a great, magnificent baritone, the song that won Clara Schumann's heart.

Schubert sang sweetly, wonderfully. I cry like a baby when one sings the serenade even fairly well. And dear Franz Abt has made most loving melodies. But they were musicians singing—this was a man. "*Du meine Liebe, du!*"—that was no piano; it was a voice. And yet no human voice could be at once so limpid and so rich, so thrilling and so clear.

And now it crashed out in chords—heavy, broken harmony. Possession, rapture, absolute glowing, pulsing joy—but these are adjectives, and that was love and music. I don't in the least know how long it lasted. There was no time for me. The god at the piano repeated it again and again, I think, as it is never repeated in the singing and always should be. I know that the tears rolled over my cheeks and dropped into my lap. I have a vague remembrance of the Nice Boy enthusiastically and brokenly begging me to marry him to-night and go to Venice

with him to-morrow, and my ecstatically consenting to that or anything else. I am sure he held my hand during that period, for the rings cut in so, the next day. And I am almost sure, indeed I am quite certain—but why consider one-self responsible for such things? At any rate it has never happened since.

And when it was over we went up hand in hand, and the Nice Boy said “what—what is your—your name?” And I stared at him expecting to see his dirty clothes drop off and his trailing clouds of glory wrap him ’round before he vanished from our eyes. His heavy eyebrows bent together. His knees shook the piano stool. He was laboring under an intense excitement. But I think he was pleased at our faces.

“What—what the devil does it matter to you what I’m named?” he said roughly. “Oh, it doesn’t matter at all, not at all,” I said meekly, “only we wanted, we wanted—” And then like that chit of seventeen I cried too. I am such a fool about music.

“Now you know what I mean when I say I can play better than damn fools o’ women,” he growled savagely. He seemed really terribly excited, even angry. “I’ll play one thing more. Then you go home. When I think o’ what I might have done, great God, I *can’t* die till I’ve shown ’em! Can I? Can I die? You hear me! You see—” his face was livid. His eyes gleamed like coals. I ought to have been afraid, but I wasn’t.

“You shall show them!” I gasped. “You shall! Will you play for the hotel? We can fill this place for you. We can—” “Oh you shut up!” he snarled. “You! I’ve played to thousands, I have. You don’t know anything about it. It’s the devil’s drink that’s killin’ me. It ruined me in Vienna. It spoiled the whole thing in Paris. It’s goin’ to kill me. Before I die, I’ll shoot that woman that played this morning though. I’ll shoot that girl—I’ll shoot you all!”

His voice was a shriek. He fell from the stool and from his pocket fell a bottle. The Nice Boy gave a queer little sob. “Oh, it’s dreadful, dreadful!” he whispered to himself. He jumped up on the platform and seized the man’s shoulder. “Come, come,” he said. “We’ll help you. Come, be a man! You stay here with us and we’ll take care of you. Such a gift as yours shall not go for nothing. Come over to the hotel and I’ll get you a bed.”

The man staggered up. He was much older than I had

thought. There were deep, disagreeable lines in his face. There was a coarseness, too—but oh, that Spring song! Now how can that be? My brother-in-law says that—but this is not his story.

The man got onto the seat somehow. "You're a decent fellow," he said. "When I've done playing you go out. Right straight out. D'ye hear? I'll come see you to-morrow morning."

Then he shut his eyes and felt for the keys and played the Chopin Berceuse. And it is an actual truth that I wanted to die, then. Not suddenly—but just to be rocked into rest, rocked into rest, and not wake up any more. It was the purest, sweetest, most inexpressibly touching thing I ever heard. One felt so young—so trustful, somehow. One knew that no harm could come. And then it sang itself to sleep and we went away and left him, with his head resting on his hands that still pressed the keys. And we never spoke. I think that girl came out with us, but I'm not sure. And at the door the Nice Boy gulped and said in a queer, shaky voice, "I'm not nearly good enough to have sat by you—I know that—you seem so far away—but I want to tell you—" And I said that he was much better than I—that none of us were good—that I thought it would be all right in the end—that after all it was being managed better than we could arrange it—that perhaps after all heaven was more like what we used to think than what we think about now—. There is no knowing what we might have said if my brother-in-law had not come down to see where I was. And then I went to sleep like a baby.

I should like to end the story here. I should like to leave him bowed over the keys, and remember only the most exquisite experience of my life in connection with him. But there is the rest of the tale, and it really needs telling.

I didn't see the end. The Nice Boy and my brother-in-law saw that, and I only know as much as they will tell me. The Nice Boy went over and got him the next morning. He said his name was Decker. He said that he had spent the night in the solemnest watching and praying and he had held the bottle in his hands and never touched a drop of it. They say he looked it. They gave him a bath and clothes and fed him steadily for two days. He grew fat before our eyes. He looked nicer, more respectable, but more commonplace. He refused to

touch the piano, because it gave him such a craving for drink. He hated to talk about himself. But he let slip occasional remarks about London and Paris and Vienna and Leipsic that took away one's breath. He must have known strange people. Once he told me a little story about Clara Schumann that implied more than acquaintance, and he quoted Liszt constantly. He was an American, beyond a doubt, we thought. He spoke vaguely of a secret that even Liszt had missed—. I guessed it was connected with that wonderful *singing* quality that made his fingers into a human voice. When I asked him about it he laughed. "You wait!" he said confidently. "You just wait. I'll show you people something to make you open your eyes! I know! You're a good audience, you and your friend. You make a good air to play in. You just wait!"

And I have waited. But never again shall I hear that lovely girl sing across the hills. Never again will my heart grow big and ache and melt and slip away to that song,—“Du meine Liebe, du!” Oh, it was not of the earth, that music! Perhaps when I die I shall hear the Berceuse echo—I think it may be so.

Well, we got them all together. There must have been a thousand. They came from across the bay and all along the inlet. The piano was tuned, and the people were seated and I was just where we were that night, and Mr. Decker was walking behind the little curtain in a new dress suit. He had shaken hands with me just before. His hands were cold as ice and they trembled in mine. I congratulated him on the presence of Herr H—— from Leipsic, who had been miraculously discovered just across the bay, and Mr. J—— of New York who could place him musically in the most desirable fashion, and asked him not to forget me, his first audience, and his most sincere friend and admirer.

In his eyes I could swear I saw fright. Not nervousness, not stage fear, but sheer, appalling terror. It could not be, I thought, and my brother-in-law told me to go down. Then he stepped to the front and told them all how pleased, how proud and delighted he was to be the means of introducing to them one whom he confidently trusted would leave this stage to-night one of the recognized pianists of the world. He described briefly the man's extraordinary effect upon two of his friends, who were not, he was good enough to say, likely to be mistaken in their musical estimates. He hoped that they all appreciated

their good fortune in being the first people in this part of the world to hear Mr. Decker, and he took great pleasure in introducing him.

At this point Mr. Decker should have come forward. As he did not, my brother-in-law stepped into the room off the platform to get him. There he found the Nice Boy petrified with horror at sight of the musician, stolidly sitting on the floor, shaking with terror, absolutely refusing to appear. They argued, they entreated, they tried to shame him. He was dumb but determined. Finally his voice came, and in a hoarse whisper he confessed to them that he had never played except when under the influence of liquor; that he would rather die in torment than step foot on that stage; that his hands were icy cold and would not move. Finally he cried.

My brother-in-law looked at the Nice Boy, who nodded, and ran to the hotel. He came back with a great bottle of brandy. It must have been an awful struggle for my brother-in-law, but he is a proud man, if a virtuous, and he could not face that audience. So he filled a wine glass with the brandy,—the Nice Boy's hand shook too much—and offered it to the man. He snatched it and tossed it down and held out the glass again. My brother set his teeth and filled it. He emptied it and passed the glass a third time. My brother-in-law refused. "Can't you go on, now?" he asked. But the man was maddened and they were afraid the people would hear him, so they gave him the bottle and he drank a third of it like water.

Then he laughed and tossed his head and staggered to the door. He felt warm, now, he said. Between shame and relief the two men were physically weak. The Nice Boy's cane lay on the floor and the man fell on it and lay sprawled out over it. Then to the horror of the two men he put his head on his arms and said he'd take a nap, first! The Boy said that my brother's face was white.

"For God's sake, Decker," he begged, "if you've got any manhood, come on! Think of our position! Think—" but the drunken, foolish man only laughed.

"I can't come," he muttered. "I got to take my rest. I need rest—we all need it. I'm drunk, I am. You gave me too much! You couldn't play yourself with a pint of brandy in you!"

And though they shook him and struck him and tried to

anger him, he only laughed and lay in a heap asleep. Then my brother got out on the platform and said something. Mr. Decker was helpless—unconscious—would some one get a doctor—was there perhaps a doctor in the audience—they could realize his position—and more of that sort.

I knew well enough. When the doctor went in he found the Boy kicking the drunken brute on the floor, and they told the doctor all about it and he went out by the other door. And they got a carriage and took him to the hotel because they wanted to horsewhip him the next day.

I don't know—it seemed not wholly his fault. And his face showed that he had suffered. But the men would hear nothing of that. My brother-in-law says that for a woman who is really as hard as nails I have more apparent and aesthetic sympathy than any one he ever knew. And that may be so.

The people took it very nicely. They cleared the floor, and the young people had a dance and the older ones talked, and the manager sent over ices and coffee, and it turned out the affair of the season. And they were all very grateful to my brother-in-law and his friend, and quite forgot about the strange artist.

Whether he ever fully realized what the evening had been, we never knew. But they did not horsewhip him, because when they went in the next morning to see how he was, they found him dead. The doctor said that the excitement, the terror, the sudden cutting off of liquor with the sudden wild drinking was too much for an overstrained heart, and that he had probably died soon after he was carried to his room.

It seemed to me a little sad that while they were dancing, the man whom they had come to see—. But my brother-in-law says that I turn to the morbid view of things, and that that was the very blessing of the whole affair—that the crowd should have been so pleased, and that the horrible situation should have ended so smoothly. Because such a man is better dead, he says. And of course he is right. Life would be horrible to him, one can see.

But I have noticed that the Nice Boy and the girl who heard him play do not feel so sure that his death was best. Myself, I shall always feel that the world has lost its musical master. I have heard the music-makers of two generations and not one of them has excelled his exquisite lightness and force of touch, and that wonderful *singing* stress—Oh! I could cry to think

of it! And when we go abroad next, I shall find out the name of the man who played in Leipsic and Paris and Vienna,—for he must have played there once; he said he had played to thousands—and see if any one there has heard of his secret, his wonderful singing through the keys.

And though my brother-in-law says that the musical temperament in combination with a Bohemian tendency gives an emotional basis which is absolutely unsafe and therefore untrustworthy in its reports of actual facts, I know that the most glorious music of my life gained nothing from my imagination.

For there were three of us who saw the Spring come over the hills that night. Three of us heard the triumph-song of love incarnate, and thrilled to it. Three of us knew for once a peace that passed our understanding, and had the comfort of little children in their mother's arms.

And if this story seems to end more sadly than it began, I am sorry. I had not meant it. But I have never been able to be merry when I think of that sweet music.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

*“ That Bringest Back what the Bright Morning
Scattered.”*

Let the dawn take me, bear me far away!

I give myself into the Morning's hands

And go forth gladly to the unknown lands.

The joy and strife and triumph of the day.

And if defeat come also, as men say,

I shall not long lie moaning in its bands.

But snap and leave them, as my soul commands.

While there is light to see, I would not stay.

All this is while the day shall last, but then.

When sunset, fading, leaves no light to roam

(And I am somewhat weary too) and when

The first white star dawns quivering on the gloom.

At eventide, bring me to Her again,

Dear Hesperus, that bringest all things home.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

ARNOLD AND EMERSON

"The power of the man and the moment," says Matthew Arnold, "must concur;" and the truth which he thus sums up has nowhere a better illustration than in his own work. For he is keenly alive to both the imperfections and the possibilities of his age. He is ever holding up the latter in alluring contrast to the former—fighting Philistinism with the weapon of culture.

Arnold felt—and we feel no less strongly as we read him—that he had a distinct mission, a weighty responsibility; to explain to the English world the meaning of true culture, and to press home to them their urgent need of it. To this one purpose he bent all his energies; refuting their false ideals, presenting, with untiring effort, his own higher ones. Thus his work produces a unity of impression truly remarkable, when we consider the endless variety of subjects with which he deals. Everything which he touches he makes subservient to one purpose—the improvement of his own countrymen. And for this reason he seems to me, although a great creative critic, still rather a critic than a creator, and as such rather temporary and national than belonging to all time.

In this respect, as in many others, he presents a sharp contrast to Emerson; a contrast all the more marked because of their similarity in aims and ideals—even in sympathies. For, while we proudly claim Emerson as our own, we feel, somehow, that he has been granted us by special divine favor—that he would have existed and been himself wherever Fate had placed him. As he himself said, when some mad second adventist excitedly informed him that the end of the world was at hand.

"Well, what then? I think I can get along without it."

But can we imagine Arnold existing in a state where there were no Philistines to wage war upon? No "upper class materialized, middle class vulgarized, lower class brutalized," to reform?

This essential difference sets, I think, the key note for the comparison between the men. Both dealt largely with topics

of immediate interest; but while the one ever bound them down to earth, making them subserve a definite, preconceived purpose, the other, with the swift, keen instinct of the poet, caught their essential spirit, and soared away into the regions of the ideal. Both were pressing the cause of the spirit against the letter; the one chose the method of condemning the letter; the other, of exalting the spirit.

In manner, no less than in method and spirit, we find this contrast. Arnold produces a certain heaviness of effect, despite his admirable clearness of style. He seeks to enforce his lesson by endless repetition not of ideas only, but of words and whole phrases. Emerson, on the other hand, is infinitely varied. He never repeats an idea unless in a form so different that it comes to us with the full force of a new inspiration. Then, too, Arnold sees far ahead; his work impresses one as being carefully forecast; it paragraphs and summarizes readily. But Emerson's ideas come in a spontaneous flow, almost outrunning his power to transfer them. His paragraphs, his essays, are a succession of brilliant sentences lucid, crystalline subtly suggestive.

Arnold is didactic, eminently instructive. We are conscious of being taught by him,—admirably taught, it is true; yet we feel, when we finish an essay that we understand it fully, have grasped the point it was to make; have finished it for all time. With Emerson this can never be; his possibilities are inexhaustible. Each re-reading impresses us more deeply with his power, opens up to us new worlds of thought and feeling. He is an unfailing well of inspiration.

Yet these two men, so essentially different in nature and the treatment resulting from it, were dominated by the same desire: to lift humanity to a higher level of thinking and living. Their devotion to this purpose was all the more remarkable because both were drawn by instructive sympathy, to the eminent few. Arnold's idea of the Remnants of lofty spirits who lead the advance of the age and are sacrificed to its prejudices, is well-nigh as familiar as his name. Emerson exclaims, "How much more are men than nations!"

And we, thinking of him who is surely the consummate flower of our civilization, can but echo his words.

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PARLIAMENT MAN AND A KING'S LASS

Betty sat under the cherry trees,
And lilted a song, that the coquette breeze
Bore to my sad-distracted ear,
'Twas a song of a lass, and a gay cavalier
Who wed in the spring-tide of the year.
"Heigh-ho," she sighed! Up sprung a fear
That she loved me not
And longed for things that she had not got.
I rushed to my own dear sweeting's side.
"Tell me, dear heart, that your brave song lied,
You do not long for plumes and lace,
For fine ladies' clothes, and a great man's face?"
"You foolish, sad clothed Puritan, you!"
My Betty said, "Of course I do,
But I long still more, for one Parliament man,
To kiss me, as quick as ever he can."

C. B. G.

Little Alvinia Brewster stood wiping the dishes in the big, old-fashioned kitchen. Every little while she looked out of the window at the thickly falling snow and drew a long, **Alvinia** sorrowful breath. The dishes were almost finished now, but she was wiping them very slowly to make it take as long as possible; not because she liked to wipe dishes, but because she would much rather do that, alone in the kitchen, than sew in the next room with Aunt Maria. The last dish was wiped and put in its proper place in the cupboard. Alvinia stood on tiptoe and spread the towel out on the line back of the stove. Then she went to the window and looked dolefully out at the heavy snow.

There wasn't a single thing that could happen. Tom and Mary couldn't come over, nor any of the cousins from the Timber Swamp District; it was snowing too hard. She should just

have to stitch, stitch, stitch on that dreadful sheet the whole afternoon. A large tear rolled slowly down her cheek.

"Alvinia!" called a sharp voice from the next room.

Alvinia wiped the tear away on the sleeve of her gingham apron. Then she slowly went into the sitting room. Aunt Maria turned her head and looked sharply over her spectacles for a moment, then without a word, she turned slowly back and went on with her work. Alvinia understood the glance. She meekly but mournfully took the sheet and a little work-bag from the cupboard and sat down on one of the high straight-backed chairs to sew. She looked at the long seam, and an involuntary sigh escaped her. She glanced up in fear to see if Aunt Maria had overheard the sigh. Aunt Maria set her spectacles straight on her nose and looked witheringly at poor Alvinia.

"I am much surprised, Alvinia," she said cuttingly. "that a great girl of ten years" (Alvinia had not yet passed her ninth birthday) "that a great girl of ten years should think it such a trial to do a little sewing. When your mother was your age, every Saturday morning she finished the seam of her sheet and in the afternoon the hem was turned down and she felled that, and long before I was your age my clothes were cut and basted for me and I took every stitch myself." She looked impressively at Alvinia for a moment and then turned back to her work and to dignified silence.

Alvinia did not seem greatly impressed by the virtue of her ancestors. She wondered vaguely what her grandmother ever did with the fifty-two sheets a year that her mother made and for how many years her mother made sheets. There were three drawers in the bureau in the spare chamber full of sheets now. Probably her mother had made those, and if that was so, how many, many years would it be before the sheet she was making now would be used on a bed? Her thoughts and her sewing were suddenly brought to a stand still by a big knot with a loop of thread behind it. That was the third time that her thread had knotted, and she had not yet sewed two inches. Twice she had broken the thread and begun again. She gave two or three little tugs at the knot. It would not come out. Alvinia was moved by a strange and sudden impulse. She did not break the thread. She deliberately took a stitch, then another and another, and the knot with the loop of thread was left

behind. Suddenly she looked up. Her Aunt's eyes were fixed upon her. Alvinia trembled. Had Aunt Maria seen her leave that knot?

"Alvinia," she said sternly, "are your heels on the round of that chair?"

Alvinia drew a breath of relief. Aunt Maria had not seen the knot.

"No Marm," she replied, quickly slipping her heels down from their resting place.

Slowly and painfully Alvinia set the tiny stitches in the long seam. Saturday afternoon had never seemed quite so long before. At last she straightened her tired back and looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past four. She had just three inches more to sew before the pin in the middle of the sheet would be reached and she might stop sewing. She would surely have it finished by half past four. She bent wearily forward again to her work.

Just then there was a merry sound of sleigh bells, a big flurry of snow, and a sleigh flew past the window and drew up at the back door. Before Aunt Maria had time to do more than set her glasses straight on her nose and turn around, Aunt Miranda had jumped out of the sleigh and come bustling into the sitting room.

Alvinia's eyes danced with delight. It was Tom's and Mary's mother and the aunt whom Alvinia loved above all others.

"Well, Miranda," said Aunt Maria slowly, "I must say I'm surprised to see you out on such a day." Aunt Maria's surprise did not seem to be at all approving in its nature.

Aunt Miranda laughed a bright, jolly laugh and said: "I'm not going to stop a moment, Maria. I had to go to town on business and am just getting home. Tom and Mary are going to have a little frolic to-night, and they told me to be sure and stop for Alvinia on my way back. They are going to make some molasses candy and pop corn balls. Alvinia can sleep with Mary and we'll bring her back after church, to-morrow."

Alvinia slipped from her chair and stood looking at Aunt Miranda. Her eyes were wide with delight.

"Come, Alvinia, put on your cloak and hood; we want to get home before dark," said Aunt Miranda.

Alvinia looked fearfully at Aunt Maria. "O Aunt Maria!" she said, "can I go?"

Aunt Maria turned a long look upon her. "Bring me your sheet and let me look at it," she said.

"It is almost done," said Alvinia pleadingly, as she handed the sheet to her Aunt.

Aunt Maria took the sheet and looked at the stitches where Alvinia had just finished sewing. They were very tiny and closely set.

"I wish my Mary could sew as well as that," said Aunt Miranda, smiling approvingly at Alvinia.

Alvinia flushed with pleasure and then suddenly grew very pale. Aunt Maria's eyes were slowly travelling along the seam and Alvinia all at once remembered the knot at the beginning of her work. Aunt Maria's eyes drew nearer and nearer the dreaded place, while poor Alvinia's heart stood still. At last the knot was reached. Aunt Maria turned slowly and looked at Alvinia. Then she said coldly: "Alvinia, you may bring me the scissors." Alvinia tremblingly passed the scissors and then looked on with sinking heart while Aunt Maria took out the needle and deliberately began to rip the long seam.

"O Maria!" said Aunt Miranda, in expostulation, "don't rip that all out. I can fix the place where the knot is in two minutes while Alvinia is putting on her coat."

"Miranda," said Aunt Maria with dignified decision, "Alvinia is not going outside of the house this afternoon. Alvinia, you may get a pin and sit down and pick out the seam yourself."

Aunt Maria's decisions were always final.

With a single sympathetic glance at Alvinia, Aunt Miranda hastily took her leave.

There was another wild clamor of bells for a moment, a flurry of snow outside the window, and Aunt Miranda drove out of the yard leaving a sorrowful little girl wearily dangling her feet as she sat in the high-backed chair, painfully picking out her long afternoon's work, and every now and then stealthily wiping away a tear on a corner of the big sheet. H. G. M.

"Poor Thornton"—every-one called him that, perhaps for no reason except that he had a "good heart." He was a nice sort of fellow and all that, but not very

"Poor Thornton" clever nor prepossessing so the young Miss Sprague called him "poor Thornton," and said he had a good heart, and every-one took up the

chorus until "The Plimpton" would as willingly have dubbed itself a poor hotel as to leave that epithet from Billy's unoffending name.

"Poor Thornton" was hot; he had been making a confounded ass of himself, he frankly acknowledged, trying to beat Knowlton, who was, "hang him," the crack tennis player of the place. Now, as he came up the terrace from the court he looked for comfort somewhere among the twenty fluffy white girls on the veranda; but blue, gray, brown and green eyes alike had that far away, don't touch me, dreaminess about them more disheartening than an army of words. The young Miss Sprague, cool as the coolest cucumber, turned provokingly, as he reached the steps, to congratulate Knowlton on his wonderful skill, and all the fluffy white girls immediately turned too, the distant nothingness of their eyes becoming bright and decided somethingness as they beamed upon the hero of the court.

To Thornton's intense relief one of the children came up just at this trying moment to plead for a story and a ride. So he picked her up on his shoulder, to the disgust—quite apparent—of the fluffy white girls, and carried her around to the rest of his flock on the side veranda, there to invent the most wonderful tales of mermaids and fishes.

They were in the midst of the most exciting of all, where the little dog-fish was chasing the mermaids and pelting them with sea-weed, when she interrupted. She was not in white and she didn't have dreamy brown eyes at all—for she was only Virginia, Mrs. Sprague's Cinderella, Thornton had dubbed her. In some way, he could never understand how, she was related to Mrs. Sprague, very distantly of course, and had come to the sea, through Mrs. Sprague's charity, to serve as governess to the children, Bob, John and Jennie, besides helping the Miss Spragues in any way she could think of to show her gratitude for the sea breezes. Oh no—she wasn't dressed in fluffy white but she wore the neatest fitting little black gown and her blue eyes looked right into his, so simply and sincerely he could talk almost easily, while he seemed to find in their depths, for once in his life, the sympathy which was the only thing in the world he needed to bring out the very best in his nature.

That afternoon, Bob, John and Jennie had gone away for a picnic, and, wonder of wonders, Madam had told her to take a walk for a rest. So, with the sweetest little smile in the world,

she interrupted the fish story to ask him the way to the Devil's Cove. "You know," she said, "you have told me so much about it and I do so want to get away from the little bay out to the deep, deep sea."

Thornton exclaimed, upsetting half a dozen babies as he jumped up. "Come on with me, Virginia, I haven't been over but once this year and you know I should love to take you, besides I don't dare trust you alone with his majesty." So they kissed the small children all around and Thornton first jumped the veranda rail, then lifted her over, so that they might go by the shore and escape the front piazza battery. Only the children and one old man saw them; the children cried, because they couldn't go too, but the old man smiled and mumbled, "God bless them," to himself.

Usually they talked, but to-day Thornton was so busy thinking, he only found time to watch the little maid lest she fall on the sharp stones, wondering how the sun could have any golden light left he had given so much to her curly head. And he was thinking, "what's the good of all my money unless to make her happy, and if she had it she would make every-one happy. But I'm a fool, and there's no doubt about it, so I might as well make up my mind she'll refuse me. I love her so dearly, not half worthy of her though. Well here goes. No I guess I'll wait till we come to the cross road."

The next minute she slipped, and somehow, well, he had picked her up and carried her over the ragged rocks, asked her to marry him, and told her he had always loved her, in the same breath. And she said, "The whole world opened to me through you, and now you are the whole world to me." By this time the little cross-road through the woods was reached and they were so ridiculously happy they walked so slowly, hand in hand like very jolly small children, "living for the first time," he told her.

"Do you know, dear," he was saying as the little path turned sharply and brought them face to face with the sea, "if our lives were to end here, they would have been complete, if only for this hour." And he bent over, kissing her sweet lips and calling her all the tender names he could think of. Then, "Sweet-heart, there is only one name for you and that is Love, Virginia-Love, how sweet it sounds. "Come little siren let me enthrone you on the Mermaid's Rock."

It was all so perfect, the deep, deep blue of the sea, the white

of the high-dashing waves and the dazzling sparkle of the sun, she sitting there on that high boulder, her black gown and golden hair, the contrast was wonderful. He threw himself down beside her and resting his head against her side, talked in soft tones wooing her as the waves below wooed the pebbles on the shore.

At one side, near her there was a deep yawning crack, the Devil's Cove, and she peered deep down into its mysteries, listening to the roaring, grumbling foam. It seemed so ceaseless, so untiring, she laughed at its energy and told him that the imps of the waves were beckoning to her. "Look!" she said, leaning over the edge, fearless because she knew he would protect her, "Look at that tiny little wave coming in, it wants me, can't you hear it calling, dear. Now it has to go back to the sea without—see its all broken up, sweet, it feels so sorry. Why its shaking with revenge—hush! We mustn't laugh, dear, it makes them angry."

And all the time he said little, but watched her so tenderly and laughed sometimes with her at her childish pleasure.

Once she stopped for a minute to say, "Dear, do you think such a little girl can ever make you, such a grown up, dignified man, a wife?" But as she turned to stroke his hair, she slipped from his side and fell; the next minute she was struggling for her balance and Thornton was trying to reach her, but it was too late, she had gone over that fearful ledge, down to the roaring water below. Almost beside himself, he tore off his coat and tied her shawl to it. She came to the surface of the water—she had not been dashed to death against the rocks. Leaning over the edge, he called to her. "Have courage, Virginia-Love, here catch this." She was gone again—she reappeared, grasped the shawl, and he braced himself to pull her up—she was half way up now, and She saw a man running with ropes to help him. Again he steadied himself, cheering her all the while—the next minute, the knot had broken and she was falling back, this time against the rock.

Would the man never come—yes, there was one chance in a thousand left—he would try it. And like a flash he had jumped in after her, with the wild hope that he might swim with her through all that whirling water to that beach beyond.

The man had come with the ropes too late—it was Knowlton who had seen them from the beach.

Not until the stillness of the evening did the waves give them up and the little band of searchers who carried them through the wood to the hotel, said—"Poor Thornton, he had such a good heart."

C. C. H.

THE TREE OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

O tree, soft whispering at my window-sill,
 O well-beloved, almost human friend,
 Whose thousand quivering leaves their voices blend
 In loving lullabies that soothe and still
 And sing me into dream-land e'er I will :—
 I fain would sit all night and watch the bend
 And graceful droop of some long branch's end
 To let the white flood of the moonshine thrill
 And bathe thy leaves with streams of purity,
 Until they seem created all anew,
 And one mysterious quiver of white light.
 I see thy hidden soul to-night, O tree,
 Which I but half suspected hitherto.
 Good night, dear friend, dear tree, good night, good night.

C. L. M.

The rain has drizzled all through the morning, and the smoke from great chimneys falls and blows flakes of soot down the canals. Along with it, the dark water whirls, following by monotonous mill walls, past innumerable chimneys, and eddies up from the great wheels and sluice-ways. The water looks greasy and dirty, as it carries along a streak of foam here and a bunch of cotton waste there. And when it comes to the bridge, it breaks into muddy bubbles around the pier and then goes on by twice as many mills as it has passed already—and every time it runs through dark water-ways down into gruesome wheel-pits, then whirling up goes on and on, endlessly.

At one end of the bridge a little girl watches the water. She holds to the rail and lets the drops of rain from her hat, drip, drip upon the cover of the big dinner-pail she carries. From the bridge runs a brick wall—a bare red surface, ever the same and ever in the way, for when one tries to look over, all that

one can see is the top of the great mill beyond. This, too, is all of brick, only broken by rows of windows, and a sign: "The Merrimac Mills," all of which is as tiresome to look at as the wall. The little girl wonders why they don't cover up those red bricks with pictures of horses and elephants, like those across the street. To be sure, some one has drawn, with a piece of chalk, the head of a Chinaman with a cue running down towards the canal; but that is all. The little girl follows the line with her fingers, letting the dinner-pail bang against the bricks.

The air around her throbs with the roar of machinery beyond the wall, as the great belts rumble and whirl, and each little wheel and shuttle buzzes and rattles. In a moment a screeching whistle sounds, then another and another, and the harsh clanging bells toll and toll the hour of twelve. The noise of the heavy machinery stops, and all that is heard is the swish of water in the canal and the sound of footsteps on the brick walks—for the great door has swung open at last and a crowd of mill hands pour out. The sidewalk cannot hold them all and some walk in the road, hastening on silently or talking in loud voices in many different tongues. The little girl slips into the mill-yard, and soon comes out again, following the crowd as far as the ugly corporation-house on the corner. Within an hour, this same wet, ragged throng of people will hurry back again, the door in the brick wall will close, and the noise in the mill will begin again, drowning all other sounds.

AT NIGHT

Later, when the night falls, and hides the tops of the bulky mills, window after window flashes into sight, the many tiers of lights shine out, doubled by the river. In the evening quiet, the roar of the machinery seems louder than ever. Then, the mills close, the operatives go home, or loaf along by the bright stores, and mill-girls giggle and flirt. At nine, the vespers of the factory city toll, and the sound rises like chimes, clear and melodious, to the hills above.

Here, there is no harsh noise and dirt, but the broad streets stretch through elm and maple trees, and large, old houses stand back from the road. The only passer slinks along by the

vine-covered walls. He is bent and ragged and wears a sign in front and behind: "I am deaf and blind."

As there is no one near, he comes to the electric light, straightens up, looks about him quickly, and begins to count the money he has begged during the day. But a great dog comes bounding across the lawn, the deaf man hears his bark, runs quickly down the street, and turns into dark alleys and courts. At last he joins the multitude in the lower streets and becomes again deaf and blind, feeling his way warily with his stick.

B. A.

"I sh'd think you'd get mighty lonesome here Sue," said Aaron, sitting down in a cumbrous arm chair opposite his hostess, a girl of twenty.

Uncle Tim's Ghost "Well, to tell truth now 't father's gone it does seem kind of f'lorn. Seems 's though I shouldn't mind it so much if 'twasn't for that graveyard out in the front lawn—or actin' as front lawn, I should say. Why on earth Great-gran'father Brewster hadn't more decency 'n to start it there I don't see; but since he did, every Brewster 't ever died had to be buried in it, o' course. The Brewster's always was fond of the family.

Why as I set here on the piazza I c'n see Gran'ma Brewster's stone—she that was a Patch—so plain 't I c'n read what it says on it in the day-time. An' there's little Car'line an' Mary Ellen, the twins 't died when I 's a year old, side by side, an' Great-aunt Jane Lucinda an' a lot of others 't died before I was born—an' now there's father there, long side of mother. Seems to me 's if I just couldn't stand it now 't Amnt Sallie's had to go home 'n leave me."

"It's too bad," said Aaron sympathetically. "I wouldn't think about it if I was you. 'Taint good for you."

"Well, they're sort of company too, ways," said Sue. "When I wake up nights, I just listen an' it seems to me I c'n hear father sayin', "Don't be scared, daughter, I'm here. " But then there's times when I'm that frightened that Uncle Tim's ghost 'll be peekin' in at the window 't I daresn't turn round.

He was a crazy you know, an' crazy's ghosts always walk. they say. Not 't I believe in ghosts though." she added hastily.

Aaron shook his head, gravely. "No, I guess ther' aint any ghosts, but there's nerves. an' I don't know but that's as bad. Did you ever think you saw a ghost?"

"Only once, just after Aunt Sallie left." Her voice grew lower. "I was out here that night an' I saw somethin' white movin' round out by Uncle Tim's grave down there behin' the tree, an' I was so scared I just tore over to Mis' Lovejoy's an' told her I'd got to stay there all night. But come morning it seemed pretty silly."

"Oh look here Sue," protested Aaron "that ain't right. Now see here. I've been comin' to see you for three years steady an' you've been puttin' me off, sayin your father needed you an' all that. An' now I don't think its right for you to stay in this house alone this way much longer, an' I ain't goin' to have it. You're nothin' but a girl, Sue, an' you may be scared to death, some night, honest fact. Now if you'll only say you'll marry me, I c'n send mother up here to-night an' to-morrow you c'n come down to our house an' stay till any time you say. I needn't to say 't I've got enough for two I guess. And you've known for three years 't ther' ain't another girl on earth 't I'd ask to marry me. Say you will, Sue."

Sue rose, blushing, and Aaron followed her example. "I d'n' know," she said, half shyly—then plucking up courage she went on, "'F you only asked me because you think I'm scared, you c'n go away. I c'n get on without you, first rate. "Sue!" said the young man reproachfully. "'N if I couldn't get on any way without some man, I guess there's others 't wouldn't mind takin' care of me either," she continued, enjoying her evident power over Aaron. "So I guess maybe we better say good-night right now."

She waited for him to beg for a better answer, but he only said shortly "Good-night then," and walked slowly over to the side steps of the piazza. Sue turned her back, to show how utterly indifferent she was, and as she turned she saw a sight that filled her with terror. Down in the shadow near "Uncle Tim's grave" was a shapeless white mass that moved toward her as she stood staring.

She glanced desperately toward Mrs. Lovejoy's, but the house

was dark and silent. She looked back at the shape again—it was a yard nearer than before. Then the last trace of coquetry forsook her and she ran down the piazza calling wildly to Aaron.

"For heaven's sake Sue, what's wrong," he cried, hurrying back in an instant. But she only gasped "Uncle Tim," and buried her face on his willing shoulder. Safe in the protection of his arms she summoned up courage to ask, "Is it gone."

"No," said Aaron—then added, with great presence of mind, "Its comin' this way." Sue clung closer to him and said faintly, "Is-it-Uncle Tim?" "No," said Aaron, gravely, "it ain't. It's Lovejoy's white cow."

"Oh Aaron!" said Sue, and then—"Let me go." "Not till you tell me you'd rather it was some other fellow in my place," said Aaron firmly.

There was a pause, and then he said softly "Shall I send mother up to-night Sue?" And Sue, in a voice half smothered by a lapel of Aaron's Sunday coat said "I guess I'll walk down with you an' get her, Aaron."

R. P. M.

LOVE'S YEAR

The sweet Spring woods are budding, love,

Then come my love with me,

The merry brook full flooding, love,

Is calling love to thee.

The Spring is like our love, love

With promise fair and sweet.

Its joy come let us prove, love,

Ere Spring-time hours fleet.

The Summer woods are glowing, love,

With beauty all for thee,

The fragrant flowers are blowing, love,

O Come my love with me.

For Summer's like our bliss, love,

So rich and so complete

And your beauty, with a kiss, love,

The sun-shine loves to greet.

The Autumn woods are dying, love,
Then come my love with me,
The wood-land zephyrs sighing, love,
Are whisp'ring, love, to thee.
For Autumn's like our life, love
So brilliant with love's gold
With melancholy rife, love,
But wealth of joy untold.

The Winter woods are bare, love
And snow outlines each tree,
Where the brook was, ice is there, love,
O come my love with me.
For Winter's like our love, love
Its sky so near and blue
Lifts my soul above, love,
To live and die for you.

M. L. D.

EDITORIAL

While the students and alumnae of the College have never failed to appreciate the very important fact that upon them depends the financial integrity of the MONTHLY, it has been for some time evident that the immediate literary relation between the paper and the students has been insufficiently considered by the undergraduates.

In the matter of subscriptions, the editors have always recognized the necessity for a judicious amount of solicitation on their part; for even the sincerest loyalty to the College requires a little urging, if it is to exhibit itself immediately in concrete form. The alumnae, too, can hardly be expected to cherish a vigorous affection for the College paper, cut off, as they are, from all active touch with the College interests, without the occasional suggestion from Northampton that the editors would be glad to afford them a means of renewing and retaining their one-time connection with their Alma Mater.

But as regards literary contributions to the MONTHLY, we feel that we have a just ground of complaint. The College as a whole seems to have forgotten that the purpose of the College paper is the exhibition of the best and most characteristic literary work of the College, and that the securing of such work is entirely a matter of comparison and selection.

The editors cannot feel that the work offered them of late has represented a sufficiently important proportion of the students to enable them to state that the best work and talent of the College is published in the paper devoted presumably to such a purpose.

On the contrary, comparison with other years, when the material offered for consideration was undoubtedly greater, forces them to conclude that unless the literary grade of the College is actually lower than it has been for sometime—a pessimism they are loath to admit—then, either interest in the MONTHLY has

ceased, or some misapprehension as to the method of its conduct exists.

Let it be immediately admitted that this lack of voluntary contribution has at least one possible justification. The paper grew out of the original work offered to the departments of Rhetoric and English Literature, and since the opening of the Theme courses, more especially the Daily Themes, practically depended on these last for its entire contents.

The novelty of these courses has worn off, however, and their existence by no means presupposes, as in the beginning, the presence in the classes they represent of all the able writers of the College, as a matter of course. The College attention, always and inexplicably fickle, shifts from one venture to another, driving the students from course to course in perilous hordes; while the various departments take their turn at popularity, philosophically confident that a population truly Athenian in its rush to hear some new thing will return again to what it has but lately scorned.

As to the influence of the other courses upon the work offered to the MONTHLY, we have no comment to make. But its connection with the Rhetoric Department is immediate, vital, instantaneous in its results. We do not insist that the girls who have given us every reason to expect good work from them will necessarily deteriorate simply because they leave for a while any actual training in literary expression. But it is sufficiently obvious that since we can no longer consider the Theme classes identical with the girls who write, it is impossible to construct the paper on the basis of the material presented by those classes; either in justice to the College, which has a right to insist that she shall be represented by her best possible work, or to the editors, who are reduced to the humiliating choice of taking whatever they may happen to get, or going about, with what is certainly a lack of dignity, to beseech individual girls for contributions.

The upper classes should have learned by this how necessary their voluntary offer of material must be, and how difficult it is for the editors to know exactly what sort of work individual girls will be likely to have ready, or in possible preparation for them. The literary ability of the lower classes we cannot possibly know, except through their Theme work, which is for the most part required. It can be brought to our notice only by

the girls themselves, in what is surely a sufficiently legitimate and normal fashion. We cannot believe that there is not in the College as a whole an adequate amount of material to conduct the MONTHLY in a thoroughly literary and scholarly manner, without the personal solicitation of the editors in the case of every article contained in it.

The MONTHLY is not a compulsory exercise in composition. It has never been required by the Faculty of the College as a requisite for a diploma. It met a demand of the student-body, and it must be supported and conducted by the student-body. If the interest in it is not sufficiently great to assure its editors of a reasonably large amount of material from which to select what is best suited to their purposes, it has certainly lost any *raison d' être* it might have had. Its reputation has been hitherto far too high, its addition to the respect which the work in original composition at Smith has always inspired far too great, to allow it to deteriorate from lack of material.

If the students cannot write, let us suspend a gratuitous exhibition of their capacities in that line until such time as inspiration and ability return. If they will not, let us set the editors at collecting and arranging in convenient form the best of the work published in the other college papers, that at least we may not lose sight of the fact that the other institutions of the higher education yet cherish the art of accurate and pleasing literary expression.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Editor of a college magazine is at one great disadvantage in regard to the first Fall number: the paper has "taken a vacation" as well as the Editor, but the world has been going on at its own old rate—a rate that is ever increasing, in the world of books—and the college magazine has been left far behind. Truly "of writing many books there is no end," and at present, merely the "books of the day" are as the sands of the sea in number. "The Chair Invisible," "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Martian," "Equality," "The Christian," "Hugh Wynne" and a host of others have made their appearance during the summer, and now crowd upon our notice. But while these are arraying themselves against me, there is slipped into my hand a little book that, quietly and most unassumingly, captures me and puts the others to rout—for the present.

This little book is called "Spiritual Tales," and is one of three small volumes of short stories by Liona Macleod, re-edited from several of her older books. In re-editing these stories, she has undoubtedly chosen the best of her work, and in these "Spiritual Tales" she shows herself a true poet and an artist of rare and delicate touch.

"I find, under the boughs of love and hate,
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

This is how the author herself puts it, and this is the keynote to the charm of her art. Yet the word art hardly applies, for "art is not nature, nor nature art," and it is the very heart and soul of nature that are opened to us as we read these tales. Miss Macleod loves nature, not as a lover, but as a child of that great mother, and to her, as to all of her children, nature speaks a language of wonderful joy and beauty.

The stories are the simple folk-lore of the Celtic people, handed down, a precious heir-loom, from father to son, from the time of the ancient Druids, whose altar fires sent their in-

cense to the rising-sun—stories, as the writer herself says, that are “not legendary ‘mysteries,’ but legendary ‘moralities.’” The only mystery they contain is the mystery of eternal beauty. As we read them it is as if we heard a wondrous sweet song, a joyous-sad music, half of this earth and half of a stranger land—now wild and eerie, like the strains of the Blind Harper, or again soft and low and “cradle-sweet,” the voice of a mother soothing her babe.

Myths, we would call these stories—magic, romance, legends—but they were as real as life to those who told them to their children and grandchildren, over the peats, of winter evenings, and they must become real again to all true lovers of the truth, beauty, mystery, poetry of nature, under the marvellous touch of Miss Macleod’s hand. Here are pictures of the simple peasant-folk of Sunny Erin, painted by one who has lived among them and loved them and known their hearts; as the peasants of France live again on the canvas of the peasant-artist, Millet. But it is not here that the chief beauty of these exquisite prose-poems lies: it is not in the human nature—though they are intensely human—but in the nature of the green trees, the blue sea, the rocky headlands, and wide, bleak reaches of barren land—the whole green, living, pulsing heart of nature, and we are borne along by the joy of its beauty until we become absorbed in it—a very part of it ourselves.

The artless simplicity of the language, the language of the people it is, adds a strange grace and beauty, and the phrases catch our ears and sing themselves into our minds, as the sweet, untutored strains of a harping peasant, or the wild, piercing, uncanny notes of an island rower, bending to his oars. It is not the common, every-day language of a common people; it is the language of those taught by nature herself to attune their souls to the universal music of the green world—those who have the joy of living, and with whom the beauty, the wonder, the mystery of the world are ever present. “Deep silence there was. The moonshine lay upon the obscure wood, and the darkling river flowed sighing through the soundless gloom.” Or again, “The bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the Kye, the breath of the salt-wind from the open sea beyond, the song of the flowing tide in the Sound beneath; dear the homing.” What music sounds through every line and re-echoes in our memory after we have read it.

I have said that the stories in these reprinted volumes were undoubtedly Miss Macleod's best work, but there is not a line she has written that is not beautiful and satisfying. Her art has attained art's highest end, in that it appears to be the very spirit of nature; the soul of nature calling to us, who have wandered far from her side, into the busy, noisy world. "That we are intimately at one with nature is a cosmic truth we are all slowly approaching. It is not only the dog, it is not only the wild beast and the wood-dove, that are our close kindred, but the green tree and the green grass, the blue wave and the flapping wind, the flower of a day and the granite peak of an aeon." And to quote once more, a sentence or two that the author herself quotes. "These things are not ancient and dead, but modern and increasing. For wherever a man finds power over nature, there is magic; and wherever he carries out an ideal into Life, there is Romance."

BOOK REVIEWS

*"WITH PIPE AND BOOK," edited by Joseph LeRoy Harrison. This is another little volume of college verse, a companion-piece to "Cap and Gown," which came out last Spring. It is an essentially college book and should be received, I think, with quite as much interest and pleasure in the college world as was "Cap and Gown." The poems are taken from the different college magazines and all the well-known colleges are represented, girls as well as men having contributed their share. Though the majority of the verses are written by men, the few that are written by girls manage to hold their own very well, and often, indeed, surpass the others.

There is a distinct difference between those written by girls and those written by men. It is not that their points of view are different, for the girls generally write their verses from the man's standpoint. But the girls show a freer, more delicate touch, a more graceful turn of words, and a disposition to take life a bit more seriously than the men. The serious moods are, fortunately, rarer than the light ones, for in college verse we neither find nor expect to find anything but gay, careless madrigals; light, airy love-songs; or appreciations of sunny nature—the nature of youth and love and spring-time.

"In college verse, in equal share,
Love, fun and wine are everywhere;
Here walks with shaking sides the clown,
And here, in solemn cap and gown,
Cupid usurps the teacher's chair.
* * * * *
And youth is gay, and life is fair,
In college verse."

That is all that college verse can claim for itself, but in that sphere it is certainly interesting and pleasing.

Local color is aimed at in many of the verses, and these are, perhaps, the most successful of all. "The Glee Club Concert" and "My Pipe" are especially happy little bits. Of the more ambitious verses, "Free" has a lilt and swing that catch our ears, and "Since Agnes Died" has a sweet, sad simplicity that is rarely attained in these college verses.

Indeed the collection, on the whole, is a good one, and it is a welcome addition to the books of college verse already published, especially for those who look at it from its own point of view, in the spirit of its editor, who has aptly quoted on its title page. "The philosophy of life's afternoon is a poor exchange for the poetry of its morning."

* Preston & Rounds Company, Providence.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A FESTA AT VENICE

One cannot spend many days in Venice without being overtaken by a "Festa." The guns are fired at sunrise, the ships in the harbor wear new flags, and the entrances to all the churches are festooned with artificial flowers, while a gay red curtain flaps beneath. Outside on the steps are little stands, with candles, rosaries and tiny statues of the Virgin for sale; also bouquets of paper flowers, and a few tin or silver hearts to lay at the shrine of some favorite saint. Everybody is out on a Festa, and little families of children wander around in the churches, gravely surveying the works of art. The small girls are always hatless, with their hair screwed up in braids behind, and their one holiday garment clinging to their heels. They generally carry one baby, and lead another with pompons stomach, and staggering brown legs, and the whole party stops critically before a fine Titian or Tintoret, to pass judgment on the technique.

Every gondolier puts a stalk of pale lilies, or a bunch of paper flowers in the lamp-stand of his gondola, and all the white suits, with their flowing red or yellow sashes, are clean for the occasion. A light salt breeze ruffles the water as you start out on the Grand Canal, and the sunlight flashes from the golden ball of the Dogona. As you wind through the "piccoli canali," you cut through snatches of song, and drift into more song before the memory of the last is gone. You pass gondolas containing the sleeping form of a man, with his head pillowed on his arm, or a small boy, "piccolo," as they call him, solemnly eating his breakfast of bread and cherries. Sometimes you meet other "piccoli" who go in swimming from the bridges, and rejoice in splattering the water over you as you pass, and then in a minute you have entered the shadow again, and are drifting under some frescoed shrine, with the faces of the Madonna and Child nearly rubbed out, and a little glass of cobwebby flowers standing before them.

In the afternoon everybody goes to the Lido, or throngs to some church where a procession is to be held, and one may meet all the saints, from good St. Francis in his brown robe and knotted rope, to dear little St. John, clad only in a sheepskin, and carrying a slender cross. A person starting out for the Lido encounters quaint boat-loads coming from every direction. Here is a family consisting of a funny old man, who smokes and manipulates one paddle, while his grandson, a boy of fifteen, takes the other; father, mother, two grown sons, and three married daughters have the middle of the boat, and the children are tucked into odd corners. The whole company sings now

and then to the accompaniment of a mandolin, the sun beats down on the bare heads and bright shawls of the women, and the strange blue sky creeps around them to complete the picture.

When your boat touches at the Lido, an anxious man tries to sell you a little family of dried sea-horses. "Padre, madre e figlio," he says, "very m' cavalli only venti centissimi," but you explain that there are no equine accommodations at your hotel, and he goes away disconsolate. You spend the afternoon at the Lido watching the bathers, and drifting home through the sunset, meet the Italian family coming back, with their striped shawls somewhat tumbled, and the babies asleep over their shoulders. Even the mandolin is tired, and the boy who paddled is fast asleep in the stern; but the old man still toils on, and dipping his paddle into the pink clouds beneath him, pushes them away in long ripples behind. When you reach home the pink ripples have vanished, but a few last sunbeams are searching out the mosaics on the front of St. Mark's, and the Doges' Palace stands knee-deep in yellow light. A golden gondola trails through the golden water, and loses its glory under the shadow of the Ponte Lospiri. Then the day goes out.

In the evening a band plays in the Piazza San Marco, and many people gather to see the red lights that are burned before the church. The wonderful glow swells up under the arches, bringing out the mosaic pictures as through a mist of fire, and the doves, that live and are fed around St. Mark's, fly wildly about in the glow, whirling over the illumined statues and high up into the dark sky. But soon it is dark again, and you make your way home through the black little streets to your window on the Grand Canal. The gondolas ripple past, each bearing a tiny flame on its brow, and leaving a thought of that flame in the water behind. The ship's bells on the "Archduchess Carlotta" strike "ting ting—ting ting—ting ting—TING," and you know that midnight will soon wrap Venice in a great silence. But you can still hear echoes of song from the boat-loads of musicians that are hovering about the hotels, and you are awakened by them later on, as they drift past your house on their way home. You hear them once more when they are far away—the strains of "Santa Lucia" mingling with thoughts of a sunrise, and memories of doves with red feet. Then you do not hear them any more because you are asleep; but if you were awake, you would know that the Festa was over.

CAROLINE M. FULLER.

This year, the Alpha Society will publish a list of all its members in the *Alumnae*, from the charter members through the class of '97. It would greatly convenience the committee in the compiling of this list, if the Alpha *Alumnae* would send in their names and addresses to Miss Helen G. Cornell, Hubbard House.

It will be a very great assistance to the editor of this department if all the *alumnae* will feel an interest in forwarding any news they may have, without waiting to be solicited.

All *alumnae* who expect to return for Commencement, may engage rooms by applying to Frances Bridges '98, Hatfield House, at the slight additional expense of a small commission.

- '82. Mary Daniels has returned to Japan.
- '84. Annie A. Allis is married to Henry M. Payne, of the University of Montreal.
Grace Rogers (Mrs. C. P. Frey) has moved to Newark, N. J.
- '85. Anna A. Cutler, after having taken her Doctor's degree at Yale, is teaching in Smith College.
- '87. Elizabeth S. Mason spent the summer in Europe with her sister, and is now teaching in Smith College.
- '88. M. T. Nichols has won one of the fellowships given by the American School at Athens. Preparatory to her work in Athens, she has spent the summer in London, Paris and Berlin, studying in the museums.
- '90. Mary A. Frost is writing a German Grammar, to be published by the American Book Company.
Anna S. Jenkins is studying Latin in Rome.
- '92. M. Fannie Merrick has leave of absence for one year from Mt. Holyoke College, to study French abroad.
Edith L. Clark spent the summer travelling in Europe, and has returned to Miss Haywood's School in Philadelphia, where she has been teaching.
- '93. Ellen P. Cook, who has been studying abroad for a year, has returned and is teaching in Smith College.
- '95. Constance Iles is in Paris with Georgia Pope '96.
Annah P. Hazen received her Master's degree last June from Dartmouth, for work in Zoölogy.
Bertha Condé is studying labor and social problems, practically, in New York City. Her address is 163 Avenue B.
Rebecca Kinsman is teaching English in Portsmouth, N. H.
Bertha Allen is teaching in a private school in Lowell, Mass.
Josephine Bray is teaching German and English in the Quincy Mansion School, Wollaston, Mass.
Martha Dutton is travelling in Europe.
Cora Smith is studying at Chicago University.
Alice M. Richards is teaching in the High School, Gardiner, Me.
- '96. Isabel Bartlett is teaching in Freeport, Ill.
Laura Crane is teaching in St. Louis, Mo.
Claire F. Hammond is teaching in Detroit, Mich.
Alice M. Hutchings is teaching in Detroit, Mich.
Eliza N. Ford is teaching at the High School in Patterson, N. J.
Carrie Richardson is now Mrs. Herman Babson of Amherst, Mass.
Abby M. Rogers is Mrs. Alpheus I. Goddard of New York City.
Ethel L. Warren is teaching at Wells College.
Georgia W. Pope is spending the fall and winter in Paris.
Genevieve Marsh is teaching in the Academy of Saco, Me.

Eleanor Bush is agent in training for the Boston Associated Charities.

Marian Baker is teaching in Miss Bowen's School, Providence, R. I.

- '97. Emma Lootz and Alice Weld Tallant are taking a supplementary course in Physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, preparatory to entering the Medical School of John Hopkins'.

Ada Comstock is studying at the Normal School in Moorhead, N. D.

Mary Rockwell is teaching Latin, French, German and History in the Rhode Island College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts.

Grace Kelley is teaching English in St. Gabriel's School at Peekskill, N. Y.

Agnes Mariou Gemmel is teaching Zoölogy, History, Literature and English at the Buffalo High School.

Ida Darling is teaching in Chicago.

Anne MacWilliams and Katherine Lahm are studying Literature and History at Chicago University.

Carrie Mitchell is teaching at Nebraska University.

May Johnson is teaching at the High School in Middletown, Conn.

Ella Hurtt is teaching at Ponghkeepsie, N. Y.

Irma Richards is teaching in the High School at her home, North Attleborough, Mass.

Edith Dunton is teaching at her home in Rutland, Vt.

Edith F. Montague is teaching at Quebec in Miss Henderson's school for girls.

At the last class-meeting of '97 the following officers were elected : President, Carrie Mitchell ; Secretary, Gertrude Dyar ; Treasnrer, Jennie Vermilye.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The MONTHLY calls on you for its support. It grew originally out of a desire on the part of the college for a college paper, to which the students might contribute, and in which they might find much of general and local interest. This paper has always been carried on by the students, and is entirely dependent on them, their friends, and the *alumnæ* for its support. Other college papers have more or less of their pages devoted to advertisements, which bring in a considerable sum of money, and so help to pay the expense of running the paper. But Smith College has always felt that her MONTHLY must be her own, with nothing outside her or foreign to her interests in its pages. For this reason the whole burden of the expense has come on the girls, and they have always borne it willingly.

In former years, the Board of Editors of the MONTHLY has divided among its members all the students in the college, and has seen each girl individually, to ask her subscription and support for the MONTHLY. But since the college has grown so large, and there is such difficulty in finding the girls at home, this plan has been given up, and another, and, it is to be hoped, a better, determined on,—that of appealing to you as a whole, and trusting to your interest in the MONTHLY, and your desire for its continuance, to volunteer your subscription without being solicited personally.

Last year the number of subscribers among the *Alumnæ* was greater than that among the under-graduates. Now, of course, the *alumnæ* have been graduated every year, less three, since the college was founded, and consequently exceed us in number. But, on the other hand, they cannot all be as closely interested in the MONTHLY as we are. Some are out of the range of much of its contents, unfamiliar with the significance of its local interests, while we are living in the very midst of that life for which and of which it exists. Surely, if the *alumnæ*, who are so many miles away, can feel such an interest in it, we who are here at college should show a like feeling.

There are many things about our college life for which we have a very loyal love: our campus, with its trees, and walks, and botanical gardens; the buildings, in which our time is spent; Fair Smith, and The Glee Club who sing it. Should we not feel a like loyalty in regard to our one college paper, which aims to be the expression of our best thoughts, our most vital interests? The MONTHLY brings us together—by dealing with that which surrounds us here, and is of importance to all of us. It tries to represent the best literary work done in our college, and to stimulate us to still greater efforts in that direction.

It is hoped that with the growth of the college, there will be a correspond-

ing growth in the subscription list of the MONTHLY, and a growth, too, in the paper itself towards all that is best in one of the representatives of a noble institution: towards those possibilities and ideals for which we all are striving.

When we walked into chapel on the opening day of college and saw the new class gathered in its numbers, each face wearing the somewhat uneasy, constrained expression of her who knows not what to do next, we said in our hearts, "Poor things! Thank goodness, *we* don't have to register; *we* know how to fill out our cards and draw up our schedules. Therefore let us do it with the composure befitting upper-classmen." We were not appalled when the President admonished us to be careful with our new registration cards "which seemed complicated at first, but which the faculty thought would prove more satisfactory than the old form of enrollment."

But when we met our class-officers, we were told that the new cards had not yet been sent up from the printer's, and we were asked to wait a few minutes until they were printed. We waited; and soon we were each given a small white card, upon which we were requested to write legibly our full names and addresses. Nothing more. Now, for some years we had been able to write our names and addresses more or less legibly. Was this a little joke on the part of the faculty?

As we returned our cards in some scorn, we were presented with huge squares of cardboard, which proved to be a new set of enrollment cards. Small wonder that they had taken the printer an extra length of time to produce! First we were warned on no account to fold or crease them; then we wrote our names, quite carefully, and our list of studies; the full year courses in one division and the one-semester courses in another. On one side were several little compartments in each of which we were instructed to write our names, classes, and the name and number of the course, with the day and hour on which it came. Where was now our vainglorious pride? The thing was not half so simple as it sounded, and the size of the spaces in which one was expected to write three or four days of the week, as the case might be, was so misleading. The members of the S. C. A. C. W. Bureau of Information for Freshmen, who were placed in the reading-room, were called to the relief of many a disconsolate Junior and chastened Sophomore, who forgot to be insulted when she was asked if she had registered, or when a Freshman button-holed her and insisted upon her going to a Lecture on the College.

The next day, at our various classes, the teachers appeared with bundles of coupons from which they proceeded to call the roll, and which proved to be the "compartments" cut from our enrollment cards. It sometimes happened that in this way Susan Latimer Jones found herself enrolled "Susan Latimer," or perhaps only "Susan," having in her haste left off the distinguishing surname, or perhaps not realizing the necessity of writing her full name nine times on one card. It was explained to us with emphasis that no one could consider herself a member of a class unless her teacher held her coupon, and this rule was enforced with such rigor that one member of the faculty had to say to a student thus unauthorized, "Ich sehe Sie nicht, Fräulein; Sie sind nicht hier."

However, now that we understand the coupon system, we can readily see how the new cards may save the registrar much difficulty in the arrangement of classes, and we are glad to do our part to make the opening of the term less burdensome to the faculty. We would merely suggest, in deep humility, since the new cards have to be carried about so much before they are understood and disposed of, that they be constructed on the principle of railway folders, with a coupon or two in each fold, to facilitate transportation by the puzzled student.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

CLASS ELECTIONS

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President, Vera Charlotte Scott
Vice-President, Henrietta Sheldon Seelye
Secretary, Leila Strobbridge Holmes
Treasurer, Rejoyce Ballance Collins
Councillors :

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Frances Douglass Dailey
Frances Antoinette Bridges
Grace Eleanor Coburn

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Vice-President, Mabel Capelle
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Harriet Coburn
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Secretary, Lorraine Trivette Mabie
Treasurer, Mary Clement Wilder
Councillors :

Bertha Wendell Groesbeck
Frances Cruft Howe

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Secretary, Harriet Elizabeth Comstock
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Councillor :

Annie Louise Sanborn

COUNCIL

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Treasurer, Frances Cruft Howe, 1900

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Corresponding Secretary, Virginia Woodson Frame, '99
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GREEK CLUB

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 Treasurer, Elizabeth Keith Mullally, '98
 Head of the Executive Committee,
 Annie Hubbard Hall, '98

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 Secretary, Katharine Brigham, 1900

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CHRISTIAN WORK

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 Vice-President, Frances Antoinette
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 Assistant Treasurer, Agnes Patton, 1900

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 Treasurer, Harriet Anna Westing-
 house, '99

BANJO CLUB

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 Manager, Margaret Kennard, '98
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MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Mabel Knowlton, '98
 Manager, Mary Kennard, '99

STUDENT'S BUILDING COMMITTEE

Chairman, Elizabeth Apthorp McFad-
 den, '98

GYMNASIUM AND FIELD ASSOCIATION

President, Miss Berenson
 First Vice-President, Abbey Allen, '99
 Second Vice-President, Georgia D.
 Coyle, '98
 Secretary, Elizabeth Revell, 1900
 Treasurer, Dorcas Leese, 1900

CALENDAR

- Sept. 23, Opening of College.
 25, Reception of the Christian Association.
 Oct. 2, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
 8, Recital by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
 9, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.
 9, Annual Meeting of the Gymnasium and Field As-
 sociation.
 12, Seidl Concert.
 13, Sophomore Reception.
 14, Mountain Day.

The
Smith College
Monthly

November = 1897.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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NELLIE GERTRUDE CHASE, MAE LUCILE DILLON,
LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE, ALICE JACKSON,
EMMA AXTELL BYLES.

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 2.

ENGLISH FICTION OF THE PRESENT DAY

Perhaps it is only because we are a part of it, and lack perspective, that our end of the century seems to us so complex beyond all precedent, especially in its literary expression. Perhaps the literary historian fifty years from now will have no difficulty at all in tracing a leading principle running through all the conflicting theories, forms and methods of our novelists, but we of to-day are hardly able even to conjecture what that principle will be. It is not merely that school succeeds school with startling rapidity; that the realist has hardly time to proclaim his conquest of the earth before the public is in full cry after the revised historical romance. The two things exist side by side, the impressionist story, with its mysterious suggestiveness, its hazy conclusion, and its abundance of "atmosphere," runs parallel with the novel of local color, all the details of which are finished with laborious minuteness; while the story in which "art for art's sake" is carried to the exclusion of everything but style, may be found on the same counter as the latest thinly disguised political tract.

But amid this confusion it is still possible to distinguish several general tendencies of our time, most of them represented by at least one notable man. In the first place, no one who runs

over casually the fiction of recent years can help being struck by the prevalence of "local color." This is not absolutely original with us; the day when people were not admitted into books unless they moved in the highest society is long past; but certainly the last few years have brought an unprecedented flood of dialect stories. Every nook of the world is exploited; we learn the differences in the speech of different sections of Scotland, of New England, of North Carolina, nay more, the slums are searched for new varieties of slang; Du Maurier overlays his highly idiomatic French with strange foreign accents, Zangwill has introduced us to Yiddish, and the despairing reviewer predicts a novel spiced with Choctaw. The novelist becomes a philologist; it is meat and drink to him to come upon a new deviation from the laws of grammar. From time to time the weary public cries out upon all dialect novels as an abomination, yet who among us would seriously wish to do away with Barrie, to name only one among many who are showing us the real oneness of human life under its varying conditions? Still, there is a danger to which the dialect story is peculiarly open. Some time ago it was announced that a certain popular writer, who first came into notice through a volume of stories of a local character, intended to write one more volume on this his native place, and then change his subject, as he thought that would practically exhaust the neighborhood! It is hard to see how the man could have made a fuller confession of superficiality; of having attracted the public attention by mere novelty of guise.

But even more important than the increase in dialect stories has been the growth of realism—a rather arbitrary term, one would say, in the use or uses to which it is assigned, for really there are very few of the more important writers nowadays who do not base their work on the realities of human nature and human life as they see them. But the novelists who are most commonly known as "realists," and who claim the name most earnestly, are a distinct school, who proceed on the assumption that the details of daily life and the characters of every-day people have thus far been neglected in literature, and that these are the only things really worth writing about. And a very dreary business some of them make of it. After all, their materials are very like those of other people—life and love and death—but to a thorough-paced "realist," "life" stands

for the dry, technical matters of a man's private business, "love" for a highly-strained nervous condition, a magnifying of trifles, and a total abeyance of the sense of humor, and "death" for the details of the funeral. And they take themselves so seriously withal, and are so very hard on the poor novelist who deals with more unusual events and more unmixed passions! Their attitude toward such people is very like that of an old whist-player I once knew who said, "I never could bear to play with So-and-So; he plays well enough, but you always feel that he is doing it merely for pleasure."

Yet it is not to these men alone that the term realist is applied; witness the fact that Thomas Hardy is usually included under that head. Of late, indeed, critics have sprung up to contest his right to the appellation, one reviewer of his latest book declaring that he combines the realist's license of incident with the romanticist's license of plot, and that he has lost all consideration of probability in his pursuit of the effective. But indeed, Hardy's work has undergone a great though gradual change from his first appearance as a writer of strong stories of English rural life to his present position as pioneer of the custom of first publishing a story in expurgated form as a serial, and later bringing it out in full. There seems room to question the artistic as well as the moral propriety of this fashion—to ask whether, if the indecencies are so little essential to the story that they can be separated from it, any particular end is gained by putting them back again, but this question, as well as the discussion of Hardy's merits in general, we may leave to those who write of him alone. According to his admirers, he is the greatest living English novelist; according to them again he is a realist, and with the realists we may leave him.

Another "greatest living English novelist"—"I have known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts"—is George Meredith, a man who has perhaps exerted as great a general influence, and had as few downright imitators, as any novelist of this generation. His style, the stumbling-block of many of his readers, is the delight of others, who, not deterred by queer unconventionalities of phrase, prefer his closely-packed, forcible and intensely individual sentences to the more loosely-constructed periods of other authors. His conversations particularly are a bone of contention; on the one hand the short, broken sentences are praised for truth to life, for movement and vivacity; on the

other, we hear it complained that without the play of gesture and expression which would accompany them in real life they are well-nigh incomprehensible. Few would deny Meredith's right to be considered the most deeply intellectual of living novelists, and however debatable may be the moral problems raised by some of his later novels, his very enemies would admit that the strength and sincerity of his work make it worthy of discussion. Style apart, the claim most often made for him is that he, beyond all other living men, has understood and championed woman. This may seem to savor a little of Charles Dudley Warner's pathetic question, why Woman is so mysterious nowadays, but in fact there are some matters in which Meredith seems to have been the first to vindicate her. It is not too far-fetched to say that from Thackeray's time down, a literary tradition has existed that every woman is promiscuously jealous of every other woman, until Meredith set the example of describing them as often true and helpful friends to one another.

Of all the men who have lived in our day, I doubt if any other has left behind him so deep an impression of his own personality as Robert Louis Stevenson. In him more closely than in the others, the man and the artist were combined, and it is difficult to read his stories without carrying over the impression derived from his letters, from the loving and reverent testimony of those who knew him, and from his delightful essays. The man they all show is very charming, very admirable, with his love of the old-fashioned manly virtues, his hatred of all that is mean and cringing and unclean, his intense artist's appreciation of the dramatic and picturesque qualities of life, its infinite variety and interest, his sensitiveness to personality, and to the personalities of landscapes, his delicate chivalry; above all, that heroic optimism which in him was not the result of temperament alone, but of deep conviction, which life-long suffering could not shake. Perhaps there is in us all an unconscious tendency to rate the born story-teller on a lower plane than the philosophical analyst of character, for though many of us like the former better, the trail of the realist is over us all. But if Stevenson is primarily a story-teller, he is not the less capable of broad analysis, which makes up in the conviction it produces what it lacks in fine detail. Nor is he a merely facile or careless writer. He himself has borne evidence to the

painstaking thoroughness with which he studied his art, and later, to the days of laborious revision spent in giving just that spontaneity and easy dash which characterize his style. If Stevenson is a romantic novelist, he is so upon firm conviction that art is not a mere photograph of life, but that the real abiding interest is in the deep underlying human passions more than in ever-shifting external form. He expresses this in a very interesting essay, in which he censures Howells and others for having given us merely "the Novel of Society, instead of the Romance of Man."

Stevenson's influence is deeply felt in that younger school of writers, who have of late years revived what he himself calls "the novel of adventure," chiefly against a historical background, who, even if they are on a lower plane than he artistically, are at any rate providing the world with healthy and entertaining fiction.

In this necessarily incomplete and superficial survey of existing conditions in fiction, no mention has been made of that political, religious, or economic tract, the "novel with a purpose," for in its most extreme form it can hardly be considered a novel at all, while its claims to rank as a work of literature are often still slighter. Nor need we consider here the claims of Stephen Crane and the other very new people championed by "The Philistine: a Periodical of Protest," so smartly, so effectively, and sometimes, alas, so ungrammatically. But there is one more thing which a review of this sort can hardly omit, since it is more distinctively modern than any other literary form whatever—namely, the short story. In looking over a magazine of thirty years ago, the first thing that strikes one is the great inferiority of the short stories. Side by side with some of the finest novels in our language, are presented the flattest, most pointless and monotonous variations on the single theme of the love-story. Compare this with the condition at the present day, when short-story writing has become an art by itself, having its great names not less than three-volume novel writing, and chief among them, by general consent, the name of Rudyard Kipling.

It is difficult to say for what Kipling stands most prominently, he has opened up so many new fields and made himself a recognized power in so many old ones. But to all departments, novels, dashing verse with an irresistible swing to it, stories

of the mess-room or the barrack, of the jungle, the round-house and the open seas—he brings a fresh, individual way of looking at things, a splendid talent for story-telling pure and simple, and a keen insight into character of men and beasts. In slashing sentences which seem absolutely direct, he has yet a wonderful power of suggestion; the weight of the past—the great mysterious forces underlying Indian life—the subtle antipathies of race—the power of *esprit du corps*—who can lay his finger on a spot in a tale of Kipling's where these things are not made startlingly evident? And he carries conviction with him. Most of us derive our ideas of India almost entirely from Kipling—a fact brought to mind especially during the recent troubles there. After all, the thing that Kipling means more than anything else is the same higher reality of romance that Stevenson maintained so earnestly—that as long as Man lives, Romance must live, as strong in the engine and the steamship as in the stage-coach and the pirate's craft—must live and be king, although mankind learns only in the next generation to look back and say "The King was with us—yesterday!"

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

STEVENSON, THE MAN

If Stevenson is delightful as a maker of books, he is irresistible as a man. Tusitala, the teller of tales, related no history more fascinating than was his own life, nor can any creation of his imagination attract as powerfully as the strong and beautiful personality revealed to the world, at first in his essays and occasional verse, and finally in the "Vailima Letters." It makes an epoch in one's life to learn to know his honest manhood, the bright bravery of it, the indomitable purpose of it, its intensity of pleasure and pain. Not since the death of Lamb has there been a more lovable writer of exquisite English than this wandering romancer, this whimsical essayist discoursing with a kind of gay wisdom "for lads and virgins," this singer of plain and perfect songs.

For the most of his life he was a blissful vagabond "footing it gaily in the tracks;" a serious-hearted Bohemian, who valued experience above all things, to the end preferring life to art, and seeking adventures in his imagination when they were de-

nied him in the field. He loved to adapt himself to new situations or to extricate himself from tangles of unforeseen difficulties. Always the frank democrat, the serene philosopher, he got on famously wherever fortune led him. It might be that he was exploring the wynds of Edinburgh, or darning the steerage experiences of the emigrant, or knocking about among South Sea Islands in the *Casco*, or taking his meals at the Art Students' deal table in Grätz—it mattered not what he did nor whither he went, so long as he traveled. He was equally ready, like Gilfaron to pitch his tent wherever he saw a human face having upon it the alphabet of life,—or, “a wilful stranger” to camp out alone with his donkey under jolly heaven in the Cevennes. If people were thrown in his way, well and good; he accepted whatever types of humanity he came upon, with artistic interest and human sympathy, as problems to be studied and men to be helped. He could rejoice in solitude as well.

But he resembled his own “Will o’ the Mill” in that he had a taste for other people and other people had a taste for him. What tact must the man have possessed who could know the people he knew in the way he did! It was strange company which he chose for himself at some times of his roving life. In describing his first trip across the Atlantic, in “The Amateur Emigrant,” he says that his fellow-passengers were “a company of the rejected, the drunken, the incompetent, the weak, the prodigal.” It may have been on this early voyage that he made some of the studies for the strays of humanity in “The Ebb-Tide.” Certainly he studied those people, making himself one of them for the time. He says with some amusement, in speaking of their indifference and lack of observation,—“Here was I among my own countrymen, somewhat roughly clad to be sure, but with every advantage of speech and manner; and I am bound to confess that I passed for nearly anything you pleased except an educated gentleman. The sailors called me ‘mate,’ the officers addressed me as ‘my man,’ my comrades accepted me without hesitation for a person of their own character and experience, with some curious information.” It must have been the strain of Bohemianism, the zest for danger, the overpowering sense of the grotesque and the romantic and the picturesque everywhere which gave him an interest in rogues and a far-away sympathy for dubious characters. He liked to

study the scoundrel. There was a trace of this interest in his attraction to Villon. At any rate, his comrades felt his characteristic friendliness and open-mindedness, and did not trouble themselves to question. One needs but to remember his relations to the Samoans, for another illustration of the confidence inspired by his straightforward and dignified bearing; where the love and reverence of the natives was his reward for his tireless and unselfish efforts to help them.

It seems almost strange to think that this restless traveler, with the Bohemian sympathies, was a Scotchman. His wanderings, and the fearless, strong and tender Viking strain in his works, confirm the discovery that he once made about himself that he had Celtic blood. Zangwill has criticized him for his roving life, and grudges him his treasure-islands and Arabian-Nights, saying that there was romance and to spare, at home. But liberty of life, and that, of varied life, seems in most natural consonance with his creative genius. Nothing was more natural than that the gifted young author, once set free from the engineering which threatened him, should start off to see the world, to America or to Germany—anywhere. He had the feeling that he must “gang his own gait,” though he may never have reasoned it out; and it is fortunate for the world that he did. Who can say that Stevenson in Edinburgh would have been greater than Stevenson with the road before him or at Vailima? May the world not temper its gratitude with “might have beens”!

Stevenson's ill-health had much to do with his travels and his choice of Samoa as an ultimate resting-place; Samoa which has now taken a place among the “Meccas of the mind.” But “this business of living in towns” (his own phrase), went against his nature; he wanted all out of doors to breathe in; he loved elemental simplicities with a passion—as a critic has said—which it takes the highest culture to develop. For these reasons, though he had been physically strong, the regulation stay-at-home life would perhaps have been irksome to him.

After all, Stevenson is just Stevenson. Small use is there in attempting to determine the exact sources of his charm and loveliness. Let those who know him only as an author—if indeed there be any such—go straightway and read the “Vailima Letters.” There they may see him, heroic, imperturbable though supremely sensitive, and endowed with the patience of

the gods,—who loved him, for he died young. There the veil is drawn from the last four years of his life, and we learn to know his inflexible will, his generosity, the natural buoyancy of his spirit, his shining humor, his gladness against pain, and his belief in the ultimate good. One finds flashes of righteous indignation here and there which reveal the man who wrote “Father Damien.” Now and then he sighs over his work, and compares his rate of production with Scott’s to prove himself “one-half the man Sir Walter was for application and driving the dull pen,” but these moods do not rule him. “Life is a steigh brae,” he says once, but follows it up with “Here, have at Knappe and no more clavers !” He had no philosophy of life save that it was worth living. But in spite of his courage, he felt that he would not finish the work he had begun—

“The morning drum-call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet, the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon ;
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed,) the sunset gun too soon.”

The feeling was prophetic and the end did come too soon. But there is a point of view from which his release from the struggle he carried on so bravely can seem only a source of joy and relief.

The closing words of Ibsen’s “Little Eyolf”—“Upwards—towards the peaks. Towards the stars. And towards the great silence,” seem to fit the end of Stevenson’s life. Thus they bore him upwards, towards the peaks, towards the stars, towards the great silence. His grave is on the summit of Vaea mountain, where he longed to be, dear “pious outlaw,” who stood “on the rocks of God and morning.”

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

TO THESTYLIS

(WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO GEORGE PEELE.)

Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain,
Was lover yet to lady half so true ?
But what has profited my love for you ?
Ah, cruel beauty, working cruel pain.

My lady, with your winning, matchless grace,
How could I help but love you? Yet I knew
You ne'er would love me though my love were true,
Hard heart, disdainful, yet so fair of face.

My lady fair, my love, still must I 'plain.
My love is vain, yet must I love indeed,
Though never may I hope that you will heed—
Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain.

ALICE CHOATE PERKINS.

LAST CHANCE

He stood in the door-way of the little shack house and looked out over the acres of brown wheat. His grey eyes were full of anxiety, straight wrinkles lay between his light eyebrows, and his thin little freckled face looked keen and care-worn. "I guess there ain't any use," he said to himself.

"Do you see any sign of rain, Lish?" asked a weary voice from the interior.

The wrinkles deepened in the boy's forehead. "Not yet, dad," he answered.

Day after day the sun had shone down mockingly upon the parched earth, and the wheat turned browner beneath its fierce glare, and the only living thing in sight was an old yellowish sorrel horse dejectedly nibbling the burnt prairie grass.

The boy turned and entered the small, hot room.

"It's come to where something's got to be done, dad. The mortgage on the place has got to be paid off this fall. There ain't a sign of rain, and I guess there never will be." He spoke to the man who lay on a little cot in the darkest corner of the room. The man looked up hopelessly at the boy. His face was so thin that his cheek bones stood out sharply; his worn hands pulled restlessly at the old patchwork quilt under him.

"We're pretty nigh the bottom, Lish," he answered. "I don't care for myself, for I don't s'pose this fever will give me a chance to begin again, but you—" his voice broke,—"you're only a little shaver after all, Lish. We've been tough to stand it this long. It makes me feel hot all over, though, when I think of mother and the babies, lyin' out yonder with the sun

forever beatin' down on 'em. I hope it'll rain before I die." He moaned.

"Quit talkin' nonsense like that, dad ; you've just got to live. I can't stand these goin's on." The boy evidently had something on his mind. He sat down on an old box and spoke with a confidential air.

"I've got somethin' to tell you, dad, a plan I've been thinkin' over for a week. It's our last chance."

The father made no answer, and the boy went on.

"Last Chance has got to save us."

"We can't sell him, Lish."

"No, but we can race him, dad."

The sick man's face broke into a thousand loose wrinkles, and he laughed in a thin, cackling wheeze.

"Race him ! Are you crazy ?"

The boy flushed.

"When Uncle Will gave him to us he said he had been a race horse. P'raps you don't remember the time he brought you from Carson to Cheyotte. He just flew over the ground."

The father's eyes looked reminiscent. "Do you remember, Lish, how they wouldn't believe at Cheyotte that I'd beaten the Indian ponies ! The redskins nigh got there while they were wond'rin'. He has got a mighty long lope."

"Yes-sir-ee, dad, and I'm plannin' to take old Last Chance to the races at Cheyotte." He hurried on not wishing to be interrupted until he had told all. "I paid old man Gunn our last cent for some oats. You can't expect any horse to make good time that's been feedin' on prairie grass. I've been givin' 'em to him little by little, not too sudden, he ain't used to 'em, you know."

"He don't stand any showin' Lish. Will Thompson will enter his Flowery Ann. Last Chance can't touch her." The man's face was full of interest.

"I don't know about that ; the races are fixed fine. Fifty dollars is the prize for the runnin' race. Free for all, twenty-five dollars, and the trottin' two hundred an' fifty. Folks is throwin' away money down to Cheyotte. The bettin's awful."

"Who's gettin' it up ?"

"Bent Tom and Gray Dick : they belong to the 'Gentleman's Driving Association.' Pretty name, ain't it ?" The boy giggled.

"Bent Tom's laigs are so bowed with ridin' they ain't to home nowhere but round a horse, anyhow," commented the father.

"He's jedge, an' he ain't drinkin' none to speak of, he feels that big," Lish responded.

"The prizes ain't even," said the father. "How came they to put so much on the trottin'?"

"Oh that's all along of Bent Tom and his Blazer, and Gray Dick an' his Jessie Git, an' Will Thompson's Flowery Ann. They've put up most of it themselves, each thinkin' his horse is goin' to win an' he'll get it back. Them cowboys are goin' to be disappointed, dad, you'll see. Last Chance can trot yet."

"You ain't got nothing to trot him in, Lish." The father was growing excited. "There ain't any horseback work to trottin'."

"That's the point. I know a thing or two, myself." The boy's air of importance was comical.

"Bent Tom's got a new sulky, an' I'm goin' to use his old one. He said I could enter free, seein' as they'd wanted some kind of a circus, an' me an' Last Chance was just the thing."

"When's it comin' off, Lish?"

"Next Sunday, dad. The races begin at ten. Bent Tom's only entered us for the trottin'."

The man sat up trembling with the exertion.

"Do you say we can win, Lish?"

The boy's freckled face was very solemn :—"He's just got to, dad. Seem's if it was one of the Lord's ways of helpin' that mother used to tell about."

That the help should come in the form of a Sunday horse race, did not at all astonish the boy.

The scorching days that followed seemed longer than ever to the excited pair. Lish spent hours rubbing down the bony frame of Last Chance. One of the horse's eyes was gone, the other, veiled though it was by the mists of old age, still had a wicked gleam in it. He kicked out sideways at Lish's bare legs whenever he had a chance.

"He's game, dad," the boy chuckled. "The oats is bringin' him up fine."

In the dim grey of Sunday morning, Lish and Last Chance started out. Lish's only saddle was the old patchwork quilt which he would use later as a blanket for the racer. The father had dragged himself to the door, and stood watching the two

disappear down the lane of scorched wheat. There was nothing fresh in the morning, only the breathless pause before the hot ball of fire burst forth. He watched until he saw Last Chance settle down into a lazy, somewhat stiff gait, his habitual mode of travelling.

It was about seven when the pair reached Cheyotte. The main street of the little town was already full of cowboys, and here and there a gaudily dressed woman appeared. Lish rode through the street, and on beyond where the improvised race track had been laid out.

When the boy reached this, he dismounted and led his horse up and down to cool him. He washed his mouth with cold water and blanketed him with his improvised saddle. He felt suddenly weak as he put all in readiness for the great trial.

The running and free for all races were over. The crowd surged nearer the race track, ceasing their cheering. The trotting race was to them the most exciting of all. There was no grand stand. All the people were grouped at the goal, to see the finish better, but they could see the start also, for the mile track stretched straight away before them.

Down the track came the four, Will Thompson and his Flowery Ann ahead, Bent Tom's Blazer next, driven by a friend, as Tom himself was judge, Grey Dick driving his Jessie Git third, and old Last Chance behind, his long neck low and straight, his red tongue hanging from his mouth. On they came, faster and faster. Blazer passed Flowery Ann, Last Chance passed Jessie Git, and was close to Flowery Ann when they reached the goal. There was great cheering as Blazer came in ahead.

Lish's thin, sensitive face flushed painfully on hearing the gay banter and rough jokes at his old horse and himself. His hands trembled as he rubbed the horse's knobby legs.

"You've just got to do better, Chance, they're beating you," he said.

There was a gleam in Last Chance's one eye; all his old racing blood was astir, and he sniffed uneasily.

The next heat was on. At the word "git" from Bent Tom, the judge, old Last Chance shot out at his best pace. His long strides made them fly over the brown road; the skin on his flanks creased at each leap. Lish leaned over him, his thin face aglow.

"Go it! Go it!" he shouted shrilly.

There was silence at the goal as Last Chance came in ahead. There had been no betting on Last Chance.

Lish led the old sorrel up and down. The horse's knees trembled, his head hung low.

"Can you do it, Chance? Can you do it?" Lish almost sobbed.

It was time for the last heat; several heavy betters had gone to the starting post, and were swearing and advising in the same breath.

"Don't let that old bag of bones beat you!"

"Make Blazer keep the pace!"

"Hold Blazer's head higher!"

Bent Tom's little bowed legs flew down the track.

"Let me get into that sulky! I ain't jedge no longer! You kin go up and jedge this last heat!" he said to his friend, the driver, finishing the speech with much profanity.

The word was given, and the rough crowd was still and breathless, for they all had more or less at stake.

Blazer held first place, Flowery Ann next, Last Chance close upon her, and Jessie Git last. At the half-mile post Last Chance passed Flowery Ann, and bore down upon Blazer. Bent Tom turned once, saw the sorrel's one fixed eye, then leaned down closer over his horse, and pulled a little steadier on the reins.

Last Chance's bony body seemed to lengthen out still more, the creases on his hips deepened, until they lay in folds. The boy in the sulky did not, could not make a noise. The distance between the two shortened and shortened until it was no more, and Last Chance and Blazer were together. Then neither could gain an inch on the other. The mile post was before them. It was their supreme effort, the horses' muscles stood out like whip cord.

Twenty feet—ten feet—, Last Chance's long neck was rigid, his tongue flapped wildly, and they crossed the line—neck and neck.

A cheer rang from the crowd:—"Blazer! Blazer!"

But above it all came the voice of Bent Tom's driver:—"Silence, thar, I'm jedge now."

The crowds were silent, those in back jumped up by the shoulders of those in front, and so great was the excitement, those in front did not resent it.

"Answer me this, Bent Tom," the driver said. "Hev hosses ever won by a nose?"

Bent Tom's face was very red.

"That old ghost wan't no nose ahead," he shouted.

"I know that," said the driver. "I only asked. Do they?"

Bent Tom was surprised. "Of course, but there ain't no nose about this."

"No, there ain't." The judge was calm. "But I give the race to Last Chance just the same; he won it by a tongue."

The discussion was long and smacked of pistol shots and profanity. But there were many, sore at heart, who had not bet on either Last Chance or Blazer, and sooner than see their friends victorious with Blazer, they gave the race to Last Chance.

"You're a plucky boy," Bent Tom's driver said as he handed Lish the two hundred and fifty dollars, and slapped him hard on his narrow shoulders.

Lish's throat ached so that he put his hand to it, and turned to Last Chance, swallowing violently. Last Chance turned the side of his head provided with vision, took aim, and kicked, barely missing the boy.

Lish stood straight and important in the middle of the little hut he called home.

"Yes, me an' Last Chance did it."

"Let me see the money again, Lish."

"There it is, every cent, dad. We can pay off the mortgage, and buy—everything," he ended.

But the father did not answer; he bent forward in a listening attitude. He heard the slow patter of rain drops on the roof.

FLORENCE WELLER HITCHCOCK.

THE STORY OF CHILD URSULA

The world was coming to an end. Child Ursula's father and mother were going away. She had known for a long time that they would go, but she had never believed it. It was like the giant-stories in the fairy-book, too horrible to be true. Now the trunk-man was at the door. Mamma and Papa were trying to decide which should go with her to her school-teacher's,

where she was to stay. At length Mamma's eyes filled suddenly, and Papa gave up. He kissed Ursula without speaking, and turned away, with a strange, red flush on his forehead which the child never forgot.

The next moment she was in the crowded car, absorbed in the fear of losing her mother, and the proud privilege of paying the conductor herself. In another second, so it seemed, they were in the hall of her teacher's house, and she had begun to sob, when she forgot everything else in the surprise of seeing Mamma cry. Mamma said something in a choked voice to the two teachers; then she too kissed Ursula and left her. And her teachers led her into the dining-room, and tried to divert her with tapioca pudding, which turned salt under her tears.

Afterwards they took her upstairs to the big room which was to be hers, with all the things from her nursery in it, even to the big rag doll that always slept with her. This she clutched eagerly, and refused to part with, even while she was saying her prayers, to the scandal of her new guardians. When they came in an hour later she was fast asleep, with the doll still tight in her arms, and a round wet spot on the pillow.

Next morning Ursula's new life commenced at breakfast. Miss Hepzibah glared disapprovingly at the pile of crumbs around Ursula's plate, and remarked that she ought to have a tray. Ursula was nine, and the ignominy of the suggestion weighed her to the ground. She wept silently for the rest of the meal, the tears trickling down her little round nose, and falling piteously into her milk. She cried at a great many meals after that, until she got hardened. Then she merely sat with her head down until Miss Hepzibah was through, when she went on eating. She had the manners of an angel before three months had passed, but there were two little sullen lines around her mouth, which had not been there before.

Miss Hepzibah was the principal of Ursula's day-school. She was also a Southerner and an old maid. She lived with Miss Alice, who taught Ursula's room, and they had taken the child as a solitary boarder to oblige her father, while his health forced him to be away. Miss Hepzibah was a very conscientious woman, with a once tender heart, long hardened by indigestion, spinsterdom, and poverty. All that remained soft of it was Miss Alice's, who was young and beautiful and altogether charming. She petted Ursula sometimes while Miss Hepzibah

watched her with dotting eyes. At first, Miss Alice used to curl Ursula's hair for her every night, but Miss Hepzibah soon decided that it was too hard for her. After that, one of the maids did it, until Miss Hepzibah decided afresh that it was a sheer waste of time even for her. Then Ursula had to learn to braid it into two stiff little pig-tails, and could no longer 'toss back her clustering curls,' like the little girls in the story-book.

She could not even read about the little girls who did have curls very often. At home the first place to look for her was always the library, where she was to be found at all hours, perched on one of the shelves, or curled up in a big chair, devouring everything from Andersen to Victor Hugo. Now she was at school all the morning, and in the afternoon she had to go out of doors. Usually she went to see some other little girl and played riotously with the fervor of a prisoner on parole, returning punctually at five, her dead-line of freedom.

In her brief evenings, she had to play Halma with Miss Alice, and be scolded by Miss Hepzibah, because she always beat. This was because Ursula had a scientific system of playing which she had invented herself. It was really quite clever, but Miss Hepzibah thought her delight, as its perfection increased night by night, unnatural and selfish.

Her minutes for reading were, therefore, somewhat limited, and she was forced into all kinds of devices in order to increase them. Often, when visiting, she was found with her head in a book, hastily caught up from shelf or table, and had to be torn from it by main force to 'come and play.' The other little girls thought this horrid in her; and she used herself to have fits of remorse over it, but she couldn't help it. She was made that way. She used even to descend to deception, and would sit for hours with a book hidden between the pages of her geography, while her teachers thought her devotion to that study quite remarkable.

But her happiest hours were spent at night, after she had gone to bed. The door at the foot of her bed, which led into the hall, would not shut entirely; and the light from the hall gas sent a stream of light, bright, but only about half an inch wide, across the counterpane. Here she used to lie for hours, while her teachers thought her peacefully asleep, holding a book in both hands and moving it from left to right and back

again across the friendly ray which illumined only one word at a time.

Thus the days sped, and Ursula grew more obedient, more passive, and more taciturn every day. Miss Hepzibah congratulated herself on the success of her first experiment in child-rearing. She did not dream that often, when the door between their rooms was closed, Child Ursula stood opposite it and kicked vigorously in the air; or shook her small fist and stuck out her minute red tongue in that direction with the ferocity of an aboriginal savage, satisfying his mortal hatred.

Six months had passed, when one day Child Ursula came skipping home from school with joy in her heart. She had just learned that the great storm recently past was the equinoctial one, and therefore Spring had legally begun. Spring, the happy time, when according to the dear daily letters, Papa and Mamma were coming back from that mysterious far-away land called the South. She went humming about her play all the afternoon, although it rained hard and she had to stay in the house. She was having a tea-party for the dolls, and every now and then she stopped and embraced them with unusual fervor, whispering into their inattentive ears, "Mamma's coming soon." When the dinner-bell rang, she jumped up with unusual eagerness and ran happily downstairs. She found Miss Hepzibah in the hall, peering anxiously out into the storm. Miss Alice had gone out before it broke and was not yet returned. As Ursula stood on the stairs watching her, the door-bell rang and Miss Hepzibah hurried to open it. She admitted a dripping messenger-boy who held a long yellow envelope. Ursula was not familiar with telegrams and thought it a message from Miss Alice. "She's all right, isn't she?" she called. "No bad news?" Miss Hepzibah looked up at her with a strange expression. "Bad news?" she repeated, "Well, I suppose it might have been worse." Then she turned and went hurriedly into the parlor.

Ursula sat and crooned to herself on the stairs. She was blissful with anticipation. Pretty soon Miss Alice came in and then they all went to dinner. It was the happiest Ursula had known there. She was not scolded for anything, although she dropped her buttered knife on the table, and she was allowed to have all the cream cakes she wanted.

After dinner they all went up stairs and she was running to

get the Halma board, when Miss Hepzibah stopped her. "Ursula," she said, "come and sit on my lap." Ursula did as she was told, wonderingly, but when she looked into Miss Hepzibah's eyes, she knew already what was coming. Her father had died that morning.

After that she knew nothing definite. She was conscious of wild sobs and cries, she hardly knew from whom they came. The only thing clear in her mind was the thought, "I was not with him, I was not with him," repeated over and over again. Whether she said it aloud, or only felt it, she did not know.

The next thing she knew was that she was lying in Miss Alice's bed with a wet bandage over her eyes; that it was very late, and that somewhere people were talking in low tones about "mourning," and "the funeral." Then she remembered what had happened, and as on the night, so long ago now, when she had seen him last, she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next two days were very still and strange. Every one seemed to speak with hushed voices, and the very dolls looked sorrowfully at her. She did not cry any more. She looked at Miss Hepzibah's cold grey eyes with their new red lines, and she could not have cried had her life depended on it. Something seemed to have frozen inside her.

On Monday morning, Ursula went with her teachers, as usual, to school, and the children came running to meet her, silent, with awe-struck eyes, open arms, and soft, friendly kisses. She threw herself into her work with feverish energy, and studied as she had never studied before. When she came home, she picked up a book and commenced to read with might and main.

In the middle of the afternoon, Miss Hepzibah came into the room. Ursula was sitting by the table with her head propped on her hands. Thinking that she was crying, Miss Hepzibah went up to her softly, and leaned over to console her. Ursula was dry-eyed, and "The Little Duke" lay open before her. "Ursula," cried Miss Hepzibah in a tone that made the child jump like a thief. Then Miss Hepzibah opened the vials of her indignation and poured them upon Ursula's head. Miss Hepzibah told her that she was a bad, cold-hearted girl; she had not cried over her father's death, but had amused herself with frivolous stories; she was therefore devoid of all feeling for his memory; and she would never be a comfort to her mother. Ursula wept bitterly, but she did not say anything. If she

could have killed Miss Hepzibah, she would have done it. That night she did not say her prayers.

The next day she was sent to her uncle's house. He met her in the hall, and said to her, "She is in there. Don't make a noise now." Ursula looked at him in astonishment. Why should she make a noise? Then she heard a voice that she both knew and did not know, saying, "Where is my little daughter, my child Ursula?" In another instant she was in her mother's arms.

A week later, she had recovered her bad table manners, her curls and her happiness. But the Child, Ursula, was dead.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

A GARDEN OF YESTERDAYS

I passed into a garden, by a gate
Long closed, forgotten by this heart of mine.
I dreamed adown the paths. The olden time
Stole back, and then I saw, alas, too late,
How all was changed, and how an idle fate
Had planted weeds to choke the dear, bright flowers,
And how the brambles had o'ergrown the bowers
And turned the garden waste and desolate.
Dear ashes of dead roses! Yesterdays,—
The sadder for the promise you did give
Of a fair morrow. Could lost roses yet
Be brought again with tears? Dear God, forgive.
Too late? Yet let me sometimes walk these ways.
It is not well that I should quite forget.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS.

A COUNTY FAIR

To the people of a little country village, and those dwelling in the isolated farm-houses scattered on the surrounding hills, the one great event of common interest during the whole year is the County Fair. Everything previous is dated with respect to it, and for weeks afterward it is talked over by those fortunate ones who attended it.

In the early morning, almost at daybreak, farmers may be seen driving immense herds of cattle and sheep down the roads that lead to the village—the “Mecca” of the county. The proprietors of shooting galleries and lemonade stands are also on the road, to secure an advantageous position, set up their tents, and to prepare for the business of the day. The swarthy Turk with his gorgeous cluster of swaying balloons plods along, followed by his wife, bending under the weight of a large cage of trained birds.

Then, a little later, but still before the dew is off the grass, or the sun's heat is very great, the sight-seers begin to make their way toward the town. Their carriages form a procession made up of crowded carry-alls with hassocks in front for the smaller children, great barges with two long seats of people facing each other, whose lunches and various articles for exhibition occupy the floor between them, and, last of all, single carriages, with small boys tucked in, in front, and coops of chickens, or sacks of meal fastened in behind. This long train moves steadily along, with no need of turning out, since all horses are headed in the same direction. Occasionally, a bicyclist shoots by, or some boy, impressed by the dignity of his position as charioteer, and impatient to reach the grounds, urges his horse ahead, past the line of carriages in front.

As the village is neared, a flag is seen floating over the roof of a big canvas tent, which gradually comes into view, surrounded by tiny little white tents, like a group of mushrooms. Enclosing the whole, is a high picket fence, which various small boys are vainly trying to climb, while others, knowing by experience the uselessness of the attempt, content themselves with peering between the stakes. At the entrance, parents are trying to collect and count their party, and occasionally one sees a man who has left his life-member's ticket at home, and seems to be thinking unpleasant things.

But once fairly inside—the Cattle Show becomes a reality to those who have been so long anticipating it. The small boy is in his element. The first thing on his program is to get lost,—that is, to adroitly dodge behind some friendly back, while his mother is shaking hands with an old acquaintance: then, by a skillful manoeuvre, he disappears behind a neighboring tent, and is swallowed up in the crowd. And his mother, missing him presently, but knowing the uselessness of searching for her young son, goes on with her discussion.

Bobby, now a free man, gazes about him. He casts a disdainful look at the Hall, where his sister is going to see the fancy work, and where his elder brother is attracted by the prize pumpkins. A crowd is gathered about the stock, and especially about two large Holstein cows, but Bobby can see cows and sheep enough every day in the week. However, the chickens interest him, because he has entered his own pet Bantams. He walks hurriedly down in front of the long line of coops, and then shrieks with delight at seeing the blue ticket on his cage. Then, suddenly, he remembers his dignity, and wishes he had not cried out, especially as several grown people are smiling upon him rather patronizingly.

The number of attractions are simply bewildering, and he thinks the grounds are veritable enchanted gardens, with some new delight at every step. He squeezes tightly his dime and half-dollar, tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, and tries to decide how to get the most for his money. First, there is the stall where you toss rings for canes, ranged in a long line; and if the ring slips over the cane, it is yours,—and all for fivecents. It looks extremely simple, but somehow the number of canes does not diminish in proportion to the number of people who try it.

A great crowd stands in front of a canvas, through which a negro has put his head, entreating you to hit it with a baseball, while the manager of the show calls out at regular intervals, all day long, “Hy-ar, hy-ar, every time you hit it, get a five cent cigar.” Bobby prides himself on his aim, and after carefully counting the cost, decides to try. To the amazement of the on-lookers, and, incidentally to the surprise of the negro, he really hits this “Artful Dodger,” and tries to assume a very careless air as he steps up to receive the huge cigar.

The crowd grows denser all the time—mothers carrying a drowsy baby and leading another child by the hand; young girls, dressed in gay gowns, made especially for the occasion; farmers discussing crops with some acquaintance from another part of the county; children and hucksters—all jostle each other in good natured confusion.

Bobby is standing in front of the tin type booth, with his hands in his pockets, critically examining the specimens exposed, when he sees Maggie, his mother’s hired girl, enter the tent with a young man. He nudges the boy next to him, saying, “That’s

our hired girl's steady, and I bet you they're going to have a double picture taken." His neighbor not appreciating the situation so keenly, Bobby chuckles merrily to himself.

At noon there is a lull, and dinner is served in the big tent, but many who have brought their lunch spread it under the pines. Then Bobby finds his family, and meekly takes the expected lecture, while he sits down and munches a ham sandwich, grasping in his left hand a piece of chocolate cake, to make sure of it.

The races begin in the afternoon, and the people cheer from the band stand, and the brass band thunders forth its music. Bobby likes the bass drum and cymbals especially and wishes he could spare time to listen to them. Between the races, he patronizes the various refreshment stands, and is prepared to give his opinion of the comparative merits of the gingerbread, oyster stew, candy and ginger beer. Bobby strongly recommends to all his friends the ginger beer man, because he gave him one glass and nearly half another—for a nickel. That man is a true gentleman in Bobby's mind, and he heartily approves of him and conscientiously recommends him.

While wandering around with a striped stick of cinnamon candy in his mouth, three lemon drops rapidly softening in his hand, and a big bag of peanuts under his arm, he is drawn by the strains of Annie Laurie to the merry-go-round. Still sucking his cinnamon stick, and scorning to ride in a sleigh he mounts the fiery Mazeppa. He tries to persuade himself that he is enjoying the ride, but his imagination is not quite equal to the task, so he holds firmly to the bridle and wishes the music would stop. It does finally, and he dismounts, throws away the rest of his candy stick, and smiles rather wearily at some of his less fortunate friends.

The crowd begins to grow less, and Bobby sees his father, standing on the steps of the band stand, scanning the crowd, so he leisurely saunters around toward him. His last cent is gone, but he has some peanuts, a ring that he got in a prize package, and, hidden in his trousers' pocket is the enormous cigar—possibly reserved for future experiment. He lost a nickel on what he decided to be a "skin game," that he thought he saw through and didn't, but he bore his humiliation like a man, and solaced himself with another bottle of ginger beer.

When he reaches the gate, he casts one long look behind, and

notices that the Turkish woman has shut up her bird cage and that the lemonade man is already folding up his tent. The sun has set, and the air grows chilly. Bobby crawls into the carriage, and sitting on a hassock, with his back against the dashboard, he tries to think over the joys of the day. But his mind is only a wild jumble, like that of the old man, who, in describing his first Fair, summed it up, by saying—

“An’ they waz a swing where ye rode—an’ I rode,
An’ a thing-um-a-jig ’at ye blowed—an’ I blowed ;
An’ they waz a game ’at ye played—’an’ I played’
An’ a hitch in the same wher’ ye paid—an’ I paid.”

SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.

HARMONY

His life was one of quietness,
No mighty field of action had he sought,
Yet even as the silence of the evening hour
The most sublime of harmonies has wrought.
The harmony of night, so, too, his heart,
Touched by the great musician of all life,
Sang its own part, in the great song of songs,
The song of love.

Men heard the music, in their hearts
Echoed again the soft sweet strain,
Yet hearing it, they could not tell,
From whence it came.

ALICE JACKSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO-DAY, YESTERDAY AND FOREVER

Yesterday ! a smile or sigh
Follows the memory of the name,
Then passes, and to-day is here,
Our smiles—perchance our sighs—to claim.

To-day ! our little minds are filled
With present pleasures, joys and woes.
And ere we know to-day is here
In yesterday's long train it goes.

To-morrow ! with what hope or fear
We wait the dawn of a new morn.
Forever ! but an endless chain
Of bright to-morrows yet unborn.

L. L. C.

The Dwellers within the Dome moved about with a slow, wandering motion, or sat disconsolately in their places. One or two were even asleep. The only sign of animation

The Idea was to be heard, not seen. It was conveyed in the tones of a little voice, which, in spite of its smallness, was audible throughout the Dome on account of the silence that otherwise prevailed. The words which it spoke were concerning infinity and zero, and certain other quantities alien to this subject.

Conceit, the largest of the Dwellers within the Dome,—indeed, so enormous was she that a little extra dome had had to be built out in order to make room for her head as she sat,—Conceit was paying evident attention to the words, and occasionally smiled approval. Her daughters, Pride and Vanity, sat at her feet. Pride had fallen asleep, but her sister was following their mother's example, listening, and smiling when she smiled. Both

were much smaller than their mother, yet even then, fully twice as large as the two little, old men, prodigiously solemn in aspect, who were shuffling about, arm in arm. These were Investigation and Definition. Off in a corner sat Humor, yawning terrifically. Not far from him, Nonsense was making cheerful, though futile efforts to spin his own head.

It was at this moment when an event took place which awoke all who had dropped asleep, and drew the attention of Conceit from the words of the small, invisible voice. There seemed suddenly to drop down in their midst, no one knew from where, a creature such as they had never seen before. At first they looked at it in consternation. Then, seeing that it was not formidable, Investigation approached, pulling his brother along by the coat-sleeve.

"What manner of thing may it be, Deffy?" said he, in his ancient voice, gingerly poking the object with his forefinger.

"Brother," quoth Definition, "I cannot determine its difference, howbeit I might venture to assert, having noted its general form, that it belongs to the genus Idea. Pray examine it more closely, and recount to me whatever details you discover."

Investigation felt in all of his thirty-two pockets, and then looked grim. "Where may my magnifying-glass be?" he asked.

While Definition was trying to put his answer into the most concise form possible, Humor broke the silence with an explosion of laughter, and pointed at Vanity. She, it seemed, had been using the glass as a mirror. With tears of mortification, she handed it to Investigation, and retired behind her mother's skirt.

By this time almost all the Dwellers within the Dome had crowded about the mysterious object, poking it, turning it around and upside down, and shaking their heads in bewilderment. Even Definition, after his brother had examined it through his glass, was baffled.

"What may it be?" asked Investigation again and again, and as often came the answer from Definition, "Genus,—Idea; difference,—very mysterious."

All agreed that they had never seen it before. Some made guesses, which the others scoffed at and stoutly rejected.

Just as the dispute was at its height, an hysterical shriek from Conceit startled the rest into silence.

"I have it!" cried she, "O the darling! The little love! He is Bright Idea!"

"Woman," said Definition, "I suspect that you are correct."

"Yes, yes, she's right!" shouted a dozen voices, and all now fell to embracing and well nigh stifling the unfortunate little object.

"Where's Reason?" cried a voice above the rest, "Get Reason; he'll settle the matter."

"Yes, where's Reason?" echoed another.

"Reason is at the telephone," said a third, "sending messages to Voice, who's making a recitation."

"Get him! Get him!" cried the rest.

"But hold! Who will take his place?" said Investigation.

"Let Nonsense," suggested Conceit.

Accordingly Nonsense was sent to the telephone, and a minute later Reason appeared. He was the smallest of all the Dwellers within the Dome,—small and old. When he spoke, his voice was that which had first been heard discoursing of infinity and zero.

"What do you want?" he asked in indignation, "You know it's seldom enough that I get a chance at the telephone. What's the matter?"

Conceit undertook to explain the case.

"Humph!" said Reason, "you think it's Bright Idea, do you? Let me look."

He examined the object of dispute. At last he spoke and his smile was not pleasant. "Bright Idea, hey? You are all deluded fools. Do you not see that the creature's clothes are threadbare, and show every sign of hard use? Instead of Bright Idea, his name is Platitude. Bright Idea has never penetrated our Dome yet, and probably never will."

At this there was a scene of great mourning. Some were bitterly disappointed, Definition felt disgraced, and others were angry. Among the last was Conceit, who still insisted that the object was Bright Idea.

"Cast him out," said Reason, "but first examine him well, that you may know him next time."

With that, he would have hurried back to the telephone, but Nonsense met him on the way. "The connection is shut off," said he, "Voice was told to tell me I wasn't needed any longer."

"Alas," cried Conceit, for Nonsense was her special pet, "That surely can't be!"

"Woman," said Definition, who still felt that she was the cause of his chagrin, "Woman, you are the essence of the disagreeable."

This was the last straw, and for the first time in her life, Conceit wailed aloud. As for the poor Idea, he was chucked out of the nearest window.

M. E. R.

The ancient goose-herder of Gölroda was driving his feathered flock down the king's highway. The road, with its row of tall poplars on either side, stretched before him, long, white, dusty, in the heat of the noon-day sun; but the ancient goose-herder knew of a most delightfully cool retreat, at the turn of the road, just beyond Maier Löber's barley-fields. Thither he was directing his innocent charges.

**The Ancient
Goose-herder**

The goose-herder was very old; so old, that every one had forgotten what he even may have looked like when he was young. There was a story in the village that he was the child who had been found among the ashes of a hut, after Attila and his Huns had destroyed the village. This having occurred sometime during the fifth century, it would put the age of the goose-herder at about fourteen hundred years, which was advanced, but dear me—he looked it. And then his hussar uniform, why he had fought against Napoleon at Leipzig in that uniform!

For these reasons the peasants of Gölroda called the old man the last Hun, and he,—for he had grown foolish of late—would answer to no name but that. Poor old fellow, he had forgotten his name, he had forgotten where he was born, he had forgotten his mother and father, but he never forgot the three days of shot and shell at Leipzig, the ride behind Blücher for Waterloo, and his last great fight at Sedan, when the Kaiser had presented him with the iron cross!

And now, he was only the poor, half-witted goose-herder, who drove the village geese down the long, hot road every day, and was so unmercifully teased by the village boys on their way to and from school. The day was as silent and motionless as death, the hot air quivered over the fields and the scarlet poppies among the wheat burned and glowed like drops of blood.

Like drops of blood. Yes, it had flowed freely on those battle fields of long ago, and the smoke had hung in the air like that

great gray cloud in the west. The old man lived his past again. Again he heard the roar of the cannon in his ears, the sharp ping—ping—of the bullets as they whizzed past, the shouts and hurrahs of the soldiers, and the strains of the “Wacht am Rhein!” With a hoarse shout, he rushed suddenly forward, waving his stick in the air. “Come on!” he cried, “come on, children! It is the French, do you not see them? It is the French, and they have come to take it, our beautiful Rhine! Come on, don’t you hear the cannonading? It is the French, and they would take the Rhine, come on, come on!” And the last Hun, goose-herder no longer, but battle-mad Hussar, rushed down the long road, driving his geese before him, and disappeared in a cloud of dust around the bend, beyond Maier Löber’s barley fields.

G. C.

A RONDEAU

When playing golf with bonny May,
 ’Twould seem I should be blithe and gay,
 Instead of that, I must confess
 I’m plunged in depths of dire distress,
 With no desire but to obey.

My heart, her ball; thus doth she play,
 And Cupid is her caddy. Pray,
 How can I hope to have success
 When playing golf?

Her links are in a rugged way;
 Her score I dared once to gainsay,
 “’Tis thirty, love, it can’t be less.”
 She turned a queen of haughtiness,
 “We’ll use no tennis terms,” she’d say,
 “When playing golf.”

V. W. F.

Yes sar, Marse John was in love wid dat gal from de beginnin’. I see it in his eyes. Ye couldn’t fool a young niggas like me. Well, I didn’t say nothin’ ’bout it, but I
Marse John kept me eyes open, and Lord, I reckon I seed enough.

Dey all come down from some place in de North, and dey was dandies, but reckon Miss Lucy was pretty nigh de prettiest

white gal in de county. Dat ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout Susannah, cause she was 'bout as black as dey make 'em.

It was long in de summer of sixty-three, an' I was servin' Cap'n John Russel. De camp was near Nashville. We ain't had no hard service yet, and de Cap'n was dat handsome in his fine clothes, I ain't surprised de gal took a likin' to him.

You see dey come down to visit de camp, an' what a time dey did have! Dere wasn't nothin' dose gals didn't do. Dey like de hard-tack. Well, I say, wait till dey didn't have nothin' else.

Marse John, he didn't do nothin' but follow Miss Lucy 'round and pick up her things, and look at her. Susannah, she was livin' up in de town, she done think I was neglectin' her. I tole her I was takin' notes, wait till de white gal go way and she see how I could make love.

De Cap'n was awful 'ticular 'bout his clothes, an' I brushed an' brushed 'em till I most brushed de han's off me. One night I hear him talkin' to himself. He didn't think no one was hearin' him. "Lucy," he says, "It's you I'se lovin'." "No," he says, "dat ain't de way," an' he starts it again. He smoked most six cigars dat night, cause I kept 'em over yonder in de corner, an' I know how many der was dar. De nex' day dey both went off drivin' together, and when dey come back dey was lookin' mighty happy like, and Marse John, well I reckon he done smoke ten cigars dat night.

I was mighty sorry when de day come for departin' cause I see Marse John 'd be sure enough done up, when Miss Lucy left. I hear de Gen'l talkin' to 'em "We'll be under fire 'fore you all get home," he says, and I see de Cap'n's face gettin' pale like, and Miss Lucy, she look up at 'im dat sweet like he most kissed her right dar. She was cryin' when dey left, and de Cap'n look mos' like he wanted to; an' me, well I took to my heels, 'cause I didn't want to disgrace me, a great big nigger like me.

De Cap'n was lookin' mighty glum when I come in dat night, an' I put an extry sugar in his toddy, and I says, "Marse John, I's awful sorry." He didn't pay no 'tention to me, but kept lookin' at a picture he had in his watch, and sighin'.

Well, de nex' day begin de great battle of Chicamauga, de one you done hear me tell 'bout so much, one of de great battles ob de war. An' Marse John? Well he done his duty, de Gen'l gin him de fust order. Lord, honey, I seen him start out, and me heart gin such a jump, I know right dar he ain't never comin' back.

I never will forgit dat night, de stars shone out, and de wan-in' moon shinin' on de faces ob de dead and dyin' make me shudder even now. De battle hab stopped for a few minutes, but de smoke was still risin' in every direction.

Some ob de men dug a great deep hole dar on de battle-field, and dey took my Marse John, and dey wrap 'im in an old flag and let him down dar in de grave, and dar dey left 'im all alone, 'ceptin' for de picture in his watch. My poor old Marse John, God rest his soul.

An' it warn't five minutes 'fore de battle 'gin again, and de strife commence, an' de guns thunder.

The old negro ceased. His corn-cob pipe had gone out, and he brushed away a tear with his ragged coat-sleeve.

M. M. M.

FROST-BITTEN

I sent my lady violets blue,
And then with lover's art
I begged her, if she loved me true
To wear them o'er her heart.

And if she would not say me yea,
But bade me not despair,
I prayed her send hope's cheering ray,
And wear them in her hair.

* * * * *

I met my lady yester-e'en,
The wind blew chill and rough.
She wore my flowers,—but, cruel queen,
She'd pinned them on her muff!

M. E. W.

The influences of a Southern night were stealing over the land, silent, soothing, restful; the moon, that great, surpassing peace-bringer, was sailing through a cloudless sky; the balmy air of beautiful spring moved the topmost branches of the tall trees. The little lake lay still in the moonlight, reflecting in its depths, with marvellous distinctness, the wonders of its banks, the flowers and mosses, and the tall,

**At the Parting
of the Ways**

dainty, quivering ferns. The woods were still with a great, awful stillness ; the stillness of a soul that knows its own depths ; beauties unfolded to those who can penetrate its secrets. The warm air was heavy with a thousand subtle odors, of flowers hastening toward their bloom, and the dew on the grass. And the quiet of the night was broken by no sound, save an occasional bar of some plantation melody, sung by the rich, sweet voices of a people who truly love music.

Yet amid all that stillness, peace, and enchanted languor, a battle was raging—raging with all the fierceness and significance of a vital conflict, none the less intense because absolutely noiseless. There was no roaring of cannon, no stamping of horses, no smoke, dust, blood ; no shoutings of men from fear, and despair, and frenzy ; there was no sound of orderly, regular advance on one side, of irregular, confused retreat and rout on the other. There was no visible struggle to disturb the harmony of that quiet night ; yet there might well have been, for, within fifty miles of the little lake and silent wood, two hostile armies lay. And it was war time.

On the piazza of a low colonial house, not far from the lake, a girl of twenty stood, a girl born in the South, and bred in the North, whose Southern father lay sleeping in his camp, forty miles away ; whose Northern mother lay sleeping under the moss, in the peace of the silent woods.

The War of the Rebellion waged its continued fight in her heart. Torn between North and South, with sympathies not wholly given to either, reason pointing one way, love of her father's home the other, she suffered as much as many a brave man bearing the pains of death on the battle-field. Yet there was something behind the general question with her. She was a woman, and had, perhaps, more than a woman's limitations. Questions with her tended to become personal ; to be vital only when they intimately concerned those she loved. And so the two sides of this struggle had gradually assumed for her the forms of two people ; on the one side her father, an officer in the Confederate Army, a man firmly confident of the righteousness of his cause, who would have scorned to doubt his daughter's faithfulness to that cause ; on the other, her Northern lover, who was now riding through the night, back to his camp a few miles distant, with the thought of her in his heart, and the confidence of youth and strength upon him. And behind him she

saw the form of her mother, counseling adherence to that Union, whose very life was being threatened.

And she must decide, face to face with the clear truth and fidelity of nature on that fair moonlight night,—to be false to her father or her lover.

For when the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, a messenger had ridden up the broad avenue, bringing a letter from her father to the effect that he and his men were in the neighborhood, unknown to the Union camp, which they would attack the following morning. She need not fear for them, the letter said. They were in greatly superior numbers, and it would probably be the enemy who would suffer. And the messenger rode back to the Confederate camp, bearing a loving letter from his officer's daughter, together with the little comforts which she knew he would appreciate.

And again all was silent ; no sound broke the stillness. It was as if no hostile soldiers had ridden up to her within the hour, bearing news of the greatest import ; as if nothing had broken the tranquillity of all-pervading sleep.

It was then that her battle began. She stood facing two great issues of life. It lay with her to choose between these two paths, stretching before her in the shimmering moonlight. Her road must divide. There was no other way. Should she let things take their course, keep her father's secret ; hear with hardened face the news of death and disaster, that would surely greet her next morning ; news of his death, it might be,—surely of his defeat and capture,—and be true to her father's trust ?

Or should she—her thin hands were pressed together, the fingers colorless and tense ; her eyes looked out on that ravishing scene, and saw none of it ; her face was fixed and strained, with a pitiful intensity ; her breathing was irregular and quick, like the panting of a hunted animal. She saw this alternative so plainly, so plainly ; the five miles through the woods, along the path where she had played as a child, along by her mother's grave. They would be so quickly passed ; she knew every inch of the way. And then the sentries—she would ask for him, or write him a little note, or perhaps, by good chance, meet him herself, if she ran all the way. Her path was a short cut through the woods, and he might be riding slowly along the regular road. Ah ! her father ! an oldish man—all she had, and she, all that was left to him. To betray him ! To

give away his confidence,—never again to be cared for and trusted by him. To be a traitor—a traitor! How men and women have shuddered at that word since the human race began! How many have paid for treason with their lives!

Then it would be so easy to keep still; to do nothing; to hope against hope that some chance might lead the Unionists to decamp before morning, might lead the Confederates to give up their plan of attack. And then was it not unmaidenly to think of entering a military camp alone and unprotected? There was no one to go with her, and she was so young, just twenty, not old enough for such responsibility,—to have placed in her hands the life and death of hundreds. Death! perhaps his death, the man she loved, who had loved her ever since they had met three years ago in the North. Ah! that beautiful summer! the blue of the sea, the white sails way off near the misty horizon line, the swoop of the sea gulls, the tiny sand-pipers. His mother lived in the North, near the sea,—his mother and two sisters, who loved him too. Dead, and her fault; dead, and she had had it in her power to save him!

With a low cry, which none heard in that sleeping world, she sprang down the steps, and ran out into the night, over the lawn, and by the lake to the woods, and the camp beyond. For love beckoned her through the darkness—love, which demands sacrifice, and calls on the weak to do brave deeds.

And her mother lay sleeping under the moss, in the depth of the shadowy woods; and her father slept in his distant camp, and dreamed of his child standing with outstretched hands, imploring his help.

C. S. H.

EDITORIAL

While it is hardly to be expected that the average Freshman should have left the preparatory school with her college course marked plain before her and her electives for four years systematically arranged, it would seem not wholly unreasonable to suppose that at the end of her first year she should have gotten a sufficiently clear idea of the resources and capacities of the college, to enable her to select more or less intelligently a fairly coherent program for her Sophomore work. If at the end of her second year she has not discovered her strong points and her limitations, proved her physical capacity for work, learned something of the comparative merits of the departments from the point of view of their conduct as well as that of the subjects offered, and decided what the general trend of her last two years' work is likely to be, with, of course, a margin for the change of taste that a continual mental development may bring, and a natural readiness to avail herself at short notice of any distinctly valuable addition to the college curriculum ; if, with these eminently proper modifications, the Junior cannot look forward to a year of study justifiable, not only in its parts, but as a whole, she has certainly failed lamentably to accomplish one of the first purposes of the college with which she is connected.

For aside from the fact that the temper of the first three years' work greatly determines the attitude of the student toward her Senior year, even if that attitude should change at the last, one year, and that the final, is not sufficient to give unity and proportion to a course otherwise disorganized. A conscious and definite choice, a classified and judiciously subordinated set of studies must cover the last three years, in order to produce their inevitably good results in the student, and ultimately in the working system of the institution.

Can it be maintained that such an attitude towards electives

characterizes anything but a decided minority of the students at present? The limits of this discussion preclude utterly any attempt to consider the advisability of distinctly specialized work, which requires separate treatment; or even to present the possibility of such a method in this institution, which would reduce itself to a criticism of the present arrangement of electives, and would require an equally distinct argument. But entirely on the present basis, utterly within the limits of the somewhat vaguely understood theories of the college on this subject, this question confronts us: Are the students, on the whole, working in a consistent, not to say self-respecting manner? Can the majority of students account for each one of their courses separately, and justify them all collectively, in their internal relation to each other, and their external relation to their educational ideals?

To force the issue frankly, in a representative body of students, drawn from all four classes, out of how many individual programs could one strike those electives chosen absolutely carelessly; those chosen because of the personality of the instructor, with no reference to the subject presented; those chosen because of the momentary popularity of a possibly utterly uncongenial subject; those chosen because of the preferences of friends; those chosen with a view to massing work on certain days; those chosen indiscriminately to fill up either the required or the maximum hours; those chosen because of the comparative ease with which they may be assimilated; and leave at the end a respectable bulk of consciously preferred, defensible, consistent work?

This is not in any sense a criticism of the students' method of study; it merely suggests that the principle of natural selection does not perhaps accomplish so much in this connection as it may have, at earlier periods, in another. It is not a criticism of the method in which the material is offered the students; it indicates simply that until they can demonstrate their ability to use with some justification and consistency what material they have, in the manner in which it is now offered, it is inevitably foolish for them to demand, and manifestly unnecessary for the Faculty to offer further material or more advanced methods for its treatment.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In our mad rush, at this end of the century, from one thing of interest to another, and our eager interest to gain pleasure from some new thing, we often seize upon something very old and make it new by a revival of interest in it. This is one reason, I think, for the great popularity of the historical novel and the historical romance. They take us out of our own small sphere, out of our own times even, and show us how people have really lived in other times—perhaps no better than the novel proper or the pure romance, and yet, perhaps, with more of living interest and of personal sympathy.

We have a tendency, too, to group our interests at times around a certain historic figure or to centre them in a certain historic time. But a very short time ago it was Napoleon—everything was Napoleon, both in history and romance. At present the general interest, though far less widely reaching, is centered around Jeanne D'Arc, and we find book after book being written about this wonderfully beautiful, almost ideal picture of this young Maid of Orleans.

Mark Twain's book, "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," was one of the very first to awaken this new interest, and it was soon followed by a number of others. Among these later books, "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is worthy to take a very high place. Here we have no highly idealized maid, no inspired prophetess, but a simple, pure, noble peasant girl—not idealized, but truly ideal, not inspired so much as inspiring to all who knew her. She is the poor, unpretending, simple-souled peasant-maid of Bastien-Lepage's great picture—mystified by the voices in the garden, yet strong, noble, brave to do their bidding and offer herself a holy sacrifice upon her country's altar. Mrs. Catherwood, with charming, sympathetic treatment shows us the life of the Domremy peasants, the maid's

own people, in all the simplicity of their strongly religious and superstitious natures. And among these people Jeanne D'Arc moves about, with all her voices and divine messages, still one of them.

The golden thread of a sad, tender love-story runs underneath it all, and marks it as much a romance as a history. And one of the most exquisitely artistic touches in the book is at the very end, where the terribly tragic death of the maid is merely suggested to us by the words of passing strangers, and this thread of love is suddenly snapped by another almost equally tragic death. Indeed, the whole story is a sad tragedy—for how could a story of that life be otherwise?—but it is told throughout with such beauty and grace and tender sympathy that the harsh lines are softened and the bitterness is lessened greatly.

The College Magazines, this month, are unusually full of heavy, serious work, and exceedingly good work, too. The short story, and to some extent even the verse, that are usually so large a part of the College monthlies, are this month not nearly so many in number as are articles on "men and books," or on topics of general interest to the colleges themselves.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* is a very well-written, appreciative article on Paul Leicester Ford and his work, and also a bright little story called "The Family Inconsistencies," told from the small boy's point of view,—a point of view as interesting as it is unusual in a girl's college magazine. *The Inlander* gives us another very good article, similar to this, "A Sketch of the Works of Sienkiewicz;" and in the *Wesleyan Lit* we notice especially a story called, "By an Upturning of Nature," a beautiful little romance of those terrible last days of Pompeii; and an interesting bit called "Glimpses of Literary Berkshire." In the *Columbia Lit* there is a very thoughtful paper on "The Dramatic Views of Diderot and Rousseau," which is well worth reading, but there is little, either of story or verse that is especially worth noting. From the *Amherst Lit* comes one of the very few really good bits of verse for this month, and that will bear quoting at length.

THE ETERNAL SEA

Moaning—ceaselessly moaning—
Rolls in from the deeps the sea,
And breaks on the sounding shallows
In strains of an elegy.

Oh, tell me, ye sounding billows,
Ye curling billows, I pray,
Why ye rush and roll up the sandy shoal
And dash into glittering spray ;
While e'er in your voice sounds the note of woe
Borne hither from far away.

And the waves in the hush of the twilight
Low murmured this answer to me :
“ Oh, we come from afar, from the morning star,
From the vanishing edge of the sea ;
But many a sight that was painful and sad
We have seen on our way to thee.

In the depths of the mighty ocean,
By rock and on coral strand
Lie the storm-wrecked hull and the whitening skull
Half-buried in sea-weed and sand ;
And 'tis seeing these things that makes us lament
While onward we roll to the land.”

Moaning—ceaselessly moaning—
Still rolls from the deeps the sea,
And breaks on the sounding shallows
In strains of an elegy.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OPINION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION." By Charles Downer Hazen. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

Part I. of this book is devoted to a consideration of the views of three eminent Americans, Thomas Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris and James Monroe, on the condition of France and the progress of events in that country from 1785 to 1796; the second part treats of the impression made by the same events on the American public as shown by popular demonstration, in the press or in private journals and letters. It will be seen that, although covered by a common title, Part I. is primarily a contribution to the history of the French Revolution, while Part II. belongs distinctly to United States history.

The chief value and interest of the writings left during these years by the three men who successively held the post of minister to France lie in what they have recorded of things directly within their observation, rather than in their political opinions and forecasts as individuals. Except for the biographer, their testimony on the course of the Revolution must outrank in importance their personal views. Historians of the period have not neglected this testimony—especially that of Morris, to whom Dr. Hazen allots more space than to the others. The material, indeed, deserved the exhaustive treatment that has been given it here, but, in so well worked a field, the author has necessarily confined to characterization, judicious selection and lucid comment.

For Part II., however, the material is far less obvious and accessible, and, at the same time, from the nature of the case, of greater variety and richer in human interest. To present a coherent account of the incoherent lucubrations of a multitude of obscure persons is a task of far greater proportions than to set down in order the orderly and sedately expressed opinions of a few men practiced in speech and writing; and—what is by no means always to be assumed—the greater labor has been justified in the result. In these pages, there is abundant occasion for cynical mirth over the lyrical and rhetorical effusions of the fathers, their fervid resolutions and toasts, but painful reading for the sensitive patriot who is in no frame of mind to appreciate the humor of hysterical paroxysms when his country is the sufferer. As a study in national pathology, Part II. of Dr. Hazen's treatise is of great importance, and, unfortunately might find parallels in this century. It is, therefore, timely and instructive beyond the wont of historical essays, although perhaps a shade less crude and childish in expression, while a congressional chaplain

* The Johns Hopkins Press, 1897.

can pray that we as a nation may be quick to resent insult, and the Worcester militia implores Mr. Cleveland to lead them forthwith against England, we are forced to believe that we are but the children of our great grandfathers and that Washington's warning against "permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations" has not yet lost its force.

Dr. Hazen is to be congratulated on writing a dissertation for the doctor's degree, at once scholarly and of deep interest to the general student—an achievement won in the history of universities.

* "LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN." This is the third book in a series of graceful sketches by Elbert Hubbard. These short trips into the by-ways and hedges make us familiar in a charming way with the women whose lives have given interest to these spots.

The subject is delightfully treated in a lively and interesting style. Delicately woven in with incidents are those dry details which biographical writing often incurs. Mr. Hubbard gives us an impressionistic view of the women and so artfully paints his picture that it lingers long in the imagination. Clever bits that strike home keep us in constant touch with the subject. A terse dry humor runs throughout the whole, yet at times he deftly brings in the pathetic, never failing to take us with him in the feeling. His choice of words is particularly happy, making the pictures vivid and the characters life-like. Phrases are used that are distinctly modern and here the writer shows himself very clever in not descending to the trite. In every case this phrasing adds and does not detract from the picture he is portraying.

There is just enough romance in the book to give it a spice. Empress Josephine, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame De Staël, for instance, each has romance enough to make the story of her life charming as well as instructive.

The feeling throughout the book is human. One may safely judge that the writer likes his fellowmen. This gives to the sketches a tone that is refreshing. As a whole the book is delightful and well worth reading.

* "ROBERT E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, 1807-1870." Henry A. White, M. A., Ph. D., D. D. In writing the life of Robert E. Lee for the series of "Heroes of the Nations," Prof. White satisfied a need which has constantly been growing stronger. There are few well-written biographies of this illustrious man and of all that have been written this is one of the best and most scholarly. When we finish this little volume of 450 pages, we have followed our hero through his boyhood and his home life, his manhood on the battlefield and as President of Washington College, until his death in 1870 and have had not only his life ably presented but the whole doings of the Southern Confederacy. For his home life we are made to realize the helpful influences which surrounded him and made him the man he was; on the battlefield we are shown his superiority as a soldier and commander and in the university we see the beloved president and scholar of the South. The events in his life are followed up in their natural order without unnecessary deviation or detail. His personal characteristics and the development of his character as well as

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

his historical situations are clearly treated and in a direct, straightforward fashion especially charming in a work of this kind. The accuracy of the historical references is well vouched for in the preface, where the author acknowledges his indebtedness to very reliable sources. The able account of the campaign in the Wilderness is, he tells us, for the most part a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. The devotion of Lee's soldiers is strongly dwelt upon, especially at the instant of the final surrender where, when riding back from the place of negotiation, Prof. White tells how the soldiers "halted his horse and gathered in clusters around him. Tears were running down every cheek as the grim, ragged veterans came up to wring his hand. Only sobs were heard or prayers uttered in broken words calling down the benedictions of heaven upon Lee. The tears in his own eyes formed his answer to the agony of his men." There is no unnecessary chapter at the end to review or enumerate the characteristics of the man which have been so vividly kept before us all through the book. The masterly intellect of the writer has comprehended the greatness of his hero and has ranked him as the noblest of men. We are left with the feeling that we know Lee as a man, a soldier and a hero, or in the words of Prof. White, as a hero, "who abides in the hearts of his countrymen as ideal soldier and as perfect man."

*"THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS," by Lorenzo Sears, L. H. D. This book aims at giving in a precise and accurate form the main requirements for the writing and delivering of occasional addresses, either in school and college or in the more practical life of the outside world. As such, it will doubtless be of value to all who are in any way called upon to deliver addresses or to take part in debates. It covers much the same ground as that covered by the general rhetorics, but in a more definite way and in a manner more directly applicable, taking into consideration all possible kinds of occasional addresses, from the commemorative address and the political speech to after-dinner remarks.

• G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S SETTLEMENT

Settlement work is always classed with modern philanthropic movements. It is averred to be the most perfect solution of the problems which for so many years burdened the minds and hearts of the broad sweet-natured men and women, who have longed to see their fellow beings walking uprightly before God and man. We need not search modern records for the first illustrations of the settlement idea either in its precept or its practice.

Moses left the palace of Pharaoh to share the lot of his downtrodden brethren. Ezekiel, the prophet, says "I came to them of the captivity at Tel-Abib—and I sat where they sat, and remained there among them." Later on Christ came as a real Settlement worker. The purpose of all these was to bring to the people a new inner life, that should, by its power cause them to triumph over all outward environment.

This is the basic principle of the Young Women's Settlement, which was established June 10, 1897, in Christodora House, at 163 Avenue B, New York City. As stated in the Constitution, the object of the organization is, "First, The physical, social, intellectual and spiritual development of the women, and girls of the neighborhood, and hearty co-operation with the religious and philanthropic work carried on in the ward. Second—The training of women who shall be in residence, in practical methods of Christian work by means of Bible study, neighborhood work and the various social and educational clubs connected with the Young Women's Settlement." In recognition of this, the spiritual life of the girls and young women of the neighborhood receives equal attention with their social and intellectual. This definite religious work does not antagonize the neighborhood. Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews are one in sharing the privileges offered.

Each evening brings groups of young women, some to spend a quiet time in the reading room, others to play games; while large numbers fill the class rooms where millinery, dressmaking, stenography, book-keeping, cooking, arithmetic, English, physical culture and singing are taught.

On Sunday afternoons all creeds are represented at the gospel meetings. A few weeks ago, fourteen young women, (representing Hebrews, Catholics and Protestants), asked that a class in Bible study might be formed, and all are proving to be earnest students of the Word.

All ages are being taught independence and self support through membership, class, and club fees. Nothing is given for which an equivalent is not received.

One of the most interesting features of the work is the club for girls from ten to fourteen years old. Like all the young women's clubs, it is self-governing and is a power for quietness and steadiness in the lives of the girls. What the city girl in our crowded tenement needs most of all, is a pure safe place where she may spend her evenings. This is what she craves, and, when provided, thankfully receives. Here the college woman can come in close heart touch with her, and definite help can be given that saves the future home and mother.

Christodora House is located in the second most crowded ward in New York city, where in a little more than three-quarters of a mile square, one hundred and seven thousand people live, of which number fifty-one thousand are women.

BERTHA CONDÉ, '95.

Christodora House, 163 Ave. B, New York.

'83. Anna R. Haire has opened a College Preparatory School for girls at 70 Bellevue Place, Chicago. Among her teachers are Clara C. Gilbert '92 and Francis H. Ward '95.

'86. Bertha Ray was married August 31st. to Prof. Elward A. Harriman of the Northwestern University Law School.

'89. Alice Johnson was married Sept. 30th to Mr. William A. Clark and will reside in Northampton.

Mabel Fletcher is at St. Luke's hospital in New York.

Mary S. Tilton is travelling in Europe.

'90. Minnie D. Booth is teaching History and Latin in the Beacon School, Hartford, Conn.

'91. Amy L. Barbour is teaching Latin in the High School at Hartford, Conn. Grace A. Bruce is in New York teaching in one of the new High Schools.

'92. Lillian Shepard was married in May to Mr. Herbert O. Bowers of Manchester, Conn.

Winifred Ayers was married in June to Mr. Theodore S. Hope of New York.

'93. Mary L. Hagar is teaching at Miss Wenton and Miss Bang's School in New York.

Margaret Lewis was married to Dr. Winfield Scott Nickerson at Colint, Mass., Sept. 3d. They are to live in Minneapolis.

Florence Jackson is teaching in the Newark High School.

Caroline Bourland sailed for Europe in July and will spend the winter studying in Paris.

'94. Mary K. Humphrey is teaching in Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

Alice L. Leach is teaching in the Brearley Annex, New York City.

Mary D. Lewis is teaching in Miss Low's School, Stamford, Conn. She has charge of the College Preparatory Department.

Agnes W. Learuel is taking a course in Nurse's Training in Boston.

Katherine G. Lynch is studying Pedagogy, History and English at Brown University.

Stella D. Sanford took the Kindergarten Course at St. Andrew's Parish School in Rochester, N. Y., during the year '96-'97.

Mary E. Sayward is teaching in the English High School, Worcester.

Alice A. Smith was married in June to Mr. Arthur Dwight Dana.

Caroline L. Thompson was married April 20th to Mr. David Morrison of Valparaiso, Chile.

Cora Warburton is teaching Higher English in Miss Dana's School in Morristown, N. J.

Grace P. Wenham is teaching in Miss Mittleberger's School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Katharine Ware is housekeeper at the College Settlement (Remsen House) Boston.

Sarah T. Allen is teaching History in the Fitchburg, Mass., High School.

Ethel W. Devin is teaching in St. Mary's School, Concord, N. H.

Charlotte Fairbanks is teaching Chemistry at Wellesley College.

Mary P. Frost was married to Mr. James Conan Sawyer at Dover, N. H. June 10th.

Mary A. Hartwell has a position in the office of the Superintendent of Documents, Union Building, Washington, D. C.

Helen Wenton is studying English at Barnard College.

Lillian Woolson was married in September to Mr. Harry Hayward.

'95. Rebecca Kinsman is teaching in the Morgan School, Portsmouth, N. H.

Anna L. Moore is teaching in the High School at Framingham, Mass.

Laura D. Puffer is teaching in the High School at Northampton, Mass.

Mary P. Lewis is teaching in the Beacon School, Hartford, Conn.

Helen Goodrich is teaching in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Mary M. Melcher is assistant librarian in the New York Society Library.

Rose A. Witham teaches in the High School at Somerville, Mass., and is studying at Radcliffe.

Cora Smith is studying at the Chicago University.

Pearl A. Gunn was married Aug. 31st to Rev. Benjamin S. Winchester. Her address is Snohomish, Wash.

Isabelle Eggleston is teaching in the Washington Street School, Hartford, Conn.

Carolyn P. Sweet is teaching Botany and Zoölogy in the High School, Medford, Mass.

Lucy D. Heald is studying English at Barnard College.

'96. Catherine O'Donnell teaches Latin in the Aurora, Ill., High School.

Annie Fasset teaches Mathematics and Physics in Dearborn Seminary, Ill.

Martha Hale has returned to Chicago after eight months abroad.

Marion Abbott Chase was married to William Henry Howard, Wednesday, Oct. 27th at St. Paul's Church, Malden, Mass.

Lucy A. Daniels is teaching French and English in the Jacksonville Academy.

Frances E. Jones is teaching in the High School at Fitchburg, Mass.

'97. Jessie A. Judd is teaching in the High School at Bellows Falls, Vt.

Grace T. Lyn is teaching at Chicopee, Mass.

Katharine Wilkinson is teaching at the Miss Whitfield and Bliss School, 41 West 124th. St., New York.

Elizabeth Mills and Louise Peloubet are teaching kitchen gardening at the College Settlement in Boston.

Margaret Rand is teaching in Chatanooga, Tenn.

Florence Clarke is teaching in a boarding school for boys at Ashland, Ky.

Clara Doolittle is teaching English in one of the Chicago High Schools.

Bertha Kirkland is teaching in Leicester Academy near Worcester, Mass.

Harriet Patch has spent the summer abroad.

Esther Wallace Buxton is teaching in the Young Women's Settlement in New York City.

Edith Kellogg Dunton teaches Literature and English in the Rutland, Vt., High School.

Jessie Walston Lockett is instructor of English and Literature in the Decatur, Ill., High School.

Edith Blake is teaching in Newark, N. J.

N. Gertrude Dyar is teaching in Dedham, Mass.

Genevieve Cloyd is teaching in the High School in Boontown, N. J.

ABOUT COLLEGE

With the opening of College this Fall, it was the strong desire of some of the students to have golf links. The Gynasium and Field Association approved of the idea, and immediately procured some land, hoping that such a healthy and interesting game would speedily become popular.

The links are on the pasture land of the Warner estate, on the outskirts of Florence. No better place could possibly have been chosen for the game. The Leeds car runs directly in front of the grounds, and the wheeling path is macadamized most of the way.

As the links are an experiment this Fall, very little money has been put into them. There are nine holes, however, and the ground over which the game is played has been raked and cleared. Teeing-grounds have been made, and the putting-green, put in as good order as possible. Of course the grounds are far from perfect, yet they compare well with many other links, and serve their purpose admirably.

The game of golf has the reputation of being expensive, and on most links, this is the case. Here, however, one need spend very little money in order to play the game. Only three clubs are absolutely necessary, and as a very large discount has been given even on the best sticks, the expense of these is small. The price ranges from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Then, also, three girls may buy their clubs in partnership. The balls are the only expensive part of the game, as they are so easily lost. The best quality are twenty-six cents apiece, the next twenty-one, the others nineteen cents. A golf ticket is the only remaining item and the price of this is fifty cents; absurdly small in comparison to other golf club fees. Certainly the expense should keep no one from playing.

The game itself is remarkably simple, merely consisting in sending the ball from one hole to another in the fewest number of strokes. This simplicity does not mean that the game is an easy one to play well. Quite the contrary. Years are required to make a finished player. Not an abundance of strength, but skill and a cool head are necessary for the game. As no great force is needed, everyone can play and be greatly benefited thereby. As far as health is concerned, golf is an ideal exercise. It is not as exhausting as tennis or base-ball, it does not tend to over exertion, as bicycling, nor is it as monotonous as walking. Golf possesses the best qualities of all these exercises.

Above all, the game is interesting. There is an inconceivable fascination about the little ball, and a certain charm in getting ahead of oneself and one's neighbor. No one who has ever tried the game needs any urging to play again. Certainly golf, with the advantages of cheapness, healthfulness and interest ought to be a success.

ETHEL JAMES, '99.

The Students Buildings in prospectus is a building to fill the social and semi-social needs of the college, which have outgrown their present accommodations. That there is a pressing need for such a building, the editors, in their cramped quarters, will testify. And so will those unfortunates, the managers of House dramatics, whose efforts to secure the stage for rehearsals have kept them active, dodging gymnasium classes by day and chasing Mr. Dolman and the keys by night. There are other grievances: the basket ball players will tell of games interrupted or prevented by preparations for dances or dramatics; committees will tell of decorations delayed by reason of basket ball.

The Students Building then, to repeat, is to be a building to satisfy these demands. The plan agreed upon by the members of the committee for 1895 is for a two-story brick building, finished inside like the other college buildings. One floor is to contain from eight to ten rooms of different size for editors' rooms, society rooms, committee and general meeting rooms. The other floor is to contain a hall for house dances, dramatics, and, a most interesting point, with a stage sufficiently wide for the latter. Further details of the plan will rest with the committee in office when the building is started. It was further decided that the twenty-five thousand (25,000) dollars necessary for the erection of such a building, must be raised by the student members of the college, whether by means of their worldly wealth, their manual labor, or their influence over their outside friends. At all events the project must in no wise interfere with the library fund of the Alumnae Association.

In the spring of 1895, active measures were taken toward the carrying out of this plan, and at a mass-meeting of the students the matter was put in the hands of the Conference committee, under whose auspices, during the spring term, one thousand (1000) dollars was raised as a nucleus for the fund. From that time on the work has gone steadily forward. The first year, 1895-1896, by means of various entertainments given in the college, and by means of the merry-go-rounds with which we annoyed our friends during the vacation, together with gifts from outgoing seniors, the fund was swelled to over two thousand (2000) dollars. Last year the raising of funds was left under the superintendence of the committee, who planned, and with the help of the college as a whole, collectively and individually, executed "The Fair." By this means and through the gifts of outside friends and members of the class of '97, the total fund was raised to over nine thousand dollars.

The plan for this year is not as yet definitely settled, but the one at present under consideration is, that a course of lectures by eminent and interesting speakers, be given in College Hall, the tickets for which shall be sold for the benefit of the Students Building fund. Whatever plan may be finally adopted, it is certain that the members of the college can show their loyalty in no better way than by helping along the Students Building movement.

Thus far the work has gone on in a most promising way; in less than three years over one third the required amount has been raised. If we can but keep up the same rate of progress, the present Freshman class will form the connecting link between the charter members of the association and the fulfillment of the plan. For the members of '98 are the only students now in college who participated in the starting of the movement. The Students

Building fund is our Trust in that its management is left to us each year by the outgoing class; as faithful stewards then, we are bound to increase it.

For the Students Building, as a monument of the common love of the members of Smith College for their Alma Mater, we plead.

GEORGIA COYLE, '98.

This year at the annual Students Conference, which was held as usual at Northfield, Mass., Smith had the honor of sending the largest delegation of any of the colleges. There were two reasons for this unusually large attendance of our girls; one, that a double quartette from the Smith College Glee Club went, to lead the singing, and the other, because the girls who attended last year derived so much help from their stay at Northfield that others were anxious to go, seeking the same influence.

Besides the general delegates and the Glee Club girls, there was also one delegate who went to represent the college on the Athletic Committee, which was composed of nine girls, each of the largest colleges having sent one representative. This committee planned walks and drives for the afternoons and took charge of Field Day, which this year was combined with College Day, thus giving it an additional interest, and arousing a great amount of enthusiasm in the girls.

The delegations from the different states came on the field in turn, singing songs that had been written for the occasion. The afternoon was then given up to athletics, and the girls from the different colleges had a chance to become better acquainted, and to complete friendships begun in other meetings. Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and Holyoke, as well as many other colleges were well represented.

Each day of the conference was begun by a devotional service, followed by Bible Classes and Missionary Meetings. These Bible Classes were a source of the greatest help to many, for they were led by Mr. Hugh Beaver, whose influence was probably the strongest there, for it was felt not only in the classes but through the entire conference, and his perfect trust and faith were an inspiration to all. His death a few weeks after the Conference closed was a shock to all, but perhaps it has impressed his teachings and example on us as nothing else could have done.

Every morning after these Classes, all assembled in the Auditorium for what was termed the "Platform Meeting." Mr. Moody generally led this meeting, sometimes making an address himself, and sometimes introducing some other distinguished speaker.

But the meeting which all enjoyed most, and which was eagerly looked forward to all day, was Round Top. Immediately after tea the girls assembled on the knoll where these meetings were held, and seated themselves on the grass in a large semi-circle, with the beautiful valley of the Connecticut below them. And while the sun went down behind the hills, and all the world seemed at rest and happy, a great peace descended on all, and the hymns gained a new meaning as they were sung from the very hearts of the girls.

Northfield, indeed, for most of the girls, was not merely a passing visit, a stay of several days in a beautiful spot, in touch with new people for a short

time, but a place where lasting friendships were formed, where real help came to many ; and an earnest desire to aid others went with every girl when she left.

JANET W. ROBERTS, '99.

There are many things that men can do better than women ; there are realms of thought in which we acknowledge them our superiors ; there are lines of action in which they far excel us. Perhaps we are too apt to forget this, living apart as we do, in this little community of ours. It were better for us if we kept it in mind sometimes. In this connection, we would suggest that, in general, men have a stricter sense of the fine points of honor, than women ; of that indefinable, subtle something, which directs the noblest conduct, in matters of business honor, college honor, class honor. The two latter are closely connected. Class honor is college honor in a large sense : college honor is made up of the honor of those classes which compose it. To be true in deepest thought and deed to one's Alma Mater ; to keep her secrets ; to guard her trusts ; to scorn to take advantage of the freedom she gives us ; to put her interests first. As we would all guard and try to keep faith with our own mothers, so let us be true to this common mother, whose best interests are for us, and ours for her.

The change in the calendar, from a list of dates referring to events which have happened during the past month, to a similar list of dates for the month to come, has been made at the request of some of the Alumnæ, who wish to suit their visits to the special events at which they wish to be present. This is a very good suggestion, and we take pleasure in complying with it : we would only remark, in case of future mistakes in the calendars, that many of the dates may be changed, between the time of publishing the Monthly and the fulfillment of the event ; also that the smaller college affairs, which are not decided on so far ahead, will have no place in the Calendar.

On the third of November, Mr. Hawkins, well known to us as Anthony Hope, gave a delightful reading, in the Opera House. His selections were from the *Prisoner of Zenda*, the *Princess Osra*, the *Dolly Dialogues*, and a short story called *The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard*. All who heard him were very much pleased with his reading, and the charm of his personality. Mr. Hawkins was entertained at supper by Miss Maltby, who had also asked President Seelye to meet him.

A thousand girls, more or less, placed for four years in the midst of a community of peaceful and self-respecting people, should, through courtesy and kindness, if nothing else, respect the customs and feelings of these people. There is a certain form of conduct, prescribed for keeping Sunday by every New England town, which, differ as it may or may not from what we are used to, should nevertheless, be conformed to by us. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," is a motto whose fulfillment courtesy has always demanded. If Northampton people do not drive on Sunday, let us not do it. Whether we

go to drive by fours or twenties makes no difference. It is the principle of the thing. We wish to obey the rules of conduct of the Community in which we live, in small things as well as great. And a special argument in favor of our respecting this rule, is our President's expressed desire that we should not drive on Sundays. There are so few rules to bind us here, that surely we should be all the more careful to strictly keep to those which have been found necessary.

The Rev. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, who had a very interesting course in college last year, though having no official relation with the college this year, still keeps up his connection with the girls, in the Bible Class which he holds in the Parish House of the Episcopal church. It is felt to be a great privilege by most of the girls who took his course last year, and by many others, to again have his instruction, and the great inspiration of his personality.

CALENDAR

- Nov. 1, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lecture
by the Rev. Father Pale.
- 6, Dewey and Stoddard House Dance.
- 13, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
- 17, Dickinson House Dance.
- 20, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- Dec. 1, Morris House Dance.
- 2, Open Meeting of the Biological Society.
- 4, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
- 11, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 15, Hubbard House Dramatics.

The
Smith College
Monthly

December = 1897.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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STUDENT-LIFE IN BERLIN

"Where shall we study this winter?" was a much agitated question, finally answered with, "At Berlin, if we can." There seemed so much red-tape to unroll before that last point could be settled, that our courage almost failed, but at last the individual Professors had been interviewed, the Rector, the Minister, the Registrar, and, last but not least, the Treasurer had been met and conquered. When once satisfied as to our previous training and present intentions, they made no objection to our attendance at the special lectures and laboratories desired; not as matriculated students, to be sure, i. e. candidates for the degree of Ph. D., but "nur geduldet" they told us, or on sufferance. It was not without a good deal of trepidation that we began work among the thousands of men studying at the University of Berlin, for although there is rather a large number of women attending its lectures, especially those on literature and history, the number taking laboratory courses is extremely small. But the courtesy with which we were everywhere treated soon re-assured us. In the crowded office of the Treasurer, the two or three women present were not made uncomfortable by stares; in the lecture room, in one instance, the seats

directly in front of us were left vacant for several rows, that our view of the speaker might not be obstructed. It is not pleasant, at best, to be the only woman in an audience of one or two hundred men, but it was much less unpleasant than could have been expected. In the laboratory, the consideration was still more marked; every one took a kindly interest in the stranger with the limited vocabulary and peculiar grammatical constructions, and furnished words, ideas or apparatus, as the case demanded, with a cheerfulness and patience truly remarkable.

In addition to our pleasant relations with both professors and students, and the joy that comes from plenty to do and every opportunity for doing it, we had the advantages in the way of music and art which a large city like Berlin offers. The galleries, the concerts, the opera and the theater all combined to satisfy us that we had chosen wisely in making Berlin our winter's home. Not even after seeing the quaintness of Göttingen or the beauty of Heidelberg and Zurich did we regret that our year had been spent in the midst of a great city, too modern and cosmopolitan to be of especial interest to the foreigner.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that the University of Berlin is not as well known in America as are many of the other universities, which are older and more picturesque in their surroundings. And yet it is to-day the leading university of Germany, both in influence and numbers. Nearly ten thousand students attend its lectures, of whom about five thousand are matriculated; its professors and instructors number more than three hundred and fifty, not including assistants. Although the university is less than a century old, its list of great men is a long one, and includes such names as Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, Lotze, Mitscherlich, Hofman, Helmholtz and Kundt, of the past; Zeller, Harnack, Mommsen, Paulsen, Hermann, Grimm, Koch, Virchow, and many others, of the present. In chemistry, there is the well-known van't Hoff, recently called to Berlin from Holland; Fischer, whose popularity as a lecturer, is so great that his large lecture-room is always crowded; and Landolt and Jahn, who offer excellent opportunities for work in physical chemistry.

In America, the prevailing notion of a German professor seems to be that of a being entirely wrapped up in his work, with no interests outside of his library or laboratory. The long

preparation through which a man has to pass and the amount of original work which he must produce before he can become a professor is enough, it would seem, to fossilize any but a vigorous soul. Doubtless representatives of the one-idea type are to be found, but my experience makes me more familiar with a broader type of mind. One professor is as much of an enthusiast in music as in his chosen field of mathematics; another combines art with his chemistry, and a third walks up and down his laboratory, interspersing his remarks on plants with quotations from poets of all lands,—notably Burns.

On the next round of the ladder below the professor comes the privat-docent, who generally has large opportunities for his own private work, though he may give lectures if he can find an audience. Below him comes the assistant, who is not permitted to lecture, but may have the oversight of the laboratory work. Next stands the advance student, a man who has already taken his university degree, but desires to continue his research. Such men are entirely independent and have no official connection with the university, though it is from their ranks that the assistants and privat-docents are generally appointed. One step lower is the student just in the midst of his first original work, which he hopes will win him the much-prized Ph. D. On the lowest round of all stands the Fuchs,—or university Freshman,—the student just fresh from the Gymnasium, who is firmly convinced that he is no longer a boy, but has not yet learned what it is to be a man. The reaction from the restraint of the Gymnasium to the absolute freedom of the university proves too much for the moral stability of a few; but the majority, after perhaps a semester of “*bummeln*,” settle down to work,—and hard work, too. From the first they are thrown entirely on their own responsibility. Provided the registration card is signed by the professor at the beginning and end of each course, and the bills are paid to the Treasurer, the student may study when and how he will, and no one will interfere even if he does not choose to study at all, or even to attend lectures. But the day of reckoning comes at the end of the three or four years, when the professor and student at last meet face to face in the much-dreaded “*doctorate-exam.*” Perhaps it is this being thrown completely on his own responsibility that makes the German the real student he seems to become. Of course there does exist the man—one can hardly say stu-

dent,—who finds it necessary to refer to his registration card to see whether it was Botany or Zoölogy which he took last year as his minor. There is once in a while a man who spends his time in the laboratory, when the professor is not expected, in broiling steak or boiling sausage, but he is the exception, chiefly noticeable as a matter of contrast. Beer and “butterbrod” are of frequent occurrence, of course, in a German laboratory, as are also pipes and cigars, but merely as an aside.

There is an atmosphere of work everywhere. The assistants and privat-docents are each carrying on his own special investigation. The professor feels himself abused by fate, if other duties deprive him of the opportunity of continuing work in his own particular line. Helmholtz, I was told, used to develop his new formulæ on the blackboard in the class-room, oblivious to everything except the new idea. As he omitted all the steps in the reasoning which seemed plain to him, the students gained more admiration for their teacher than knowledge of the subject. A professor, who is also director of a large laboratory, finds his time greatly occupied by a mass of detail; yet he generally contrives to keep one or two assistants busy with the actual carrying out of his ideas. This it is that makes the very air alive with inspiration for the student.

A personal relation between professor and student can hardly exist in the large lecture courses, though the supplementary seminar courses, now being introduced, allow of it to a certain extent. In a laboratory course, however, there is opportunity for personal intercourse, which often results in a life-long friendship between professor and student. Even here the student's affection seems to be mingled with a certain awe for position. A hush comes over the laboratory when the “Geheimrath” appears, though he comes in every day; he is often addressed in the third person, and one student of my acquaintance “ent” an important lecture rather than interrupt the “Meister” in his monologue on some unimportant subject!

In the lecture-room the deference was to me even more marked; the room was always quiet, even before the lecture began, and tardy members were hissed down. The applause at the beginning and end of the lecture may be mere form, but I prefer to think it a further manifestation of a genuine spirit of deference toward superior age and wisdom which we do not always find on this side of the water. Why is it that, with no

rules or regulations of any sort, the class-room in Berlin is so much more orderly than that of Yale or Princeton? Is the innate reverence for law and order great there, or small here?

But the professors do not play the gods on Olympus all the time. An interesting illustration of the real friendliness that exists between them and the students is shown by the annual Christmas Fest, given by the Mathematical Verein to the professors in that department. Three enormous Christmas trees, brilliant with electric lights, gladdened their eyes, while presents of toy trumpets, dolls, and so on, accompanied by extremely long poems (so-called), appeared to delight their souls. A play written for the occasion, a brass band to help on the singing, and plenty of beer and tobacco smoke made a most enjoyable evening, which lasted well into the morning. Truly a taste for simple pleasures has been sedulously cultivated in the Fatherland! The professor also sometimes attends the small Kneipe of his own students, when they relax after their long day's work, and refresh themselves with beer and cigars, bought with funds collected as fines from misdoers. These I did not attend, though urgently pressed to do so, as a contributor of no small amount!

Athletic sports do not occupy the first place in the heart and mind of the German student. Though there are Vereins whose object is tennis, cricket, or rowing, the interest is not general. Duelling and beer-drinking are the two great amusements, carried sometimes to a disgusting excess, especially in the smaller universities. In answer to a remark of mine on the brutalizing effect of the former, a student said, "How much more brutal is it than your foot-ball, where they tear one another to pieces before the eyes of an admiring and applauding public?" and I had no answer ready.

Such are a few of the impressions made upon me by my connection with the University of Berlin,—a very superficial idea, of necessity, since I was only an outsider. Women are not yet admitted to full fellowship, but the doors cannot remain much longer closed. Only let a woman, with the record of three years' good work done in the university, present herself as a candidate for the degree, and I have good reason to believe that she will not have to ask long for permission to undergo the examination. All honor to that first woman's courage, and success to her endeavor!

ELLEN PARMELLE COOK.

HEART OF MY SONG

Heart of my song—if mine own heart
Lies barren for its pain,
And all my thoughts shall beat apart
Over an empty plain,
Thy thoughts like singing birds shall fly
Athwart my falling rain.

Heart of my heart—since God has said
Mine shall not throb alone,
I cannot leave thy wide, deep ways
To which my soul has grown—
Like wind among the leaves thy mood
Is wrought into mine own.

I feel no splendor and no might
That gives not thee the praise—
Thy lordly blood has set mine own
Into more stately ways.
Thy centuries blow from out mine eyes
The thick dust of the days.

Thy thoughts are in my thoughts as sound
Is in the rain, and so
Thy memories are all around,
Whether I will or no.
I have a dream of dawns that broke
Hundreds of years ago.

I have before I yet was born
A thought of those vague years.
Thou who didst breath in God's first morn,
Who beat in God's first spheres,
Art in my dreams for early light,
And in my heart for tears.

For even as the wind that blows
And sings from star to star,
May help the timid grass that grows,
That cannot fly so far,
Thou dwellest in me with the light
Of all the worlds that are.

Heart of my heart—heart of my song,
Though I go wandering,
Thou laughest in me all day long
Like flowers in the Spring—
Thou art not saddened by my tears,
But thou art strong to sing.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

THE TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE

We had been to the theatre together, my brother and I, on one of our "occasional sprees." We had had a cosy little supper for two, afterwards, at the restaurant, at which we had amused ourselves by posing—successfully—as a newly-wedded pair, and then we had stopped on our way to bed, as was our custom, in the library, where, my brother in a Morris-chair before the flickering fire, I comfortably ensconced among cushions on the settle, we could talk of things past, present and to come, beginning with the play, and ending with our love affairs and, incidentally, those of others.

To say that men are dense is to be trite. Owing to this denseness, I can with safety confide as much of my own affairs of the heart to my brother as I please, with the serene assurance that he will never be able to guess the remainder; while as for his—well, to do him justice, when he confides at all it is after the truly masculine fashion, with names, dates and emotions accurately, if briefly, given.

On this particular evening, however, we neither of us had anything of especial interest to relate, so we wandered into the realm of speculation about the affairs of our friends. Let me say here, in justice to my brother, that it takes the entire combination of a play, a supper, a Morris-chair, an open fire and a cigarette, to put him into this communicative frame of mind. He is not one of those men who are continually tattling to their women-folk. Well, in this speculation my brother paused. "Say," he said, "I wonder if you could make this out any better than I can. What to do about it, I mean."

I suggested meekly that I could at least try, if I knew what it was. "It's like this," he said, watching the smoke of his cigarette. "There's one of the men—Jack Martin—I might as well

tell you to start with, for you'd know it in the end. He graduated two years before I did, you know—he was a Princeton man." I nodded a little impatiently. Did he suppose that I was not well aware of the events of Jack Martin's happy-go-lucky life. But still, men are dense.

"That means he's been out of college four years, you know. He went down to Harvard Law, did the whole three years there, though he never cared a rap about the place, only the work—and not much for that, apparently." I laughed. "Yes" said my brother combatively, "I know it's different with a Harvard man; of course we think it's a pretty fair place down there, Law School and all. Still, there are plenty of men that come from the other colleges—Yale and Princeton, and so on—who seem to have a good time, all right. But Jack wasn't that kind. I knew him fairly well the three years he was there—my last two in Harvard and first in the Law School, you know—" He stopped to light another cigarette, and I wondered, comfortably, if he would ever get to the point, and which of Jack's misdeeds he would bring up, and if it would be a new one—I was so tired of the old ones.

"Whenever I went around to see him" he went on at last, "he used to be reading some Princeton news from something or other—if he wasn't working, of course. His rooms were regularly littered up with papers about Princeton. His last year there he got hold of those Princeton stories. Ever heard him talk about them?" "Sometimes," I said. "Well, you wouldn't have heard him talk about anything else in the line of books that year. He talked about them so much that I borrowed them of him finally, to see what they were like. You've read them, of course. Don't you think they're pretty slushy? The Harvard tales are all right. That's the kind of a life that's lived down there, by a certain crowd at least. But all that upper-class-man worship and so on—well, if that's the way they feel down at Princeton, a man might as well go to a girl's boarding-school and be done with it. I don't believe they do feel that way, myself," he added hastily.

"But someway that stuff just hit Jack off—queer, wasn't it." "I shouldn't think," I suggested "that Jack was that sort. He's always seemed one of these very masculine men." "That's it," said my brother. "I used to figure on it a good deal, down there, and I came to the conclusion that it was a kind of home-

sickness for college, that would wear off. I kept looking for it to wear off all three years, but it didn't. Of course I don't mean he made a bore of himself talking about it—he's one of the best fellows to be around with that I know—but you were always running up against that feeling of his somewhere, where you wouldn't expect it.

Well, you know more about him for these last two years than I do. He's been musing around in the law here all that time. Myself, I expected he'd have done something pretty fair—everyone knows Jack's clever. But he hasn't done anything hardly. Why, I've got as good a standing myself in the office now as Jack has in two years, and I haven't half his brains. Dick Foster, you know, has been there ten years, and I asked him awhile ago what was the trouble with Jack. He said 'He ought to have kept clear of college. It went to his heart instead of his brain.' And I found out since, that Jack chases down to every game he can get to, and spends his time reading up the prospects for the teams, instead of hunting up decisions and so on. He does his work, of course, but outside of working hours a man's got to be interested in what he's doing. In fact, I don't think a man can be really interested in anything but his work anytime, if he's going to make a success of it." "Not even in a girl?" I said. Now my brother is undeniably interested in girls. "A girl," he said dogmatically, "is the one thing that doesn't permanently interfere with a man's doing good work. Of course if he writes poetry when he ought to be copying up reports, it will; but liking a girl makes a man want to do better work. Makes him do it, too."

He tossed a half-smoked cigarette into the fire and sat up, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. "Now here's the queer part of it. Jack's in love." I am afraid that I jumped, and I know I said "How do you know?" rather sharply. "He told me so" said my brother. "Told me all about it, except who the girl was. But he says she doesn't care a hang about him, he knows, and so, instead of bracing up, he goes down and fools around Princeton all the more. If he only had a sister, now, or any relative but that confounded, crossgrained aunt of his."

"I don't exactly see what I can do," I said. "I—I am not his sister." "Well, I know you know him pretty well," said my brother, "and I thought—" he hesitated, and I held my breath

"perhaps you could make a guess at who the girl is, and if you know her—" he waited for me to speak, but I was silent, so he went on, "couldn't you give her a few points about things and get her to say something to him. A girl could do a lot for a fellow that way, when a man couldn't say anything. Jove!" he said reminiscently. "if I'd profited by all the lectures girls—that I didn't care about—have given me, the way I would have profited if I had cared—Earth wouldn't be any place for me."

"I don't really think that I could say anything about it," I said slowly. "Oh well," said my brother "I don't suppose you could. I only thought you might make a guess about the girl. I believe you do know who she is" he said, looking at me. I blushed. "Yes," I said "I know, I think." "And you can't tell her?" "I don't very well see how I can," I answered. "Well then, let's go to bed," my brother said, and we went, without more ado.

It may have been the play that kept me from sleeping, that night. When one is awake, one naturally thinks about the last thing one has heard. So I spent a great part of the night wondering if Jack Martin really was failing to make use of his abilities; if my brother was right; and if, in that case, there was anything that I could do about it. When at last I dropped asleep, it was with the problem still unsolved; but when I woke in the morning it seemed absurdly simple. If anything a girl could say might help Jack, I would say it. A ten years' acquaintance and a two years' friendship surely gave me the right to "lecture," and I had never really lectured him before, partly owing to the conviction that it usually does no good, and partly because I did not think Jack would like it. But of course, I decided, as I put on my belt, jerking the tongue into place with something of the energetic spirit with which the prophets of old "girded up their loins"—of course this was different. It wasn't a question of what Jack liked, but of what would do him good.

How well my resolve would have lasted if I had not seen Jack for several days, I cannot say. But when a doubtful and unpleasant duty confronts one, fate has a way of making the path of that duty uncommonly plain. So, as I sat alone before the library fire that evening and the maid came to say "Mr. Martin 'm," I felt that there was no way of escape open to me. "Ask him to come up here, Mary," I said, for I knew that Jack was as fond as I, of our library with its cozy window-seats, its rows of books, its bright fire-light and shadowy corners.

Yet when Jack was there, lounging comfortably in the same Morris-chair of which my brother was so fond, smoking a cigarette—I never let any man except Jack smoke, but Jack was so fond of it, it would have been cruelty to prevent it—under these conditions, the path toward that same duty seemed, though plain, yet of exceeding difficulty. How I should have opened the subject myself, I do not know. Fate spared me the necessity by moving Jack to rush onward to his own destruction.

“If I get up a crowd to fill a car, will you go down with me to see the Yale game?” he asked, lazily assured of my consent, for he knew I appreciated foot-ball games. “Yale-Harvard?” I inquired, to see the look of disgust on Jack’s face as he said “What for would I want to take you to that! Yale-Princeton, of course. The men here are so lazy, they’d never show any college spirit if they weren’t invited to go along and take a girl.”

“You don’t need to take me for fear that people won’t know you have college spirit,” I said tartly. Jack opened his blue eyes rather wider than was his custom but only said, “Will you go?” “Thank you” I said, trying to seem, not petulant, but dignified “I really don’t think I will.”

Jack sighed theatrically. “What have I done now Kate? I had forgotten that I had any offenses that you hadn’t heard of by this time.” “It isn’t what you’ve done,” I explained “It’s what you have left undone—that you ought to have done,” I added hastily. “Do you think,” said he, “that there is time in life to discuss those things that I ought to have done that I have left undone? I doubt it. Consider me penitent, and let’s drop the subject and decide who we’ll have go to the game with us,” and he looked up at me and laughed.

Now he should not have laughed, then; if he hadn’t, it might have been very different. But I do change my mind sometimes, and I do not like to be teased about it; so it was with a more than righteous indignation that I said, “I’ll tell you why I don’t want to go with you, if you’d like to know.” “The pleasure” murmured Jack, lighting another cigarette, “will be mine.”

I am afraid that my remarks were partly instigated by a desire to move him from his calm good humor—a bad frame of mind in which to speak judicially, certainly. And my brother tells me that my command of politely vituperative language is, at times, remarkable. I don’t know now exactly what I said. I began by telling him—elaborately—that he spent too much

time in going to foot-ball games and too little on his work, and I think I ended by a review of everything foolish—or worse—that he had ever done, to my knowledge, by way of proving what a saint I was to have borne so long with the companionship of a man whom no girl could either approve of or respect.

Of course that was simply feminine hysterics, for no one ever failed to respect Jack Martin any more than anyone failed to like him; but Jack didn't understand that. I thought he would. I expected him to laugh and say that I was quite a reformer, or some nonsense or other. And I thought perhaps he would be a little provoked, too. But when I finished speaking, he only said, "Is that all?" "Isn't that enough?" I said, with a nervous laugh. "Quite enough," he said, and then he stood up. "I'm sorry to have inflicted myself on you as I have for the last two years. I knew you were good, but I didn't realize that I seemed such a bad sort of fellow to you. I'm not worth much, I know." He hesitated a moment. "What you've said to-night may do me some good. If anything can, that will. But since I do know now how you feel about things—about me—I won't make any more claims on your kindness—unless I grow less worthy of it."

He stood waiting for me to say something, but I wouldn't believe that he meant what he seemed to mean, and I simply couldn't speak. "When a fellow cares what a girl thinks" he said, after a long pause, "it isn't exactly easy to find that she thinks this sort of thing. But since you do, I'm glad I know—now. Don't think I'm angry, Kate," he added, looking at me with a half-smile. "I understand that you meant to do me good; perhaps it was the best way. Anyhow, I shall not forget that you cared enough to try, at least. Good-by." He held out his hand, and I put mine into it, mechanically. He bent over it—Jack would have made a very nice courtier—I felt his lips touch my fingers; and then he was gone.

By a wise provision of fortune, the pillows on the settle do not spot with tears. After a little while I sat up. "Of course he will come to see you again, foolish child," I said to myself; and in any case, I argued, an apology when I saw him next would put everything right.

It was a week before I met him anywhere, and then he only asked for one dance—not even the supper-dance. But I decided to make the most of my little opportunity, and I began to stammer an incoherent repentance, but he stopped me. "Please

don't, Kate," he said. "I told you I wasn't angry, and there's nothing more to be said, is there?" "But I didn't mean it," I said "Truly, Jack!" But Jack only shook his head, and suddenly it seemed that there really was "nothing more to be said,"—and then the dance ended.

I never told my brother that Jack had been in that night; I wanted him to think that our friendship had stopped before he and I had talked over Jack's affairs. He told me, a few months later, that Jack was really working, at last, but he never asked me about him, even in our midnight confidences before the fire.

I went out a great deal that winter, and I saw Jack sometimes for a few minutes, less and less often as the winter went on. I think I must have been too "gay" that year, for in March the doctor told me that I must go South, for a rest. In the summer I am never at home, and by the next fall even my old friendship with Jack had come to seem a thing of very long ago, though it was less than a year since it had stopped.

I never saw Jack anywhere, that winter, but men used to speak of him to me now and again, and of what good work he was doing; so I had that knowledge to console me for the loss of his friendship. My brother always told me more or less about the work in the office, and one day he said that Jack was to "run" an important case in B—the next week. "Perhaps,"—I thought—"if he wins it"—and then I stopped thinking.

He lost it, I heard, and, all things considered, I decided to indulge in the doubtful luxury of moping, that evening, instead of doing my duty and going to a dance. In one's third season, even dances pall. So I was again alone in the library when the maid came in, this time with a card. "I meant to tell you to say I wasn't in" I said as I took it, then added hastily "but since I didn't, you may ask him to come up"—for the card was Jack's.

He came up exactly as he used to, and as he sat down in his accustomed chair it seemed as if the last year had been only a bad dream. But he began at once, "You must wonder why I've come, after staying away such a long time."

I said that I was very glad to see him, or some such commonplace, and he went on, "It's like this. I've been working since what you said to me a year ago, and I've made a fairly good use of my time. You were right enough about my wasting time on college after I was out of it, instead of looking at it as a place

of preparation as much as a 'prep-school' is. I thought it over, and I saw that you knew what you were talking about when you said that, even if I did think I wasn't quite so black as you painted me some other ways." I ought to have said something then; but it was so pleasant to hear Jack talking to me in his old straightforward fashion that I couldn't bear to interrupt him, so after a moment's silence he began again :

"Well, I thought I'd work till I made a success of something, if I had it in me, and then come and tell you." I nodded. I had thought he would do that, when I had let myself think at all. "But I failed, you know." "Yes, I know," I said. "And so I came very near not coming. But then I decided it wasn't fair either to you or to me. For I did as well with that thing as anyone could have—and that isn't conceit, either." "Fancy anyone thinking you conceited !" I said. I was feeling more accustomed to the situation. Jack laughed. "I simply had to come to tell you how much good what you said did me, even though it did seem rough at the time. That failure yesterday was worth the work—only to know I'd done as well as I could. I never seemed to have understood that. And it's all owing to you."

Jack was certainly a little incoherent, but it was very pleasant. "Well, I wanted to say that," he went on. "And then there's something else I want to say too," and something in his face made my heart begin to beat so that I was afraid he could hear it. "I don't know whether you knew, or not—" he said, hesitating a little. "They say girls always do know such things. But I was pretty much in love a year ago, when you lectured me that night. That was why it broke me up so—for of course I saw you didn't care anything about me, or you wouldn't have said what you did." I sat silent. If he had not put it in the past tense, perhaps I might have said something. "And what's more," he said slowly "I saw you never would care, in any way that I'd want you to care. Even if I made you respect me for what I did—and I meant to do that—since you didn't respect me for what I was—well, the best thing I could do was to get over loving you as soon as I could. Someway when you literally haven't any hope, you do get over it. You see I knew you'd want me to. And I made up my mind to stay away till I could come and tell you I was somewhere near worthy of your friendship and that that was all I wanted now. May I have that, Kate?"

I tried to tell him how glad I was that what I had said had done any good, and how much I should like to be friends again as we had been, but it didn't sound cordial, even to me; and I am sure it didn't to him, for he went away very early, and when he left, his face had the hurt look I had grown to know so well.

He comes to see me nowadays; not so often as he did before, but still often; yet it isn't the same. I have been tempted sometimes to "explain," but there really seems nothing to explain, especially since anything but friendship has been put in the past tense.

My brother has said that any girl really prefers a potential lover to an actual friend. He told me last night, too, that Jack Martin is said to be engaged to one of the Wilton girls—the youngest—and when he kissed me good night he was even more gentle than usual. I have sometimes wondered—but then, men are always dense.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE.

HARDY, THE REALIST

What is meant by Realism in Fiction? An attempt to tell the truth, the whole truth, yet nothing but the truth as seen to the eye, to reduce all fiction to a science, and above all things to be sincere, which in the case of a Frenchman is to be more or less indecent. This is Zola's idea of Realism, and the result is that his fiction is interesting from the point of view of Natural History and revolting from any other standpoint.

Fortunately for our morals and our peace of mind, there are other realists beside the Frenchmen and their followers. Though we may not find the common-place, every-day Howellites as exhilarating as Scott's lords and ladies, that is because we have the poor taste to prefer Romance to Realism, because we enjoy more the company of the nobility whom we have not seen than that of the Misses Lapham whom we have daily with us.

And there are degrees, too, in Realism. A man may content himself and us with less detailed accounts than M. Zola's, of life in general, and misery and vice in particular, and still be a realist. He may make his books resemble less a page from our every-day life by choosing a subject and locality not as familiar

to all of us, as is the environment of Mr. Howell's stories and he may yet have a reputation for Realism.

Such a writer in the main is Thomas Hardy. I say in the main, because "*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*" and "*Jude the Obscure*" form such a quintessence of all the imaginable woes and vices of man that they almost fulfill Zola's conditions, and for any one who is himself pessimistic, they are far from salutary. If to be realistic is to select all the evils that flesh is heir to, and form them into one book, after carefully excluding all that might cheer and brighten us, it is certainly not artistic, and a combination of the two elements is generally considered desirable in works of fiction.

There is a hopelessness about them too, a sort of finality which leaves nothing more to be said. Why should we contend against vice if it is all powerful? In the light of these two stories it is evident that it was with all sincerity that Hardy made one of his earlier characters remark that "he liked a story with a bad moral and a coarseness, because that proved that the story was true."

Granting Hardy's premise that our bad angel is ever with us, and can overcome with ease any other tutelary divinity which may occasionally assert its claim, let us submit to the inevitable with a good grace, and take the misery which it brings as a naturally attendant circumstance. The ordinary reader, however, with moderately optimistic tendencies, is not overcome by pity or terror at such melodrama—it is merely repugnant to him, and he wants to get away from it and forget about it as quickly as possible.

It is in Hardy's other stories, then, that we find him at his best, in "*The Return of the Native*," "*Under the Greenwood Tree*," and "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*," with their fresh moors and country breezes, their delightfully rustic peasants, and above all, their fascinating women.

Of all English novelists of to-day, Hardy is the greatest realist as far as country life is concerned. There are others whose realism is as genuine, but they are less fortunate in their subjects. It is Wessex, its provincial towns and villages, its heaths and woods, where Hardy is most at home and where he does his most delightful work. His passionate love for nature is fairly contagious. Egdon Heath is as real as the meadows about us. The mournful sublimity of the darkening moor envelops and

overpowers us, and if we listen, we too shall hear the wind moaning through the heather-bells.

It is the English peasant and his simple life, viewed in its human aspects, which Hardy interprets, with all the more realism because he feels so deeply the tragedy of humanity. They are characters that live because they have an interest independent of time or place. They are not at all clowns, these rustics, if they do speak a language of their own and have not the advantages of city life. Though their manners are rough, these reddlemen and trauters are gentlemen at heart, with a nobility and high-mindedness which is as refreshing as it is unusual.

Neither do we call them lacking in humor, where we find one of them remarking of a pretty wife, that "she's an uncommon picture for a man's best parlor." But the humor is only occasional, as if to make endurable the gloom and tragedy of existence. There are no heroes and heroines in all fiction who feel more intensely, who love more passionately, who suffer more deeply than Hardy's men and women. Where, too, can one find a more pathetic figure than Clym Yeobright, the itinerant open-air lecturer, who having lost all that made life worth living, broken-down and miserable, "still went about doing good"?

As for Hardy's heroines in particular, they are certainly the most complicated and original productions of their kind. As Mr. Barrie says, "English fiction is so much wealthier in heroines than in heroes, that the ladies who have immortality will survive as widows, for to make an attractive young man is the hardest thing in the trade. Mr. Hardy's heroes, however, the young men who fall in love with his *Bathshebas* and *Anne Garlands*, will undoubtedly accompany his young ladies into the next century; a fortunate arrangement, for these exasperating and adorable women are not for travelling alone." We may not agree with this theory, but that it is ingeniously worked out, no one will deny.

Interesting in their unconventionality, charming in their womanliness, astounding in their audacity, who cares whether they be real or not? They exist for us now if they did not before, and if irresolution and inconsistency are, as masculine writers assert, two of woman's most striking characteristics, then *Eustacia* and *Tess* and all the others are quite adequate. Did any of them ever know until she had made various experi-

ments which man she loved, and then was he ever the man you expected her to love?

They are always beautiful, though they have many charms independent of beauty, in which respect they differ from the young ladies of romantic fiction. On the other hand, far from being strong-minded, they are as simple and unaffected as *Rowena* herself and vastly more entertaining. They are delightfully free from self-consciousness and morbid introspection. Whatever problems Mr. Hardy may be trying to solve are quite immaterial to them. It is only the "new woman" who concerns herself with social questions about which she knows little or nothing. *Tess* was not of this type.

They were all wide-awake young persons, however, who lost no opportunities of having new impressions, and most of them had infinite capacities for falling in love. Take *Eustacia*, for example, "who filled up the spare hours of her existence by idealizing *Wildere* for want of a better object, and only one circumstance could dislodge him and that was the advent of a greater man."

With their morality we must deal gently, for even Hardy acknowledges of a most interesting heroine that "in Heaven she will probably sit between the *Heloises* and *Cleopatras*," a company whose intellects and hearts have always received more attention than their manners and morals. Hardy seems to have created a universe where an absolutely unintelligible power is in the ascendancy and where free-will plays but a small part. His women were like children who followed their instincts, and if those instincts led toward social non-conformity, he would say that the blame rested with their environments rather than with themselves. They are perhaps, as he says, "the raw material of Divinity," and as such should not be judged by human standards.

ETHEL MARGARET GOWER.

HYMN

O Father, give me wisdom, give me strength:
 Wisdom to see thy truth—the strength to do;
 And grant, through these, thy fair serenity
 That stands when others deem my truth untrue.

Give me the sight that sees thy meaning clear
In flowers and clouds and faces on the street.
Give me the ears that hear thy harmonies
Ringing above the tones that seem unsweet.

Grant me the heart to love thee through thy world,
To make my life a tender charity.
Give me the grace that has no thought of self,
And give the thought of self that honours thee.

EDITH THEODORA AMES.

AN ERRANT QUAKER

Every Sunday morning as far back as the memory of Jonathan Evans, aged six years could go, he had watched his mother unlock the great wardrobe in her bedroom, take down from the top shelf the round bandbox containing her best Quaker bonnet, and put it on to go to meeting. The faint peculiar fragrance suggesting a combination of raisins, lavender and caraway-seeds scented the air as the box was opened. More than once he had peeked in to discover where it came from, but nothing was inside except the soft paper in which the bonnet was carefully wrapped when it was put back.

His most vivid ideas connected with "the Sabbath" were this scent from the wardrobe, the unapproachable spiritual look on his mother's face, and the necessity of keeping still. It had been painfully impressed that pranks, to which Jonathan was inclined in spite of his Quaker ancestry, were not to be tolerated. His mother's last word as she left for meeting with his father, was invariably: "See that thou art a good, quiet boy, Jonathan."

Then he would stand by the window and watch them as they went down the road to the meeting house. Soon the rest of the village would come out from their scattered houses and go past on their way to the same place. As they were coming towards him Jonathan could recognize them from their faces, but after they were past they were all alike. The back of the woman's bonnet, the triangular area of shawl, and the plain skirt below, offered little scope for differentiation. The man's back was even more featureless. But then Martha Wilson was short and her husband was tall, while the relative altitudes of Ellen

Brown and her husband, who came along next, were reversed. Caroline Taylor took little bobbing steps, Martin, her husband, long deliberate strides. So Jonathan learned to differentiate. Then Miss Alice and Miss Pamela, the two old women whom he loved so to visit in their cottage on the hill, came along. Their garden was the nicest that could possibly exist outside of those in the fairy stories they read to him. Their dog and their parrot were human beings made a different way outside from him. As for Miss Pamela's cookies and conserves! Could anything possibly taste more delightful?

Then Miss Sally Porter went by slowly, supporting her crippled old father on her arm. But by and by every one had gone, even Dr. Wilson, who was never known to be on time. An accentuated quiet settled down on the long grassy road.

Jonathan wondered what they did at meeting. He had often begged to go, but his mother had refused. She criticized severely Lydia Thompson, who let her child disturb the meeting with its fidgeting. Nor did Jonathan's inquiry as to what they went to meeting for, obtain any more satisfactory answer than that they went to "commune with the spirit." His only intelligible information on the subject was obtained from Isaac McCreary, who with the temerity of nine years had one Sunday morning climbed up one of the big oak trees around the meeting house, and peeped in through the window. His report, delivered in a contemptuous tone, was that they all set there as if they had forgot how to move. They jest set. He stayed till he was tired, and they were still settin', and then he clumb down. Jonathan rather doubted the credulity of this story. He still felt that there was something about meeting that Isaac did not understand, for Isaac's people did not go to meeting. He had heard his mother say to a visitor from across the river, that the folks in the yellow house yonder were not "of the spirit." The visitor's conclusive expression was even more significant to him than his mother's words. Thus Isaac, whose advice was very valuable on most snbjects, was not to be trusted implicitly in regard to this matter.

Jonathan was greatly delighted, therefore, when his mother told him one Sunday morning that he was to go to meeting. Hannah the maid scrubbed him even harder than on week days. His best trousers were put on, the stiff collar of his shirt was turned down over his jacket, his round flat hat set straight on

his head, and he was told to sit still on the chair by the window till it was time to go.

His period of waiting was shortened because his mother wanted to start in time to call and see how Mary Ann Williams was. She was an old lady who had been an invalid for many years. She lived near the meeting-house, and her friends used to stop in on their way to and from meeting, to see how she was, and to leave jelly or home-made wine or flowers from their gardens. To-day she was well enough to see visitors, and Jonathan went back into the bedroom with his mother. The old lady liked children, and she had Jonathan come and stand by her bed and talk to her while she sent her daughter for some cookies for him.

After he had gotten comfortably full, in spite of his mother's frequent "Jonathan, art thou not ashamed to eat so? Mary Ann, thee'll spoil the boy," some other friends came in, and Jonathan and his mother took leave of the old lady, and went to meeting. With a last admonition to be still they passed through the doorway of the low building and sat down on the women's side. The people were almost all there, and everything was intensely quiet.

So great stillness in the midst of so many people awed Jonathan. He was very much impressed. He sat motionless. His head touched the back of the seat, and his big brown eyes looked straight ahead. After a while the impression began to wear off. Instead of feeling awed he demanded that something should happen. Nothing, however, obeyed his inner command. He was obliged to fall back upon his own resources for amusement. He still felt strongly the necessity of setting still, but he let his eyes wander back and forth, and up and down as far as possible without turning his head. He looked at the bare walls and ceiling. He saw the oak trees through the open window, and wished he could go out and play among the graves at their feet. Were the roses blooming yet on the old graves in the corner? With a sigh at the thought of what he was missing, his gaze wandered back into the room. He looked at the rows of women's bonnets and shoulders in front of him. How funny to sit in straight rows so! Then growing more reckless he tried to give outlet to an increasing restlessness by swinging his feet gently to and fro. He did it so quietly, and was otherwise so still that his mother did not notice it, until growing bolder he began to do it faster and with a definite rhythm. She looked at him, and

the force of her glance was such that he not only stopped, but also stayed stopped.

For another period he was very still. The consciousness that he was in meeting was stronger than the consciousness of the disagreeableness of the attending circumstances. He didn't venture even to amuse himself with his thoughts. It did not take long for these impressions to wear off again. What were they all thinking about? Why did they sit so still? Why didn't Miss Pamela turn around and be friendly? He wanted to be noticed. He was quite used to having his mother pay no particular attention to him, but he usually had something else to amuse him. Moved by an impish perversity, he leaned forward and looked up into his mother's face with a most winning beatific smile. His attempt to gain notice was certainly successful. Such a forbidding look as he got in return! and with the expression still on her face his mother turned her head away.

Dejected but not humiliated he subsided back against the pew. Life began to seem a weary process, the present phase of it, at least. He began to think over the hitherto unappreciated features of home. How Hannah must be missing him! It must surely be about this time that she always had his bread and sugar ready for him. Then his attention was attracted by the small paned window, and he began to put into practice his recently acquired mathematical processes. Leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the window, and his forefinger moving slowly up and down to assist his silent reckoning, he began to count the panes. One—Two—Three— Here he was rudely interrupted by having his hand seized and held tight in his mother's grasp. He had to sit back quietly, but his eyes would wander back to the fascinating panes, and unconsciously he began to count again. To take the place of his hand, which was unavoidably off duty, his head bobbed slowly up and down as he counted, One—Two—Three—Four— Suddenly he found himself drawn up forcibly to his mother's side. It was useless to try to wriggle. Cuddled up so he began to get very drowsy. He was looking around with a last sleepy look when something outside the window dispersed every atom of sleepiness. There, clutching a branch of the oak tree with one hand, holding fast to a bird's nest with the other, his coat tails caught on a jagged twig, was Isaac McCreary! He couldn't get his nest down safely without untagling his clothes. He couldn't untangle

his clothes without dropping his nest. And so he hung in dismayed indecision. The situation struck Jonathan as being so funny that he forgot all about the sacredness of meeting, and went off into convulsions of laughter. His mother's tightening grasp failed to act as a check, and Jonathan laughed on.

His mother rose and led him out of meeting. His mirth gave place to intense apprehension. He had laughed in meeting! His mother said nothing, but walked along calmly and decidedly. He did not need to look into her face to realize that something terrible was coming. On reaching home, his mother led him straight in through the hall, through the kitchen, and on down into the cellar. Then she left him and turned to go up the stairs again. To be left alone in that terrible region of rats and spiders and darkness! Jonathan begged and cried, but without effect, his mother was inexorable. As he heard the latch of the door click behind her, Jonathan's misery was complete. The last source of communication with the upper world was cut off. He was left alone in this terrible place. He leaned his head down upon the step above him and wept in terrified misery. By and by his sobs became fewer, and finally they stopped. The darkness had proven the true friendliness of its nature by sending the tired child to sleep.

An hour or so later Jonathan's father came down to reason with a penitent child. He lifted the little sleeper up on his great shoulder and carried him up to his mother.

"Thou'st had enough of meeting, hast not?" said Jonathan's father at dinner, with a kindly smile across at the child. "Thee'll not try it again, wilt thee, Sarah?"

"Yea," said Sarah. "Jonathan shall go to meeting next Sabbath, and he shall behave."

And in reply to the awful tone and glance Jonathan said humbly, "Yes'm."

MARION PUGH READ.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

The criticism given by superficial students of history, that our own country is less interesting than others, can in no wise apply to California, which has from the beginning been the scene of tragic history and martyr-like devotion. For generations before the discovery of gold the Spanish priests had established themselves in every available spot, and up to that time the history of the Pacific slope was purely a religious one—it began and ended with the missions.

Father Junipeo Sena, a man whose name has become a household word among Californians, was the leader of the Franciscan Brotherhood, and in 1767 he left Mexico with a handful of priests and a few soldiers, and founded the Mission of San Diego, now the present boundary-line between California and Mexico. In connection with it was built a fort for protection from the Indians, of which there were finally four, at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco.

The second mission was San Luis Rey de Francia, which is, next to Santa Barbara, the best preserved of all the missions; though each year carries on still further the work of destruction. When new, it was the finest adobe building ever erected to the worship of God. For over half a century the magnificent structure has stood in its grandeur, silently awaiting its inevitable ruin by the elements. It has been called by some writer "The Melrose Abbey of the West." It stands in the middle of a valley, on a slight elevation, where the towers and red-tiled roof shine bright in the glare of the almost tropical sun. The walls of the quadrangle are in a fairly good condition, but, on entering the gloomy halls, we hear only the unearthly hoot of the owl or the doleful flapping of frightened bats. The inner court was formerly bright with tropical fruits and flowers, but now it is rank with weeds and spontaneous vegetation. The once beautiful fountain is dry, the walls of the basin are split by the swelling roots of neglected trees, and hung with great spider-webs.

San Gabriel, once the pride of the Spaniards, is the next large mission north of San Luis Rey, and the ruins may still be seen

a few miles east of Los Angeles. When the priests came, the valley was a veritable field of gold, the beautiful California poppy and waving golden-rod making glad the hearts of the padres with a promise of fertile fields and generous orchards.

This church soon became the wealthiest of all the missions, for the situation chosen proved to be well adapted for olives, grapes and citron fruits, while the hill sides were green with rich grasses and alfalfa, where grazed hundreds of cattle.

To-day San Gabriel stands on the outskirts of the little Mexican gambling town of the same name, with one or two priests to perform service, and to show to visitors (for a consideration) the interior of the chapel and the old bells, the only relics of her departed glory. Around her walls some kindly hand has planted pepper trees, and these with their long weeping branches, seem to mourn for the mission, despoiled of her possessions, and to gaze sadly over her ruined landscape. Such has been the fate of San Gabriel, fairest of all the Franciscan possessions—the generous monastery, whose doors were always open to comfort the sorrowing, or to entertain the weary traveller.

At Santa Barbara, the first church was of adobe, but in 1812 a great earthquake destroyed it, so in 1815 a splendid new church was erected. It was of hewn stone, with strong buttresses, a tower of two stories, holding six bells, a frescoed ceiling, marble columns, and altar table in Roman style. The stone image of Santa Barbara, painted with oil, stood in front of a niche, supported by six columns, and the floor was of burnished bitumen.

There was an immense court-yard about it, in which some father planted a grape vine over a hundred years ago, and it now completely covers the rear of the church—the wonder of visitors and the pride of all Californians. No woman is allowed in this court yard. It is said that when Princess Louise of England visited the Pacific coast, the old padres could not resist her entreaties to see the yard, but that ever since they have been religiously scrubbing the walks and asking pardon for their sin.

At the time it was built, Santa Barbara attracted much attention and admiration, and it still enjoys the distinction of having a greater number of priests than any of the remaining churches. This building near whose orchards and gardens the invigorating ocean breezes have swept these hundred years, still holds its own against the attack of time. Now, as of old, the cowed monks walk and pray in the garden, treading the neat paths beneath

the trees, planted by the friars of long ago. Courteous and pleasant as ever, they lead the visitor into the chapel, where the air of sanctity and age moves him to speak in whispered and reverent tones. The incense rising for scores of years has perfumed the pillars and domes, and has left such a heavy breath upon the windows, that the sunbeams are almost excluded.

Beneath the windows lie the ancient graves of the fathers, unmarked and forgotten, save by the golden poppies which return each year—nature's endeavor to immortalize the resting places of the most devoted band of men who have ever graced the pages of history. Many of them had forsaken luxurious homes, and all had left the comforts of civilization for the loneliness and privations of the wilderness, with the one hope of luring a race of savages into the bosom of the church. History and these picturesque ruins tell something of the progress they had made, but the year 1835 witnessed the destruction of all their hopes. A jealousy of the encroachments of the priesthood had grown upon the Mexican authorities, and a decree was issued transferring the care of the Missions from the Franciscan fathers to the government. Imperial commissioners—men destitute of sympathy for the Indians, or of interest in the Missions—were sent to supplant the priests, and the mission system, so laboriously constructed, was destroyed. Many of the converts relapsed into their former state of barbarism, for they had not lived long enough the life of civilization to become a part of it.

In over half a century thirty thousand Indians were taught to till the soil and to utilize its products, to manufacture clothes and to wear them, to build houses and to live in them. But when the restraint of the priests was removed, a mighty struggle ensued between fifty years of civilization and centuries of barbarism, between exertion and indolence, between restraint and freedom, and it is not surprising that civilization was vanquished.

The old padres have disappeared, and the few priests now remaining are introducing modern improvements and selling off acres of the church property, so that all the old landmarks will soon be gone—the landmarks which stood so long to show the wealth and prosperity of the Missions under the gentle care and guidance of the Franciscan fathers.

REJOYCE BALLANCE COLLINS.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A LULLABY TO KITTY

Purr low, purr-r-r low,
Curl up your sweet little tail, dear,
And shut tight your lovely green eyes.
I'll sing a lullaby low, dear,
By the light of the fireflies.
Purr low, purr low,
Away to the land where pussy dreams grow.

Purr low, purr-r-r low,
Hear the soft sounds in the dark, dear,
On your way to the dream-land shore,
The whisk of waving mouse tails, dear,
The scratch of their feet on the floor,
Purr low, purr low,
It's easy to catch them, they're moving so slow.

Purr low, Purr-r-r low,
Open your eyes just a crack, dear,
By the dream light yellow and pale
See shadows of swinging spools, dear,
No need now to play with your tail.
Purr low, purr low,
And soft laps to cuddle in all in a row.
Purr low, purr low,
You can purr and dream too, dear pussy, you know.
B. B. R.

One 24th of December, Santa Claus brought a Great Man a Christmas-tree. It was a very beautiful Christmas-tree and Santa Claus thought that of course it would please the Great Man very much.

The Great Man
and his Christmas-tree

The Great Man smiled pleasantly when Santa Claus appeared, and then looked at the tree. Then he looked again at Santa Claus and his smile faded.

"Wha-what's the matter, bless my soul, what's the matter?" asked Santa Claus.

The Great Man shook his head.

"Is anything the trouble with the tree? Have I forgotten anything?" asked Santa Claus anxiously.

The Great Man scowled meditatively.

"See, the branches are fairly bending with the gold. If I put on any more they'll break, sure; and this has more than any other tree, as it is."

"No, it isn't that," said the Great Man, still pondering.

"And look here at these beautiful coronets," went on Santa Claus, "and the coats-of-arms—simply dazzling—or, if you prefer, here are some others, picturesquely rusted, and aristocratically tarnished. A most choice assortment, is it not?"

"O, I have no fault to find with that," said the Great Man, wearily. "It's something else."

"What else?" asked Santa Claus, a trifle impatiently.

"I don't know just what," said the Great Man gravely and vaguely. "But it's something."

"Are you sure you've seen everything on the tree?" Santa Claus asked. "Here is a beautiful golden trumpet. See, it's all filled with candies and sweetmeats," and he shook out a shower of them, wrapped up daintily in bits of newspaper, clippings of notices and personals about the Great Man.

The Great Man sighed. Santa Claus looked at him attentively for a moment and then exclaiming, "Ah, I have it to be sure!" trotted around to the other side of the tree. He took down a laurel wreath and brought it over to the Great Man in triumph.

"This is just the thing you want," he cried. "Best to be found anywhere! Latest cut, and positively the newest and Frenchiest shade of green!"

The Great Man actually yawned. "Ye-es—really, I beg pardon—it is very stylish, very, and doubtless becoming. But I'm afraid that isn't it exactly. It isn't just what I was looking for."

"What more can you ask?" gasped Santa Claus. "Is it possible you have any objection to any of the presents now on the tree?"

"Oh no, not in the least," the Great Man smiled politely. "It's a very pretty tree. Good night, Santa Claus, and Merry Christmas."

"Good-night, Great Man," said Santa Claus, and disappeared up the chimney, leaving the Great Man alone with his tree.

The Great man meditated a long time. He was just saying to himself, "Moreover, the trumpet makes far too much noise, and the coronets give me a headache," when there was a slight rustle and an airy little thing with a pair of wings and some dimples danced into the room from nowhere in particular. She hopped up on the Great Man's knee, tweaked his nose, patted his gray hair, kicked off his spectacles, gave him three butterfly kisses, and hopped down again in the wink of an eye. Then, folding her wings, she balanced herself on the tips of the Great man's boots.

"Am I what you want?" she asked, flashing on him with her eyes and teeth and dimples, all at once.

The Great Man gazed at her entranced.

"You're just what I want," he cried. "I couldn't tell at first, but I know now that it was you I wanted all along. So Santa Claus finally remembered to send you."

"Oh no," she answered gaily. "But tell me, would you rather have me than all those things on the tree?"

"Lots!" said the Great Man—among other things he was a distinguished and eloquent orator.

"It's a pity!" she said, and winked one eye provokingly.

"Why so?" he demanded, "Don't you belong on my Christmas-tree?"

"No, I don't," she answered, and began to pirouette on one toe, on one toe of his boot. "And even if I did, where's the room for me?"

"I'll make room," said the great man decisively.

"You can't."

"I'll show you."

"No! no!"

"Come here."

"Catch me if you can," she cried tauntingly, and off she skipped around the Christmas-tree, the Great Man after her. Round and round they went, she whirling before, and he lumbering after.

At last the Great Man sank exhausted in his chair.

"Why can't I catch you?" he asked, exasperated.

She came close up to him and shook her curls at him merrily.

"Guess," she laughed.

"Oh, I can't."

"Yes, you can."

He thought a long time, with his head bent. At last, when he raised it, his face was very grave.

"Is it because you are only a vision?"

"Perhaps," she said, half-soberly, "or maybe just a memory."

"Maybe just a memory," repeated the Great Man, and sighed.

"And you won't be on my Christmas-tree, ever?" he asked.

She smiled gaily.

"No thank you, Sir—Gentleman—Pig. No one can have quite everything. Good-bye," and with a laugh and a kick and a flirt of wings, she was gone.

And the Great Man and his Christmas-tree were left alone together.

H. C. B.

To give up the joys of a quiet evening in company with a few kindred spirits, a box of Huyler's and a big, delicious cake, and at the decree of a despotic sophomore to in-

My Freshman vite a freshman to the sophomore reception, the night before the event was to take place: the thought was maddening! Poor thing! She had probably decided long before that she was not to be invited, and was doubtless quite reconciled to the fact. How disgusted she would be to find that she had been allotted to an unsympathetic Junior!

"Jessemine St. Clair, it's a gay name," I thought, as following the explicit directions of the sophomore, I knocked at the second door to the right after turning the first corner to the left. "Come!" said a sweet voice, and I walked into a charming little room; a tall, beautiful girl stood before me. "What luck," I thought, and broached the subject at once. "Are you going to the sophomore reception?" "Why, of course," was the answer, "but it isn't until to-morrow evening, you know." I stammered my apologies, and added, "Then you are not Miss St. Clair?" "Oh no, I am Miss Clifford. Miss St. Clair rooms in number ten, right opposite, I believe."

Number ten was dark, but I knocked and waited a moment. A match was scratched, then the door opened. A large girl with red hair, and eyes red, too, from home-sick tears, I imag-

ined, confronted me. "Is this Miss St. Clair?" I asked. "Yes, ma'am," she answered. I had expected to wait so many years before being called "ma'am," that I forgot what I had planned to say next, and asked abruptly, "Would you like to go to the sophomore reception with me?" "Yes, ma'am," came the answer again. This was very embarrassing, and if the freshman had not broken the spell by asking me into her room, I think that I should have risked the wrath of the sophomore, and added, "Well, I am very sorry, but I am afraid that I cannot ask you to go with me."

But after I had gone into her room, and told her all I knew about the reception, explaining when I would call for her, what my name was, and a few other necessary things, I felt very well acquainted. Yet when I was walking home, I could not think of a word she had said, excepting, "No ma'am" and "Yes ma'am." Oh yes! Just as I was saying good-night, she looked up in a most pathetic way and said, "You are the very first sophomore to call on me." And to tell the truth, I was too new a junior not to have that a blow to my pride.

My touching tales of the homesick freshman filled her program very easily, and I reserved only the last two dances for myself. When the time for those came, I asked, "Shall we dance?" "Oh yes," was the answer, and then she added in a burst of confidence, "this is the first time I ever tried to dance in my life, and I can dance real well now, it is so easy." My adventures during that dance, I am too kind-hearted to relate. While pinning up my skirt and attempting to soothe my ruffled feelings, I suggested that we sit out the next dance and talk.

It must have been near the end of the dance, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had been doing all the talking, and it seemed only fair for her to begin, so I asked her about her plans for Mountain Day.

"You are anticipating a perfectly delightful time to-morrow, I suppose?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Are you going far?"

"Oh, no."

"Are you going with a large party?"

"Oh, no."

"Where have you planned to go?"

"Nowhere."

This was discouraging. A freshman who could neither dance nor talk. I wondered what she could do. It was not until yesterday that I discovered. Walking home from chapel behind two freshmen, I overheard the following conversation :—

"Isn't Jessemine St. Clair a prod?"

"Well, I should say so! She's the best basket-ball player in the freshman class, and you ought to see her vault the horse."

"Who took her to the reception?"

"Oh, some muff from the junior class, so Jessemine said."

"Isn't she droll?"

E. S. S.

A CASKET OF GEMS

I. TURQUOISE

Two eyes of starry blue.
A dainty face and fair,
Set in a fairy ring
Of pale gold hair.
A filmy quaint blue gown
Clasped by a turquoise band:
Turquoises at her throat
And on her hand.

II. PEARL

Her hair was dusky, soft like night.
Her pale face dreamily alight
With grey eyes beaming:
Her robe was clondy shimm'ring white.
And pearls with misty radiance bright
In her hair gleaming.

III. OPAL

A fluttering scarf of rainbow hue,
A pair of eyes of changeful blue,
Hair that reflects all shades of gold,
A wayward heart, now hot, now cold.
Changing ever,
Constant never,
Heart and face that ne'er grow old.

IV. EMERALD

Hard and cold is the fair pale face.
Bright and chill are the sparkling eyes;
Her robe shines green amid the lace,
An emerald chain on her white throat lies.

M. F.

The sail was waving to and fro like a spectre in the darkness. "We've all spun our yarns," said a voice from behind the glowing end of a cigar, "Your turn, Cap'n."

Cap'n Lishe "The pree-liminaries," began Cap'n Lishe, and a **Ghost** "we will o-mit."

"Good," observed several cigar ends.

"Libby, she swared by ghosts, and I says there han't no sech. I wanted t' live en the yaller house by the creek and Lib she says 't was haunted, and I says 't want no sech. Thet han't no 'count, but she says I dasn't sleep in the haunted room."

"Go on," urged the cigar ends after a short pause.

"W'at you want is a ghost story. This 'ere ghost story begins w'en I wake up nigh midnight and hear the door creek open.

"W'at's up 'th thet door,' says I, 'I'll shet it.'

"So I gits up and shets the door.

"Blarst thet door,' says I five minutes arter.

"Then I gits up and shets it again.

"Next time I gits up to shet it, I locks it. Time arter thet, I sits up in bed and says, 'Lishe,' says I, 'face this 'ere ce'cum-stence. Han't nary breeze and here's a locked door flyin' open, w'ich was actin' cur'ous to fly open unlocked. Swan, ef Lib han't 'bout right!"

"I rolls outter bed agin, locks the door fast, and turns to light the candle. Three matches in the box. First leaves a smoky green streak on the wall. T' other does same, and t' other does same. Hair begins to creep. 'Ghost sure,' says I.

"Door walks open agin and I sinks down in the chair.

"'Lord a'mighty!' says I, gittin' up quick, 'time was w'en a man was found a ravin' lunertic in this 'ere chair. T' other was found dead in the bed.'

"Ghost comes in, long, lanky, no head ner arms ner nothin'. Steers straight fur me. I tacks round 'hind a chair. Ghost walks through chair. I fires pillers, candle, shoes, chair at him. He don't care a dead crab.

"I fetches up by the water pitcher. Throw the whole pitcher of water onto him. He stretches out a long piece o' shinin' fog to ketch me.

"'Courage,' says I, 'Lishe!' Ducks my head and dives through the critter. Come out feelin' like a March icicle.

"I pulls the blankets off o' the bed. Ghost comes swoopin'

like a nor'easter was behind him. I hists myself as tall as I kin and smothers him down with the blankets. Up leaks the sperit like water outer a eel-pot.

"Duck him agin. Sight for the door. Locked! Key gone! Winder locked!

"Swan ef you couldn't a' sot a sauce pan on the ends o' my hair."

"Keep cool, Lishe. Think o' Lib and how she'd be a glory-in'. Now calc'late.' So I begins to ask myself:

"What's this 'ere ghost made out er?"

"Fog, smoke or sech?"

"W'en you want to git smoke out of a room, w'at do you do?"

"Open all the winders and let the wind blow it out."

"Blow! Jeroosalem! Lishe, you han't a loon yit."

"Critter half way 'cross room. I fills my lungs and waits. Let my breath go like a sky rocket. Big piece o' critter spins flyin' 'cross the floor.

"Hurrar!' says I, 'Come on, old feller, I'm ready for ye!'

"Three good breaths does him. Air full er little pieces o' steamin' moonlight. I flops down on the bed and larfs.

"Swan, I don't larf long.

"Blarst the bloomin' thing! Et's splicin' together.'"

"Go on," said the cigar ends again after another silence.

"I blow and blow and blow that ghost to pieces and see it keep a jinin' t'gether all night tell gray light begins to peek in the winder. Ghost turns from green to red like. I keep on blowin'. Gasp like a flounder on the beach.

"This 'ere blow 'ull do me up,' says I.

"I blow thet 'ere blow and another, and my breath comes in little short puffs. I git thet ghost in pieces as big as snail shells and then I sinks down clean winded.

"I sit there with only half my senses a ponderin' what ghosts do to folks 'sides scarin' 'em. He is jinin' and jinin' and jinin'. Only one piece left. Then in through winder like somebody was stickin' in a red hot poker comes a streak o' sunlight.

"Jeeroosalem! I don't hear no yell, but I feel one. Thet 'ere ghost goes out like a candle. I don't come to for an hour."

"I suppose," remarked a cigar-end, "you hired yourself out as ghost killer and earned a fortune going around with a pair of bellows."

Cap'n Lishe chuckled.

"What did your wife say, when you told her?"

"'Lib,' she says, 'Lishe,' says she, 'Han't there no ghost there?'

"'No'p' says I, 'Lib, there han't no sech.'

"I han't told her there was to oncet. Lib she'd pack out o' that house like a wild duck. She swares by ghosts, Libby does. Swan, wouldn't there be a squall!—

"And speakin' o' squalls," he exclaimed, suddenly grasping the tiller and hauling in the sheet, "All up to wind'ard, gentlemen."

G. E. K.

MISTRESS SLEEP.

I have wooed this little maiden many times.
I've endeavored to bewitch her with odd rhymes.
I've repeated many stories—
Begged, beseeched, implored, and tried
Every charm that I could think of,
That might lure her to my side.
But 'tis all in vain. I fear me

 This is why,
I entirely forget her
 When she's by.

A. M. H.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR TYLER

SEPT. 2ND., 1819 — NOV. 19TH., 1897.

In the death of the venerable Professor Tyler of Amherst, Smith College loses one of its oldest and most valued trustees. As Chairman of the original Board chosen by the Founder of the College, he had great influence in shaping the early policies of the institution. He was decided in his preference for the present central yet secluded location of the College. He devised its seal, selected its motto. To him perhaps as much as to any man was also due the selection of its President. And he continued to follow and care for its fortunes with vivid interest to the last. Until within about a year of his death, he regularly attended the meetings of the Trustees, where his acute and vigorous judgment, aided by long years of educational experience, always carried great weight. He seems to have regarded the College much as he regarded each of his students, namely, as a living personality possessing measureless possibilities, to be carefully fostered with personal interest, not altogether without severity, but always with a large and human affection.

Professor Tyler was a firm believer in the traditional idea of the American college. The college was for him neither a school for elementary instruction nor a training school for professional life, but, in its first and chief intent, a school for the development of personal capacity and character. In the address which he delivered at the inauguration of President Seelye in 1875, he expresses this idea with the lucidity and force which belonged to all his utterances. The function of the college, he says, is "that education of the whole man which makes the most of the best there is in us." Such an education, as regards its nature and primary object, was, he clearly saw, quite irrespective of sex. The college for women should be every way as thorough as the college for men. If there should be no demand for an education of this sort for women, he was quite content that this college should stand "a perpetual monument of a noble effort and a magnificent failure." No one rejoiced more than he that events proved the implied fear groundless. But the education which "makes the most of the best there is in us," which aims

essentially, not at the accumulation of special knowledges nor at the acquisition of special skills, but at the development of personality, must, he thought, have a vital interest in the cultivation of those religious impulses which lie at the very heart of personality. Nay more: it must have a vital interest in the cultivation of specifically Christian sentiment and belief; for it is in Christian character that "the best there is in us" attains its most perfect expression. In the Address referred to, he quotes the words of one of the early presidents of the College of New Jersey in which a curse is pronounced on all that learning that is contrary or not subservient to the cross of Christ. He did not adopt the old president's language of anathema, but he sympathized fully with its meaning and intent. Amid all the changes of administration and method during the last twenty-two years, the ideas thus expressed by Professor Tyler have remained and still are of the very soul and substance of the College.

Professor Tyler was connected with the Faculty of Amherst for a continuous period of nearly sixty years (1836-1893) and was identified with it as no other man. His "History of Amherst College" will surely be, of all his writings, his most enduring literary monument. Excepting the classes graduated since his withdrawal from active service in 1893, he has had to do with the training of almost every living Amherst graduate. He was held in the greatest reverence by his pupils, even by those who for their indolence or their stupidity were stung in the classroom by his ready sarcasm. For all recognized the homely simplicity of his character, its dignity without a strain. He was a man of genuine sympathy with youth, and this, in connection with his large intelligence and thorough scholarship, won their confidence. It is hardly too much to say of him what Xenophon said of Socrates, whom perhaps of all the ancients he most resembled in character and intellectual force, that "he was just the best and happiest man possible." The connection of such a man with an institution of learning gives point to his own remark relative to the provision in the will of our founder, that not more than half of her donation should be invested in buildings and grounds, namely, that the chief resource of a college must ever be, not in these material possessions, but in its teachers. To his honored memory, a perpetual heritage and benediction, we bring the tribute of the reverence and gratitude of the College, which, together with his own, he so long and usefully served.

EDITORIAL

Among the many educational advantages placed at our disposal, one of the most anomalous and uncertain in its scope and treatment is that development of certain of the upper class courses known as the Club. So far as a composite conception of the aims of these various organizations can be obtained, they seem to resolve themselves into an attempt to carry further in a social and instructive manner, and after methods which for various reasons are impossible in the class-room, the ordinary work of the College.

Now, in theory, this system is excellent, and by no means original with us. Nothing can be more valuable, more scholarly, or more intellectually respectable than the improving interchange of information on the part of people qualified thus to edify each other. Any student of advanced standing may doubtless very profitably impart to others equally advanced methods, results, criticisms which special work on his part enables him to present to those who can, in their turn, inform him along their own special lines. The elementary ground is presumably covered, and the students, with no very particular effort, and what is extremely important, *with only such special work as they would, in their own interests, ordinarily do*, can gain a very considerable benefit.

But few systems can bear criticism, or would care to be subjected to it, when shorn of their most valuable and necessary characteristics; and to the unprejudiced mind it might seem that the system in question had been thus treated among us.

Not only has the policy of the College consistently opposed specialization, but the student body as a whole is quite of the same mind, and their energy is turned in so many directions, intellectually, that the number of students capable of treating at all proportionately any serious subject in any but the most obvious manner, is very small. The girls given books to review or essays to write on subjects in which they are theoretically no more professionally interested than any one else of their number, have before them the alternatives of doing the work inadequately as to method and with insufficient information as to material, or of spending an amount of time which is, to say the least, considering the number of subjects carried by the average

girl and the social demands made on the average Club member, alarmingly disproportionate.

As a matter of fact, if the Club derives an appreciable intellectual benefit, it derives it from the stimulus, interest or actual information obtained from the professors and instructors interested in its conduct ; a fact denied by few of its impartial supporters. That it should be otherwise under the present system is impossible. When the blind, however amiable and socially disposed to that culture which seems possible of acquirement only gregariously, undertake the guidance of the blind, their alternatives as to destination are distinctly limited.

Considered from this point of view, the Club offers three solutions of itself. Either its ends are intellectual, social, or a mixture of the two. As an intellectual exercise it resolves itself into an unscheduled elective, heavy or light as the student works in the one case disproportionately, in the other inadequately. When we consider that some students belong to two and three of these Clubs, besides one of the two recognized literary societies, and sometimes to two or three of the lesser and more humorous organizations, the inference as to the potential character of the work is fairly easy. As a social function it is hardly to be considered seriously. Moreover, it is not a frank treatment of the situation. If the professor wishes to make the acquaintance of his students, there are legitimate and perfectly usual methods for accomplishing his ends. This method can hardly be credited with brilliant success. Any social attempt at confusing instruction and relaxation short of the *Salon* has consistently throughout the history of self-conscious culture defeated itself. And in spite of a somewhat captious criticism, the social life at Smith is not yet so intense, nor is it probable that in many departments the mental strain is so severe as to demand a mutual dilution.

It seems, finally, eminently probable that if the conscientious Club-worker would put her extra effort into her legitimate work she would, in time, be nearer the condition of things in which such associations are really of value ; and that if the student who has but a limited amount of attention to bestow on what is to her, after all, greatly a matter of social interest, would put that portion of toil where it is not impossibly requisite, she would be nearer the point where she could appreciate the organization in its full force.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In reviewing the exchange numbers of the college magazines one must, of course, adopt a certain standard, very different, indeed, from that of the outside literary world; and this, not only because they do not and could not come up to that standard but because they make no attempt to do so. The standard is arbitrary and largely comparative: "What college magazines have done, college magazines can do," must be the basis of criticism. They do not often—and well for them that they do not—attempt to go beyond these limits. But, alas! they too often fall far short of them. And at the risk of seeming to turn against her sex, the Editor must confess that among the exchange magazines of the last month those of the women's colleges contain scarcely anything worth reading a second time, while from the men's colleges there is an unusual amount of good work, both in prose and verse.

This is by no means always so. It happens only occasionally, yet it does happen. "Women," says Francis Jeffrey, "cannot do everything, nor even everything they attempt. But what they can do, they do, for the most part excellently—and much more frequently with an absolute success, than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex." Still, even a woman can often do more than she is willing to attempt, and in the women's college magazines it is not, usually, that the work in itself is not good, but that not enough is attempted.

In the *Columbia Lit* is an interesting essay on "The Gruesome in Literature," and *à propos* of that, in the *Williams Lit* are some verses called, "Crow Song," verging on the gruesome, yet without a touch of morbidity or unpleasantness. In the same magazine is a very well-written essay on "Francois Villon—Poet and Vagabond."

The *Yale Lit* has surpassed its usual high standard, this month, and in both prose and verse is especially readable.

Among the stories, "The Unbidden Guest" is exceedingly well done, and a poem called "The Awakening" deserves special notice, for the successful accomplishment of an ambitious attempt.

In the *Nassau Lit* is an interesting essay on "Some Literary Smokers," and a poem, "The Dream God," unfortunately too long to clip here.

We quote these two bits of verse :

THE FOOL IN LEAR

I see brown leaves a-blowing.
Sing all ! Sing all ! this merry lay.
I see black cloud-streams flowing,
And these, alack ! must end the play,
For one shall sleep at the dawn of day,
And one shall sleep at the eve,
But I shall sleep at the burning noon,
We three—sweet sleep receive !

It's sleep that knows no waking,
One long gloom-nap we're taking,
And a poor Fool's heart is breaking :
Sweet sleep receive !

H. A. CALLAHAN in the *Yale Lit*.

CONTENTMENT

This life is sweet though we have lost the rose,
And what care we, that into darkness goes
The little space that's left to you and me ?

Not all the beauty vanished with the spring,
For new joys rise while other charms take wing,
The day was bright ? Lo, stars light up the sea.

F. J. H. SUTTON in the *Nassau Lit*.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Editors of the MONTHLY have received several letters complaining that there was so little news in the Alumnæ department. We are very sorry if this is the case, as it is our aim to keep the graduates of Smith as much in touch with each other as possible, and to that end we put in every scrap of news that we can lay our hands upon. It is a source of great joy and thanksgiving to the Alumnæ Editor when she can cut the leaves of the new magazine and see with pride, three or four pages devoted to her department. But this is not always possible.

The Alumnæ probably have no conception of the difficulty in procuring news. The Editor is continually writing letters soliciting it, but frequently those to whom she applies have no news to send. The class secretaries are very good in lending their assistance but their stock of information is soon exhausted.

The only way in which we can make this department fuller, is for each Alumna to take it upon herself to keep the MONTHLY informed of the movements of herself and her friends. We make this appeal with all earnestness and we hope that the Alumnæ of Smith will sympathize and co-operate with us in our desire to make the Alumnæ department more successful and interesting than it has ever been. It is in their hands: for through them and through them alone can it be done.

We wish to say also that we shall not only welcome news, but it will give us great pleasure to hear from the Alumnæ on any subject which is of interest to them. Our columns are always open to the discussion of any question which concerns the welfare of our Alma Mater and her daughters.

EDITOR.

CHRISTODORA HOUSE

Thanksgiving week at the Young Women's Settlement was celebrated by three suppers, given to the members of three of the clubs. The preparations were watched with the keenest interest, and at any hour of the day dozens of children might be seen standing in the cold, with their noses flattened against the basement windows. They knew that special festivities were being prepared for them and they were not going to miss a whiff of it. Every time a worker stepped outside the door she was besieged by a score or more, clamoring, "When is it going to be open? Must we fix up like going to a party? Are we going to have turkey? Won't it be grand!" The excitement was none the less when the appointed time came and the children, singing their club song, marched into the room to enjoy for once in their lives a genuine

Thanksgiving supper. It was an inspiration to watch their enjoyment and to realize how very little it takes to win a child.

The work among the children is in some respects the most encouraging ; for every helping hand held out to them now, means a girl saved from a street life. In this ward, less than a mile square, there are fifty-one thousand women, twenty-five thousand of whom are working girls under twenty years of age. Most of them have worked since they were eleven or twelve years old, in sweat shops, tobacco and pencil factories ; and their worn faces and stooping shoulders, tell tales of close rooms, lack of proper food and back-breaking machines. After these girls leave their work at night, it is only to go home to a dark tenement house where often large families of eight or ten are crowded into two rooms, which must serve for kitchen, dining-room, store-room, living and sleeping-rooms. It is in such a place that we expect the tired working girl to rest and enjoy a quiet evening at home. In conversation with many girls, not one has admitted that it was possible to spend the evening at home. The only refuge is the street, where the air is good and there is plenty of room. One can hardly blame a young woman if, in her weariness, she goes to the saloons, every one of which have some sort of room fitted up for women where they may spend a social evening.

But the physical and social needs are not the only ones. The girls around Avenue B. have the same ambitions for something better that their more fortunate sisters in the Colleges have. One girl, a member of the Young Women's Club, supports herself on four dollars a week, and studies nights, hoping in some way to go to college. The life on the street gives these young women an education, not to be despised ; for it makes them keen, self-reliant and practical. Of all the scores of young women that have visited Christodora House, not one has been unresponsive, to any appeal made by the workers, to her physical, social, intellectual, or spiritual life.

One must be in residence at the Settlement to see the wonderful changes in the lives of the young women. It is the most inspiring work in the world ; because there are such definite proofs every day, of the power of God in solving social problems that perplex the minds and burden the hearts of all those who desire to live not unto themselves but for the good of the world.

Christodora House.

BERTHA CONCDÉ '95.

The Western Massachusetts Alumnæ Association held their annual dinner in November at Springfield. About fifty were present and Mr. Hamilton Mabie gave an address before the dinner.

The officers of the New York Association, as elected for this year, are as follows : Mrs. Grace James Adams, President ; Mrs. Nina Fiske Paris, Vice-President ; Miss Anne Safford, Secretary ; Miss Elsie Tieman, Treasurer.

The Chicago Association will hold informal receptions the first Saturday in every month at 70 Bellevue Place.

Senior pins may be obtained by applying to Miss Knox, Registrar. The price of the pin is four dollars.

- '82. Eleanor R. Larrison is teaching in the Lake View School, Chicago, Ill.
 Mary B. Daniels has returned to Osaka, Japan. She taught there for seven years, first in a boys' school, later she severed her connection with the school and only taught in the evenings. At the same time she undertook, with the aid of another woman missionary, to establish a Christian meeting-place in a part of the city where there were no churches. They held services there every Sunday and had entertainments at intervals. At these times, as is possible in Japanese houses, the whole front of the house would be thrown open to the street. In this way the curious passers-by were interested, and gradually a large congregation was gathered together. During Miss Daniels' absence the work has been kept up and she will undertake it again on her arrival in Japan.
- Nina E. Browne attended the Second International Library Conference in London, July 13-17, and spent the rest of the summer travelling in England and Scotland.
- '84. Sally H. Delano's address is changed to 155 Madison Ave., New York.
 Fannie A. Allis is teaching at Temple Grove Seminary at Saratoga Springs.
 Helen M. Sheldon's address is changed to 1550 Lill Ave., Chicago.
 Mrs. Martha C. Bryant's address is corner Powell and Beacon Streets, Longwood, Mass.
- '85. Elizabeth Cheever was married Nov. 23rd. to Dr. Leonard Wheeler of Worcester, Mass.
- '86. Annie Russel Marble has edited "Heroes and Hero Worship."
- '87. Eleanor Lord is teaching in the Woman's College in Baltimore.
 Hannah Belle Clark took the degree of Ph. D. at Chicago University last winter. She has been on a bicycle trip through England this last summer.
- Elizabeth D. Pinkerton, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses, is Assistant Superintendent of the hospital at North Adams, Mass.
- Annie Van Kirk has been appointed Superintendent of the Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York, where she has been Assistant Superintendent for the past year.
- Helen W. Shute, with her sister Mary A. Shute, is studying Psychology at Göttingen. They spent the summer in Norway.
- The Class of '87 held its tenth Anniversary Reunion during last Commencement. Of the fifty-one who graduated, eighteen were present. The Senior Class Roll was called, the members present responding to their names by telling any facts of interest about themselves. For the absentees, friends responded in the same way. In this way it was discovered that one member of the class is a school superintendent; one a proprietor of a young ladies' boarding school; sixteen are teachers; ten are married; six are living at home; one is a business woman; one is a physician; two, trained nurses; and two are studying abroad.

- '88. Isabel Eaton is studying Economics at Barnard.
- '91. Flora Osgood is teaching in the Lake View School, Chicago.
Grace Rand is teaching in the Lake View School, Chicago.
Matilda Wilder (Mrs. M. S. Brooks), has moved to Holyoke, Mass., as Mr. Brooks has charge of the French and German in the Holyoke High School.
Mabel Leverens was married at her home "Mt. Carmel," Kalamazoo, Mich., to Mr. James Bird Balch of that city, Sept. 7, 1897.
- '92. Anna L. Morse is taking the senior year course at the Library School in Albany.
- '93. Helen Langley Putnam was married Nov. 6, to Mr. James Kingsley Blake, in Salem, Mass. She will live in New Haven, where her husband is a lawyer.
- '94. Letitia Moore is studying Comparative Religion in Paris.
- '95. Annie S. Kitchell is studying German in Göttingen.
Katherine Garrison was married on Oct. 23rd. at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., to Mr. Charles D. Norton. They will live in Chicago.
Cecilia A. Sherrill is taking the Senior Year Course at the Library School, Albany, N. Y.
Augusta M. Madison has begun her third year of study at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary.
- '97. Harriet Isabelle Cutler was married to Mr. Everett Nexsen Blanke, Dec. 15th, by the Rev. Paul van Dyke, at Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.
Lucy Stoddard is taking a post graduate course at the New York University.

BIRTHS

- '92. Mary L. Crehore (Mrs. Frederick Bedell Ithaca, N. Y.) A daughter, born Oct. 13.
- '95. Grace Wolcott (Mrs. Frank Duryea.) A second son born in July.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Among the interesting problems of the day, few are of more living interest than those of the various sciences, both social and physical. New discoveries may at any time change our entire way of looking at things. The desire of the human race for something new is evidenced by the zeal with which all these new problems and discoveries are taken up and made a part of the already existing store of knowledge. It is well for every student to get some idea of at least one of the different branches of Physical and Natural science, before leaving college, if for no other reason than to keep abreast with the vital interests of the present.

That Smith, in comparison with other colleges and universities, is well equipped for the pursuance of scientific study, is beyond doubt. The college has added a department of Physics this year, and has been to the expense of fitting up a very good physical laboratory, which is on the third floor of Lilly Hall. The Chemical department has all the necessities and many of the conveniences of a well equipped working laboratory. For the study of Botany there are the green houses, the gift of Mr. Lymann, representing the flora of tropical and temperate regions, and the beds of flowers and shrubbery, ponds and rockeries, each devoted to certain groups of flowers. Thus a comprehensive idea may be gained of all the main branches of the flora of the world. The study of Zoölogy is not all cricket-catching on the campus meadow, (as might be supposed from the zeal with which these devotees search there each October); nor is there any truth in the report of a complaint from the Northampton spinsters of the loss of their favorite tabbies. All science is a study of the beautiful, for Nature is the sower of all beauty. It is quite possible that to the scientist in any branch, his work is as much of an art to him as music is to the musician.

That much interest has been awakened among the girls in both Zoölogy and Botany is shown by the fact that both departments were obliged to turn away as many as twenty girls this year, simply from lack of room. The increase in numbers was greater than expected as a result of the steady growth of the college. The departments are all crowded for room, and it is to be hoped that this evil will soon be remedied by the materializing of the new scientific building, promises of which have been circulating for some time.

Mention should be made of the scientific library, which, beside containing the best books of reference, takes many of the leading scientific periodicals, the numbers of some extending back to the beginning of their publication. In these a record can be found of all the research and discovery in these lines for the past half century or so. Our scientific library is frequently a source of surprise to visitors from other colleges.

In selecting studies then, it is well to consider the facilities afforded for pursuing them. Certainly some department of science should attract every Smith girl.

RUTH M. HUNTINGTON '99

The "About College" Department of the MONTHLY aims to express the opinions of the Undergraduates concerning college matters, as well as to give an account of what the students do, and what is done for them. It does not wish to be merely an elaborated calendar. The course of events is given in the calendar proper. What the "About College" Department wishes to stand for is a running commentary (on college affairs both great and small), from the point of view of the students. To do this, the articles should be written by girls in all the four classes; by girls who make no professions to be literary, as well as by those whose work is seen in the other pages of the MONTHLY; in fact, by any and every girl who has some definite opinion not before expressed, which she thinks should be brought before the college at large; anything she wishes to criticise, to admire, to argue about; any side of college life which she thinks should be emphasized; any tendency she thinks to be unhealthy or injurious.

We sincerely hope that the girls will use this department as a means of expressing such opinions, and we ask that the girls will contribute such articles unsolicited. We would also ask that girls who wish to see a subject written up, but do not feel competent, or have not the time, to write the article themselves, would suggest it to the editor or write the subject on a slip, and leave it in the editors' room in the Old Gymnasium.

The decision of the Faculty that the musical clubs should give only one concert during the year, was made in order to lighten the strain of work on the members.

It would seem that the work had been too seriously considered.

Each member by joining one of the clubs expresses an interest in music and a willingness to work in that line. The conditions upon which the clubs are conducted are well known to those who try for vacancies in the fall, and the fact that comparatively few have ever felt obliged to resign their membership would seem to prove that to the members in the past at least, the work has not seemed too great.

The clubs furnish many students an opportunity to keep up their practice, in some degree, in music which they enjoy, but which from a lack of incentive, would otherwise be neglected. To them such work is a recreation. It is most natural to suppose that all who feel it to be a strain and an interference in their College work would not continue on the clubs. The additional work that one concert brings falls in the preceding week or ten days. Then there are extra rehearsals and a certain tension or feeling of responsibility, which, however, is concentrated in the leaders and managers, and effects but in a slight degree the individual members. But with the exception of these ten days, a concert does not increase the work, while it gives much more pleasure in the rehearsals, because of the greater variety of music needed.

Wishing to gain some real benefit from the change from two concerts to one, one of the clubs decided to hold but one rehearsal a week. The trial was

made, but was not successful. One hour a week of practice did not suffice to keep the instruments together, in good working order, and it was forcibly impressed upon the music committee that unless the plan of two rehearsals a week was again adopted, the club would not be in a condition to play at the one concert even. The members themselves felt this, and acknowledged that the benefit and pleasure of playing together were most important, in keeping their work up to the standard, which would alone satisfy them as a club. Hence it has seemed impossible to lighten the work as far as the regular rehearsals are concerned, and still keep the club satisfactory, and one to which the students will wish to belong, and for which they will be willing to work.

But this decree of "one concert a year," will be felt and regretted by others than those on the clubs. The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs have by their concerts been enabled to help other associations which now look forward to and count upon these gifts. The clubs themselves need a certain amount for current expenses, and this can be taken from the proceeds of the one concert; but either the College Settlements or the Students' Building Fund, or both, must be disappointed, as they can not be helped by the clubs now as they have been in the previous years.

At the same time that it was considered better for the members that there should be only one concert, it was also decided that students having conditions should not be allowed to play on the clubs. This rule must be looked upon by all as perfectly just and consistent, but would seem to do away with the necessity of making a real condition that which is as yet only a suggestion;—that Freshmen can not be members of any of the clubs. Surely no other member of College would have more spare time to give to such work than an unconditioned Freshman, and it is upon the entering class that the clubs depend to replace the loss of the Senior members of the year before.

Such a rule would seriously cripple and endanger the future of the musical clubs of Smith College.

ESTELLA ELIZABETH PADGHAM '98

CALENDAR

- Dec. 18, Southwick House and Delta Sigma Dance.
- 22, Christmas Recess begins Wednesday noon.
- Jan. 6, Christmas Recess ends Thursday morning.
- 12, Lawrence House Dance.
- 13, Kenisal Concert.
- 15, Meeting of the Alpha Society.

The
Smith College
Monthly

January = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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**THE AMERICAN COLLEGE*

“The American College in American Life” is the fourth book on college subjects which the President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College has given to the public. Besides these, his numerous articles in the journals are always welcome to those who follow in any measure the literature of higher education. President Thwing never writes at random. His writings are all illustrations of the thesis he often defends, that education should place itself in contact with life. In this volume he returns once more to this theme. The book aims “to bring the American college into closer relationship with American life, and—so far as may be—to bring American life into a more vital touch with the American college.” It at least succeeds in bringing to light more clearly than has perhaps been done in any previous book the intimate connection with life which has always been the characteristic of the American college. On this subject the book is a treasury of material. In some parts the mass of material seems almost too abundant. Lists of members of the Supreme Court who have been college graduates are doubtless not amiss, but fifteen pages devoted to the influence of

* The American College in American Life, by Charles Franklin Thwing. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897.

English University life on Coleridge, Newman, Ruskin and others, while certainly of great interest, bears only indirectly and by comparison on the subject of American college influence. It seems, however, invidious to criticise this in a book of which every other part drives as straight toward its mark as a rifle ball.

Leaving now the limits of a formal review, the book may serve to suggest the discussion of certain college matters.

All are aware that the growth in numbers of college students has surpassed that of the population. In 1830 the country had about 4,000 students, or one to 3,210 of the population. Now there are 46,474 students, or one to 1,347 of the population. This is more than twice the proportion of sixty years ago. While the population has grown four and a half times, the number of college students has increased ten fold. Of present students, one fifth are women. Equally rapid has been the advance in the grade of college work. An English traveller is quoted as saying of Princeton at the close of the last century, "Like all other American colleges I ever saw, it better deserves the title of a grammar-school than of a college." Up to this time the curriculum had not advanced much beyond its position at the founding of Harvard. In 1779 the Freshman course at Yale was Virgil, Cicero, Greek Testament and Arithmetic. Even much later, let us add, one strongly suspects that the early age at which some men famous in American history were graduated was due to the elementary nature of the course quite as much as to their superior ability. It was not until this century that the course began to broaden. Chemistry was introduced at Yale in 1804, but laboratories were not open for students till 1842. The first professorship of history was established at Harvard in 1839, though the subject had been taught before. The first introduction of economics was at Harvard in 1820. The broadening of the college course advanced, at first slowly, but of late years with a rapidity which, though the author does not here note it, is raising a grave problem. How shall we relate this vast body of subjects to the purpose of the college? Moreover, what is the purpose of the college?

American colleges have grown out of the exigencies of American life. The question of their purpose is one of fact, not of theory. President Thwing presents exceedingly interesting material for its answer. He gathered from a large class answers to the question, Why did you come to college. A typical answer

is, "I came to college to prepare myself for my life work by getting a broader education, and also to develop myself along the mental, moral and physical lines for which the college offers the best chance." This shows that the student's ideal corresponds fairly well with that of the educator. The American college is to fit for the American life. Its object is not to make teachers or preachers or specialists, but to make men and women who shall bear to any work in life the two essentials of a high civilization, character and culture. Herein lies, what the author implies but does not discuss, the difference between the college and the university and professional school. This distinction is of increasing importance in understanding educational problems.

By what means does the college accomplish this broad fitting for life? The two main influences of the college are along the lines of instruction and personality. The author might have called attention to the fact that it is the conscious aim of the college to make its curriculum contribute to broad culture. The value of any single course consists of two things, the discipline and expression of thought and the gaining of specific information. In some courses one will preponderate and in some the other, but probably no college teacher remains satisfied unless both are represented in his work. That this is increasingly true is further evidence that the college is alive to its mission of the creation of a broad and practical character.

The author throws his emphasis on the influence of personality, and very striking is the collection of tributes to its power which he has gathered. A college president is quoted as saying, "The best thing a college, as a rule, does for a young man, is to bring him into contact and under the inspiration of other men of a higher type than he is otherwise likely to meet." An editor said, "The best thing which Williams College did for me was to bring me within the scope of Dr. Mark Hopkins's inspirational teaching." A graduate of Amherst writes, "The one influence in my college life to which I owed more than to anything else, was the personal pressure upon me of Professor Julius H. Seelye, afterwards President Seelye." Still more strong in some cases is the student influence. Dr. Storrs said, "I think the best thing I found in college was the intimate contact with the fine minds of classmates. I shall never cease to be grateful for the educating influence thus received." Certainly one of the most ennobling memories of college life, as one looks back upon it, is its noble friendships.

Aside from instruction and personality, there is noted the value of the opportunity for general reading. Of Emerson his son said, "What I believe he thought of as valuable in the college was just what he had found there; the cloistered life, with the freest access to books, no outside exacting duties, and the chance to meet a very few good or strong men among the professors or students." For many a less famous person it is also true that the most valuable college instructor is the library. Still, with all these helps, some students do not come to what President Thwing happily calls their second intellectual birth while at college. Dr. Holmes did not, nor George Ticknor, nor John Randolph. The author is probably correct in the suggestion that such cases are usually because the student is too young to profit by the college course.

There are two phases of these questions of influence which the author does not touch. One is the problem of college social life. True, in men's colleges the problem is practically non-existent. There is little or no formal social life. The present writer remembers the rather rare case of a large university whose president gave weekly receptions. A few of the faculty might be found there. Now and then a student attended regularly to educate the social in himself. A few other students went occasionally. The great mass of them never went, and probably never contemplated going. And yet the President was a personal power with the students, even though they did not attend the receptions. Happily the power of personality does not depend on much personal acquaintance. Still, there are colleges where a more or less formal social life is an important element. Such colleges may consider themselves happy, as meeting on one more side the broad fitting for life. American life is not yet in danger of yielding too much homage to the social graces. But members of such a college must remember that personal influence is far more pervasive than the limits of formal social life.

The second phase of college influence is connected with that of general reading. The greatest danger of devoting much time in college to general reading is now the large number of second-rate books which the student without guidance is likely to read. Mark Hopkins read "all the books" on the subject of metaphysics "which he could find in the college library." No student of a college with a library of any value could now do that. Read-

ing now needs expert guidance almost as much as class-room work ; and the guidance should usually be in the light of the motto for reading of one English author, "*Non multa sed multum.*" With all the attractions of reading, however, no one ever repents having given the first attention to the class-room work. Perhaps of more value than even reading in college are the plans for future reading which studies open up. It is of increasingly great advantage to know the best literature on any subject. If one can say, "Within five years' time, I hope to read such and such books for such and such reasons," life is at least not empty of hopes and ambitions.

American colleges have prevailingly recognized the close connection of the ethical and religious with the intellectual. Nearly all, except the State universities, were begun under distinct religious impulses. The State universities are also Christian, because the civilization they represent is Christian. The manifestation of religion in the college has been in accord with the methods of the time and of the ecclesiastical body with which the college was affiliated. Forty years ago Professor Tyler wrote, "No class has ever yet left Amherst college without witnessing a powerful revival of religion." That phase has largely passed away. The revival has disappeared from the college largely because of a new emphasis on religion as permanent life, in a way which "does not lend itself to the methods of the revival." It ought also to be added that, for the same reason, the revival is on the wane outside of college. It indicates a pathological condition. If the religious life of a community were normal, it would grow continuously like a tree, and need no revivals. A hopeful thing in the religious life of colleges is, not that they have no revivals, but that the religious life in them grows so quietly and so strongly that it does not need revivals, more than a well man needs a surgeon.

The author makes one statement that may be true at present, but ought not to and cannot represent a permanent condition. He states as one cause of the decadence of the revival, "a doubt on the part of many college officers of the truth of certain specific Christian doctrines." "Many doubt, for instance, whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch ; or perhaps I may say that most college officers believe that he did not write it. But there is no doubt among most college men that the Bible is in a special sense the book of God. There is a good deal of doubt as to certain

statements which are made in many creeds; but there is no doubt among most college people as to the fundamental principles underlying the statements of the creeds. But because of the current doubt of the more evident statements, college teachers hesitate to talk personally with their students on religious subjects." As though personal religion depended in the slightest upon the authorship of the Pentateuch, or on views of the sectarian or metaphysical statements of creeds! It is a significant indication of the confused state of present religious thinking if this can be true of those whose profession it is to think clearly. Certainly it represents only a transitory and transitional period.

The whole effect of college teaching is ethical, but can religion be taught in college? The author rightly insists that "the college is not so much to teach christianity as to be christian." It will "cause christianity to make the proper appeal to the human reason." But also, it seems to us correctly, he holds the right of "instruction in the content of christianity." "The Old Testament is quite as worthy of study, as embodying the history of a people which has supremely influenced the world, as many parts of the early history of Rome. The ethical and religious teachings of Paul's Epistles, too, are quite as well worth reading for their intellectual value as the epistles of Seneca." We think that when people distinguish between sectarian dogma and christian truth, the question whether religion can be taught in college will no longer be asked. Can art be taught in college? In one sense, no; but art criticism and history can be taught. Can the true scientific attitude be taught? No, not directly; but things may be taught which will help the student to take for himself that attitude. Can religion be taught? Again, no, not directly, for religion is the attitude of the soul toward God. But the greatest religious classic, the Bible, can be taught; the history of religious thought can be taught. Religion may be taught in the college in the same sense in which art or the scientific attitude may be. We wish President Thwing had emphasized this thought, which certainly underlies some passages, for the teaching of religion is far too commonly identified with the teaching of the dogmas of creeds. The introduction of religious teaching in this broad sense will be, we think, one of the great changes of the college in the future.

In the past the college has been the richest gift that the country offered the poor young person. Can it continue to be so,

without too severely taxing the finances of the college itself? President Thwing estimates the increase of the cost of a college course in the past sixty years as three or four fold. About 1830 the average expense at both Harvard and Yale was about \$175. At Dartmouth it seems to have been even less, but there board "moderate but sufficient," might be had for \$1 per week. The following selection from the College Books of Harvard is interesting as to cost and kind of board: "1750, Aug. 15. Prices of Commons fixed: Bread—two pence per loaf. Dinner—five pence, one farthing. Beer—one penny a quart. Supper—three pence, one farthing. Commons to be as follows: Two sizzes of bread in the morning, one pound of Meat at Dinner, with sufficient sauce & half a pint of Beer: & at night, That a Part Pye, be of the same quantity as usual, & also half a pint of Beer, and that the supper Messes be of four Parts, tho' the dinner Messes be of six." Bread, Meat and "Pye" are all more expensive now, and even the loss of Beer does not compensate for the difference. Of course comparison of money at fixed values is not fair. An old account book in the hands of the present writer shows, for example, that in 1785 a tailor worked for 3 shillings 9 pence a day, and received 4 shillings 6 pence for "Making a Jackit," while "one stick of twist and three Buttons" cost 1 shilling. Still the increased cost of living in college has doubtless outrun the change of money value. Another element of increase has been the tuition. In 1805 at Harvard tuition was "for Seniors and Juniors, \$5.50 a quarter; for Sophomores and Freshmen, \$4.50," though this had to be doubled the following year. But even with the increase of tuition, the cost of education to the college has far outrun the increase of fees. Modern methods of education account in part for this. Harvard spends \$50,000 a year on its library. It is estimated that in twelve of the largest universities of the country, each student costs on the average each year \$245 more than the fees he pays. Obviously, the college is an immense charitable institution. Meantime, it is becoming harder for the student of moderate means to avail himself of its privileges. Are colleges becoming charitable institutions for rich mens' sons? President Thwing seems to think that they are already too much so. He advocates raising the tuition to its actual cost of \$500 a year. Those who are able to pay this fee ought to do so, while the money thus obtained would help the college to open its doors more widely to the poor stu-

dent. For the rest he urges simplicity in college life, both as an element of strength for the students and as a means of meeting the enervating effect of the tide of luxury in our country.

The charge is sometimes made that the college is out of touch with common American life. That certainly was not true of it in its early history. Of late years there may be some ground for the assertion that the scholar is too indifferent to public affairs, but it is not so true as the professional politician would be glad to have us believe. The immediate past has brought this same politician several reminders that the scholar is at least capable of learning from the sneers of his scorners. Beyond doubt the present tendency of the college is strongly to place itself in contact with life. This it must increasingly do in the future, yet without losing in the least its high ideals of scholarship or the calm reserve which can see both sides of a controversy. In the life and of it, yet above it, that is the ideal. This is the thought with which this book closes. "Life, Life, Life, that let the American college stand for, that let the American college be."

IRVING FRANCIS WOOD.

DREAD

Heart, will you cease your protesting? I heard you all along.
Did you not know that I listened, and fain would obey and be strong.

For I heard you, how you said, "Being woman, she blinds her eyes
And stands before God and her soul, and, alone in that Presence, lies."

For I heard you, how you said, "Behold, she is coward still!
Unveil the shape in your arms, and know it for good or ill!"

It is not of my will, O Heart, if I press it unseen to my breast:
Think, if I found it joy, how life were made bright by the test!

Or if I should find it—nay! bid me not name the fear—
I could rise and be glad in my strength in that hour, and shed no tear.

Ah no, it is you that I doubt. For, Heart, if it prove to be sorrow,
Would you surely break, that I die? For how should I face To-morrow?

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

THE IMP'S MATINEE

The Imp strolled out of the big summer hotel with that careless and disengaged air that meant particular and pressing business. It was very early—lunch was barely over—and he was the only person on the broad piazza. As he rounded the corner he ran against Bell-boy No. 5, a great friend of his. "Hello, Imp!" shouted No. 5, "where you goin'?" "To the theatre to buy my ticket for the play!" announced the Imp proudly. "Oh!" said No. 5, "guess I'd ruther go to the circus over at Milltown. That's to-day, too. Why don't you go there? Ev'rybody in towns' goin', except these hotel folks. Why don't you go?"

The Imp frowned. This was a tender point. "I said that I would just as soon *not* go to the circus, Jim," said he. "I *could* have went if I had liked—that is, I very nearly could. And I said that if they would *very* much rather I went to the theatre instead, and if—" here the Imp forgot his elaborate courtesy and spluttered, "if they'd stop making such a time over me because I am only seven and a quarter, and Milltown is four miles off, and Uncle Stanley is'n't here, and Mr. Jarvis says the elephant hates polo-caps, and I had a little tiny headache last week and I'm all right now—"

"Oh, well," said No. 5 soothingly, "I guess it's no great shakes of a circus. I guess the play'll be a lot better. "I—"

"Third floor, here at once!" somebody called. "Five! I say, Five!"

"That's me," said No. 5, in a surprised tone. I guess I'd better toddle off sometime to-day. So long, Imp!"

A drop of bitterness had fallen into the Imp's cup of pleasure. He had almost began to believe he preferred the theatre to the circus, and now—whatever Jim might say *he* was going to Milltown! He tramped through the little dusty town, looking at its one street of shops with undisguised contempt. This town was really very small. He extracted a quarter from his dirty little pocket-book, treasured because the parting gift of James O'Connor, and walked lightly into the small, dingy theatre. In the ticket-office stood a tall, whitefaced man, very shabbily dressed, with dark, glowing eyes that stared at the Imp uncom-

fortably; he felt like an intruder. But secure in the consciousness of virtue, he laid down the quarter with a slap on the little counter. "I would like a ticket to this theatre this afternoon," he said, politely but firmly.

"Oh!" said the man, "that's more than many would!" and he laughed unpleasantly. "You aren't patronizing the circus to-day, then?" The Imp blushed. "No, I'm not," he said faintly, "I'm paternizing this theatre instead. I—I though I'd better." The man turned away rather crossly and lit a cigar. "Go on in, then," he said, "and take your pick of seats. The crowd's not so big but that you'll get a good one."

The Imp walked through a dirty green baize door into a small theatre, quite empty. Across the stage scuttled a man with a dustpan in one hand and a wig in the other. From behind the curtain came voices pitched high, as of people quarreling. The hot sun streamed through the holes in the window shades and showed the dust and dirt and stains that covered everything. It was a distinctly dreary scene, and the Imp felt very lonely and mournful. Nevertheless he was on pleasure bent, and so he walked up to the front seat on the aisle and settled himself expectantly.

For some time nothing occurred. Then the curtain was pushed aside and a woman peeped out. As she saw the Imp's interested face beaming from the front seat in the aisle her mouth slowly opened. "Oh! Lord!" she said, and disappeared.

The Imp had never been to the theatre in his life, but he had heard it discussed. Doubtless this was the first act. He had never heard of any act that came after the fourth—Uncle Stanley said he always skipped the fourth act—so there would be but three more, in all probability. Then more heads—interesting, but brief in their stay—and then it would be over? Impossible! Twenty-five cents for that? He grew red with indignation.

A long wait, at least ten minutes, then the curtain was pulled from the other side and a man's head peered cautiously out. The Imp caught his eye and glared stonily at him. The man's mouth opened and he said with some temper, "Oh! *Darn* that circus, anyhow!" Then he disappeared. Act two. The theatre certainly left a great deal to be desired. And *darn* was a very bad word.

Then absolutely nothing happened, though the audience waited with dogged patience for twenty minutes. Finally he got up

and strolled down to the office. The man with the green eyes that looked somehow very unhappy for all he scowled so fiercely, was blowing rings of smoke through the little opening where you bought the tickets. The Imp confronted him, in injured innocence and sniffed, after the fashion of people who are too old to cry, but who will give way to tears if they are in the privacy of their mother's bedroom. "Is the theatre over?" he asked.

The man stared. "Have you been in there all this time?" he said. "Why, there isn't going to be any play, sonny. There's nobody to play to, you see."

"There's me," said the Imp.

The man coughed. "Yes, there's you," he agreed, "but I'm afraid you won't quite do. The company couldn't be expected to perform, you see, for just one k—one person. I'll give you your money back and you can go—O, go to the circus!"

This was the last straw. The Imp cast himself on the dirty floor, to the great detriment of his blouse, and wept openly. "But I *can't*!" he wailed. "I *can't* go to the circus! I promised I'd be sat-satisfied to c-come here to the th-theatre! And now there isn't any theatre! And I can't break my p-p-promise! Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

The man came out of the office and patted the Imp kindly on the shoulder. "Oh, take a brace now!" he said. "Get up and never mind. It's hard luck, I know, but you see they can't play for one boy—they simply can't. They'd like to play well enough—that's what they're here for, you see, but it wouldn't be worth while to go to all that fuss for one seat. I—I'm sorry for you, by Jove, I am! The only man who sticks by the legitimate!" And he laughed. The Imp didn't understand, but he knew the man meant well, and he didn't mind being laughed at in that spirit. He sat up and brushed his polo-cap. "I wish I was twins," he said thoughtfully, "and then I'd count for more! I wish I was a whole family!"

The man laughed again. "I wish you were," he said. The Imp turned the polo-cap around in his hands. "Would you act the theatre for ten people?" he said. The man shook his head. "I'm afraid not: it wouldn't pay."

"Would you act it for twenty people?" The man hesitated. "That's pretty small," he said, "I don't know." The Imp gasped at his own daring, but persisted. "Would you do it for thirty?" The man looked at the determined little figure in a blouse and

corduroy knee-breeches. "Why, ye-es, I guess they would," he said slowly, "that would pay the fares: I guess they would. Why?"

"Then you wait! you just wait!" begged the Imp, with the fire of resolution in his eye. "You just make 'em wait a minute. I'll be back—you just wait!" He nodded encouragingly to the astonished man and fled up the narrow, deserted street. His heart was beating hard: his tears were forgotten. He should see the theatre. Now that he knew that the two heads were not all that he had paid twenty-five cents to behold, his hopes ran high.

He panted through the drive-way and stopped to get his breath at the hotel steps. The Hungarian Gipsy Band was playing on the broad piazza, and everybody was sitting there, laughing and chatting. There were at least a hundred people there and they all sat perfectly still and stared, when a dirty little boy dashed up the steps and cried wildly at them, "Will you please to come to the theatre? Oh! *won't* you come to the theatre? Won't thirty of you come to the theatre with me?"

The Tall Young Man in white tennis flannels advanced and grinned in his kindly way at the Imp. "What's all this? What's up?" he inquired. The Imp remembered his manners and took off his red polo-cap. "How do you do?" he asked politely. The tall young man replied that he was quite well, rather better than usual in fact. "Did I understand you to invite me to the theatre?" he added. O, ceremony takes up so much valuable time! The Imp glanced behind him—had the theatre people gone? Were they tired of waiting? Then he burst into his tale.

"I paid twenty-five cents to go to the theatre, and everybody's gone to the circus, and they won't act the theatre for just me, and I paid for my ticket!"

He stopped for breath and the Hungarian Band, at a nod from the leader, stopped playing at the same moment. The Imp's face was tragic: one would have thought he was describing a scene of anguish.

"So I asked the man would he act the theatre for ten people, and he wouldn't. And I asked him would he for twenty people, and he wouldn't. And I asked him would he for thirty people, and he would. And I hurried up so much, and I hope they haven't gone, and *won't* you come? It's only twenty-five cents!"

Here the Imp sat down and fanned himself with his cap and

sobbed for pure excitement. Everybody looked exceedingly interested and Miss Eleanor, in the beautiful bright red dress, was distinctly sympathetic. "Poor little fellow!" she said softly. "Poor, tired, little Imp!"

The Tall Young Man in tennis-flannels faced the company. "My friends," he said earnestly, "we cannot neglect this appeal. Come to the theatre!"

And before the Imp could find time to be surprised, the people on the piazza burst into laughter and followed the Tall Young Man down the steps!

"They're all coming! All but old Mrs. Sampson and Mr. Reed! Every one!" he gasped, as they hurried along. "Of course they're coming, when *we* invited them!" said the Tall Young Man. "Hello! what's this?" Up the road came five, six big carryalls from the hotel across the river, full of summer people. They had horns and whistles and they made a very jolly noise. "Hallo, the Mayflower!" called the Tall Young Man. "Hallo, the Plymouth!" called back somebody from the wagons. "What's this? Sunday-school picnic?"

"Not much!" said the Tall Young Man. "This is a theatre-party, this is! It's no use going to call on the Plymouth—we're not at home! Come on to the matinee!" Then everybody laughed and somebody said, "Oh! come on!" and they scrambled out and joined the procession.

It was very gay and exciting. The pretty young women with fluffy parasols, the nice young men with flannels and knickerbockers, the fathers that vowed they'd not come a step farther, and the mothers that said, "Oh! yes! to please little Perry Stafford! He's such a dear!" If the Imp had heard, he would have been greatly surprised. But he was at the head of the procession, striding manfully along, trying to match his short brown corduroy legs to the long white flannel ones. Everything was going beautifully—better than he had dared to hope. He grew very excited, and as they passed the little church and saw a group of people in white dresses eating strawberries on the lawn he pulled the Tall Young Man's sleeve. "Ask them, too!" he whispered.

"By all means!" agreed the Tall Young Man and he strode across the lawn and talked vigorously for a moment. There was some objection. The Tall Young Man waved his hand toward the gay, laughing crowd in the rear. "Aren't we respectable

enough for you?" he demanded. "Good gracious! What do you want? Why, *I'm* going myself! Second-rate show, indeed!"

The Imp dashed up. "It *isn't* second-rate, truly!" he cried eagerly. "It's third-rate! Mr. Lee said so, when I asked to go! So there!"

Then they laughed and said, "Oh! well! if it's *third-rate*—and, lo and behold, they came along!"

The Imp conducted them to the door of the theatre and went in ahead with the Tall Young Man. Coming down the aisle were a man and woman, and at sight of the Imp and his escort they stopped and stared. The Imp recognized them as his friends of the first and second acts. "Oh, go back! go back!" he said eagerly. "There are lots of us at the theatre, now! There's lots more than thirty!" They turned and fled behind the curtain.

After a crowded session at the "box office" as the Tall Young Man called it, the procession poured in, laughing and talking. They filled the wooden settees and the four dingy boxes at the side of the stage, and then, with a burst of applause from the audience, in came the Hungarian Band! They settled themselves below the stage and as the Tall Young Man, who was busily showing people to their seats, called out in a high, cracked voice, "Ladies please *remove* their hats *in* the parquet!" they struck up the overture to *William Tell*, and the Imp felt that heaven could be only a little better than the theatre!

The people all seemed so jolly, and everybody laughed so loudly, and the Tall Young Man was so funny, as he fanned the ladies in the boxes with newspapers, and leaned over their chairs, and made opera glasses of his hands and stared down at the Imp!

"Who is that beautiful child in brown corduroy?" he asked loudly. "Who *can* that angel be? He is too valuable to be left alone!" And they all laughed—but the Imp didn't care. He was too happy. He made glasses of his hands, too, and so did the rest, and stared at the box where the Tall Young Man stood.

And then a bell struck, once, twice, and the music stopped and the curtain rose. The Imp held his breath. A beautiful lady sat all alone on a bench in a garden. "Alas!" she said in a loud voice, "What an unhappy lot is mine!" The Imp would have liked to hear more, but the people began to clap their

hands very hard and the Tall Young Man especially seemed quite beside himself with enthusiasm. The lady seemed somewhat embarrassed, but kept on with her speech, and soon the people stopped.

Then the play went on. The Imp did not understand the plot at all, he could not make out half they said, but he was deeply interested, nevertheless. He felt that he was in a way the proprietor of the thing, and he only wished his mother and Aunt Gertrude were not away up the river in a row-boat, and could see what he had brought to pass.

At one point in the play he caught his breath, for there stalked on the stage, in a big black hat and top boots, his friend who took the money for the tickets! Everybody laughed and applauded as soon as he came in, and the leader of the Hungarian Band laughed, too, and played a queer, sad, jerky music that made the Imp feel half afraid. The Band watched his violin and followed whatever he played, laughing all the time.

As soon as the man began to speak, the Imp trembled, his voice was so low and menacing. "That's the Heavy Villain, Imp dear," said Miss Eleanor, who sat by him. "Heavy?" said the Imp, curiously, "heavy? How much does he weigh? More than my Uncle Stanley?" Miss Eleanor laughed. "Oh! tons more!" she said.

After the man had talked a little, the people sat quite still. His big eyes burned and glowed, his hands trembled, and when he stepped out to the front and made a long, threatening speech and shook his fist and strode away, muttering, they burst into applause that seemed even to the little Imp to be very enthusiastic and real. They clapped so long that he came back, and stood very straight and bowed, and smiled, and one of the ladies in the boxes threw on the stage at his feet a bunch of mountain-laurel. He bent and picked it up and walked off very proudly, and after that, whenever he came on they kept very still, and applauded loudly when he went off.

The Imp didn't know that it was a poor play, poorly staged, and except for the Heavy Villain, poorly acted. He didn't know that the city people laughed at the tragic parts and sighed at the comic scenes and enjoyed the joke of being in a little dingy, country theatre more than anything on the stage. He thought that people always ate candy and pop-corn balls at theatres, and did not doubt that it was the custom to converse from the floor with the boxes between the acts.

And when it was over, and the Wicked Villain had died so naturally that the Imp was terribly frightened and hid his face in Miss Eleanor's red lap, they applauded more than ever and called the delighted actors before the curtain and threw what flowers and candy they had left at them, and the band "played them out," as the Tall Young Man in flannel said. And a fat, fussy gentleman who had absolutely refused to come to this theatre, and had only allowed himself to be led there by Miss Eleanor, rushed down the aisle and up the side steps behind the curtain. The Imp heard someone say, "He's gone to get that villain. Big piece of luck for him!"

So he fled rapidly after the fat, fussy gentleman, for the villain was his friend, and he wished to see him get a big piece of luck.

They pushed through a little crowd of men and women laughing and eating and walking about half-dressed, to a big, bare room where the Heavy Villain sat with his head on his arms all alone. The fussy gentleman trotted over to him and tapped his shoulder. "Look here," he said, "isn't this Henry Blair?" The Villain looked up. His eyes were blacker than ever. "Yes, it is," he said shortly. "Who are you?"

The fussy gentleman smiled. "I'm Sibley, of New York," he said. The Villain started up. "Sibley?" he stammered. "L. P. Sibley, the manager?"

"The very same," said the fussy gentleman, "and the man who made your father famous. What are you doing here, Blair?" The Villain blushed, "I was sick," he said, "and I got discouraged, and I got in here and we drifted along—"

"Well, you want to stop drifting and get to work," said the fussy gentleman. "You quit this traveling insane-asylum as soon as you can, and come down to me. You've got your father's talent, young man, and you want to do something with it. D'you see?"

The Villain seemed very much moved and very grateful. He seized the fussy gentleman's hand and pressed it and said he'd never forget his kindness, and other things the Imp didn't understand at all. Why so grateful at being told to get to work? Still he was glad if the Villain was, for he liked the Villain.

"Oh don't thank me—thank our friend the Imp," said the fussy gentleman quickly. "If it hadn't been for him we'd none of us have come near the place. It's his show." Then the Villain seized the Imp and blessed him and as the gentleman's back was

turned just then, actually kissed him! "What's the matter?" said the Imp as he wiped his cheek, "do you feel bad?" and remembering the Villain's advice to him when he was groveling on the floor, he patted his head kindly, "Come, take a brace!" he said in a fatherly way.

So they laughed and went away, the fussy gentleman and the Imp, and Miss Eleanor was waiting for them, and they walked home together, the Imp very tired, but O! very, very happy!

The people had told his mother about it and she was half reproachful and half amused, as she often was. "Perry Scott Stafford, how did you ever dare to do it?" she said.

Before he could answer, the Tall Young Man in white flannels spoke for him. "Why, Mrs. Stafford, he is a public benefactor!" said this jolly young man. "It is entirely owing to the untiring zeal of the Imp, ladies and gentlemen," turning to the people generally, "that we have been enabled to enjoy this finely staged, beautifully interpreted melodrama. He shall have a vote of thanks. Three cheers for the Imp!"

And the Imp, terribly embarrassed at such public mention, endeavored to hide behind his polo-cap, and finally ran up the stairs followed by the cheers and his mother.

On the landing stood Bell-boy No. 5. "Play good?" he inquired, as they passed. The Imp turned a beaming face to his friend in uniform. "Oh! Jim! he said, "the circus isn't *in* it with the theatre!"

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

KIPLING'S INDIA

To few of us, alas! is it given ever to know as much about anything in the world, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling knows about India. And India is not an easy thing to know about. "A difficult thing is a true joy;" so it is written, and the writing is true. But we sometimes make a mistake and substitute a possessive pronoun there for the indefinite article, and say, "My difficult thing is my true joy." Now this is not always so. The equation is always impersonal, and this is a case where adding the same increment to both sides does not always bring the same result. It is just as likely to read, "My difficult thing is your true joy," and thus might Mr. Kipling render it to the lovers of his India. That which he gives so freely, he has toiled

and suffered for, and like most knowledge, his has been paid for in blood and tears. The note of sadness is rarely absent from his writings, although it is perhaps the thing that we discover last, and look for least. Back of all Indian life there lies a great tragedy, and so it lies in the background of all that Mr. Kipling has written of it. We may hear the tinkle of the mandolin and tambura, and the voice of Ameera singing to her man-child, and the sound of ill mirth in the house of Lalun, daughter of Lilith; but through and under it all rings the wail of the hopeless many, for whom is not the sound of the lute, or mirth either evil or good, or aught that is, save only pain and heat and death.

“ I have written the tale of our life,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
Ye know what the jest is worth.”

There is a terrible sophistication to India, which Kipling feels and presents. The oldest civilization in the world, her children seem to have a head start upon life and experience. From their cradles, they are old, disillusioned, having knowledge of good and evil. They have been to the end of the world and looked over the wall, they have seen the Thing Too Much. In this light India is the Sphinx of civilization, “a stern, colossal image with blind eyes,” awaiting dumbly its Pentecost of speech. And Kipling, from a foreign land and in a foreign tongue, through his great sympathy has become her oracle.

This side of India, its mystery and its impenetrableness, is most emphasized in the *Life's Handicap* stories. In most of these he deals with the horrible or the supernatural, and tells in concrete circumstance what elsewhere he suggests in atmosphere. There is something almost Gothic in his conceptions of things; he sees points and corners instead of flowing curves. His parallel goes only a little way, however, for Gothic implies the grotesque, and Kipling's mixture of the uncomely with the comely is not that. It produces not the shock as of Death among the dancers, only an appreciation of the artistic necessity for contrast, which yet need not contradict. The grotesque, while always the interesting, is not always the true. And Kipling is true first of all. He is the priest of the God of Things as They Are, even before he is the prophet of the God of Things as They Should Be.

The picturesque in life appeals to him, but he is no reporter,

no sensation-monger. He sees things in proportion, and puts them together as he sees them; he reproduces high lights and shadows where they are, with no over-emphasis of his. Horrible things from his pen have a compelling power that can be felt for those of no other author. His power lies in two things: the strong emotional quality in his style, and his suppression of details. In the *Return of Imray* and *The Mark of the Beast* and *Bertram and Bimi*, for example, we feel that the thing means as much to him as it does to us, and that the horror he feels is no artificial inducement to sympathetic sensation on our part, but a genuine emotion on his. Suppression of details marks his power over Poe's. Poe tells everything he can. He pumps dry the well of remembered sensation, and offers us a madman, psychologically dissected. Imagination can add nothing to his diagram of emotion, and the result is a picture uniform in color, all intense red, or sombre black. But Kipling, like a good dramatist, lets half the action go on off the stage; but instead of the narrated element, which is the latter's convention, he leaves it to the reader's flattered imagination to supply the rest. Or, with consummate art, he makes Hans Breitman tell the horrifying story of the orang-outang, in what is perhaps the cheapest of low-comedy dialects. Now this is realism—the method if not the matter—not that slide from an intellectual or emotional biograph which certain latter day writers would have us believe it to be, but something greater, which forces us instinctively to say of Kipling's work, "This is true talk."

But I have dwelt over long on background and atmosphere. Kipling's work is strictly figure pieces. He is past master in the proper study of mankind. The social units of his India are three—the native, the English resident, and Tommy Atkins.

The native we see in various humble characters, as bazar merchant, servant, priest, hill-man, ayah or coolie; but of the Begum and the Rajah and the other great ones, about whom Macaulay, delighting always in rank, loves to tell us, Kipling says not a word. He is too fond of resolving human nature into its elements for that; the process is simplest, far down the social scale.

But nothing can be called exactly simple that has to do with the native Hindoo. His ways are past finding out. Combined with blind fatalism, he has abject superstition; with the wisdom of Proverbs, the intellect of a child. He is sublimely egotistic;

gratitude he knows not; truth he holds in contempt, as the refuge of the uninventive; and in all matters ethical he is as indifferent as a faun. There is the charm of the incomprehensible about a totally unusual person. The native is almost to be considered in a state of innocence—like those adepts in Buddhism who have become superior to discrimination between good and evil—save that his unerring pursuit of the latter would seem to suggest intelligent choice. But he is unfailingly polite and sweet-tempered, and to a personality which never allows itself to become either undignified or unpleasant, we can forgive many enormities. Anyway, we find that in spite of conventional considerations of morality, we incline quite readily to Mr. Aldrich's tolerant affection for one who is "so sweet a liar."

The English resident in India is a hybrid. He absorbs some India and loses a great deal of English, and is apt to emerge from the process a good bit worse than he went in. At least, so Kipling seems to think. We know him best at Simla—Simla with its gay and irresponsible life, with its Mrs. Hauksbees and its Mrs. Reivers, its canters out on the Jakko road and its walks to Observatory Hill; with its young subalterns leaving all too quickly its beguiling paths of pleasantness; with its light loves and its petty hates, and its fascinating, unheroic list of comedies that are only farces, and tragedies that are mere melodramas. But, charming as these stories are, they do not rank with the best of Kipling's. For they are only society sketches after all, and those have been done many times before. And yet, when all is said, their style and their setting are still Kipling's, and his golden touch removes even the most patched and sordid scraps of everyday very far indeed from the commonplace.

But that Simla and what it stands for are not all of Anglo-Indian life, he is prompt to show us. There are the brave young Englishmen, serving their queen, seeing real service and killing men before they are twenty; or men like Strickland, that Sherlock Holmes of the bazars, selling their birthrights for unwholesome knowledge of things Indian and unpleasant and desperately interesting; and the government employees, burning their lives out at Quetta till the sun dries up their reason, and like poor Hummil in *The End of the Passage*, they see Fear, and die. All this is real living. Even civilized man gets down to first principles pretty quickly when in a climate like India's he is engaged in putting down his fellow. But the primitive period has always

been also the heroic; and there is wide choice of romance and epic in East Indian life, for him who can see and tell it.

From an old childish impulse I have saved Tommy Atkins until the last, because I think he is the best. But now, I am abashed to try to say anything for him; because in his inimitable triple manifestation he says so very much for himself. "Soldiers Three" suggests not only a book no gentleman's library should be without, but also three delightful acquaintances whom nobody can afford to cut. Our memory hinges affectionately on them all:—little Ortheris, the fiery cockney, with his misplaced passions for high-priced dogs; slow Learoyd, whose occasional mixed genders and frequent p's and t's suggest the Cornishman, and big, soft-hearted witty Mulvaney, "who was a corpril wanst," and whom never woman could resist.

Our delight in the first two rises to enthusiasm for the third. No one can resist the big Irishman's kindly wink; the moralist I suppose would have to disapprove of him, and a very disagreeable officer might dislike him, but it would be impossible for anyone to be bored by him. His sense of humour is a perfect elixir. So is Kipling's for that matter; and, by the way, the fact that Mulvaney could thus be considered apart from his creator, is an eloquent comment upon Kipling's power to make personality.

But though we cannot help liking Mulvaney best, still the nicest thing about them is that there are three. Interesting persons are rare enough taken alone; to meet three at once is a privilege beyond price. Their loyalty to each other is something terrific; and is equalled only by the outward, openly-expressed contempt of each for the others. They habitually do something interesting, and their concerted action is invincible. Whether they are tattooing a high pedigree upon a mongrel pup, by a judicious application of brown paint; or turning Mulvaney into an incarnation of Krishna; or taking the town of Lungtungpen very much unarmed, they achieve equally well the success usually wrought by invention and impudence.

Kipling is certainly much to be thanked for dignifying to our imagination the British soldier; for turning him from a mere scarlet streak of force into a thoroughly enjoyable social acquisition. This indeed he can do with everything; as well for a lever in the screw of a ship or a cog in the wheel of an engine, as for a piece of the machine known as the British army. His interest is in life and personality, and he naturally translates everything into terms of humanity. And if there be any who know him

not, before whom are still the joys of a first reading, I say, haste ye to the enchanted shores of Kipling's India, and "Read there the story of Evarra—Man."

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

A SUMMER EVENING

The sun, a flaming ball of molten fire,
Has dipped below the distant mountain's rim;
And orange clouds, with brilliant crimson streaked,
Flood all the western sky, and seethe in coppery,
Fiery waves up to the very zenith.
The tiny water-pools among the rocks
Glitter and flash with many streaks of gold.
The waiting cows, before the pasture bars,
The sweet-fern bushes trample under-foot.
And spicy fragrance steals upon the air.
The katydids, in shrill and piping notes,
Assert again their plea monotonous;
While from some cool and darkening forest glade
Is borne the whippoorwill's long, plaintive cry.
From tiny hill-side cottages, that hide
'Neath broad ancestral maples towering high,
Bright lights flash out and twinkle in the gloom.
The firefly's spark is seen, and seen, is gone,
The twilight deepening to dusk, and dusk
To night, brings peace, and dreamy, sweet repose.

SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW MEXICO

One beautiful day in August while we were visiting our friend Mr. Lyons on his cattle ranch, a tall, handsome Mexican brought our horses around to the door of the low adobe ranch-house. The impatient little animals pawed and frisked while we waited for Jose to open the gate, and soon we were riding rapidly away, leaving a cloud of dust behind us.

For awhile our road lay over a broad flat mesa, dotted here and there by solitary cacti and yucca, and crossed by barb-wire fences. Once we came to a tiny stream hiding under its water-cress, as though afraid of its own boldness in daring to bring a little green and coolness into the great parched desert. Soon our pace grew slower and we wound up a steep, sandy hill. On the top we paused a moment to breathe our horses and get the

view of the valley we had left. At our feet stretched the glaring yellow mesa. Far behind we caught a glimpse of the white walls of our house hidden in a clump of giant cottonwoods, and just beyond that the little Gila River winding in and out of broad green fields of alfalfa and corn, and dense patches of trees and shrubbery. Then the mesa rolling toward the distant purple mountains closed the picture to the west. The sky was bright and cloudless.

"I have often thought," said one of our party, "that Egypt must look something like this. The Gila is the Nile with its narrow green valley and the strips of barren desert on both sides. Surely even among the pyramids one could not find more brilliancy of coloring, the sky is so very blue, the sands so tawny, and the fields such a bright, rich green."

We turned reluctantly and sped over the lonely mesa, seeing nothing but sky and sand with a rim of mountains on the horizon. The heat and the regular beat of the horses' hoofs made us drowsy, so we rode without talking, idly watching the purple shadows that hurried with us over the ground. Suddenly a view of the Gila and its green valley burst upon us again and we found ourselves descending into a region of delightful cool and shade. The valley was very narrow at this point and the fields stretched to the foot of the hill. The wind rustled pleasantly through the corn and brought the sweet odor of alfalfa from the great rippling fields. As we approached the river, our road entered a strip of woods where wild clematis and hops and mountain-ash made an impassable mass of undergrowth. The air was cool and damp and our horses' hoofs made no sound on the moist road. At the river we met a cowboy in flannel shirt and shabby sombrero. His hands were clasped upon the pommel of his saddle and he leaned forward upon them, mournfully watching his broncho drink.

"Hello! Jim, how is Geralda?" called Mr. Lyons as we halted near him. The cowboy's sunburned face flushed, as he answered, "All right, I guess," and digging his spurs into his broncho's sides he splashed through the water and disappeared behind us. "That poor fellow is another victim of the little Mexican's charms. He has evidently just been to see her."

As he was speaking, a turn in the road brought us to a gate leading into an orchard of pear and peach trees. At the end of the road stood a flat-roofed adobe house with a corral beside it. As we rode up to the door a lot of ragged, bare-footed little

Mexicans came running out to meet us, followed by a stout, soft-eyed woman who smiled and said, "Buenos dias, senora." The small boys led our horses into the corral, and while the men went in search of *Maverichio*, who was, his wife said, fixing an irrigating ditch behind the house, we entered the low doorway with our hostess and sat down upon the old stools and chair bottoms which she placed for us. My aunt knew a little Mexican and while she conversed with the woman about herbs that were beneficial for children, I looked about the room. There was no floor except the earth, beaten very smooth and worn into deep hollows before the doors, the fire-place, and near one window where an old sewing-machine stood. The adobe walls were whitewashed and decorated at the bottom with a crude border about four feet high of a simple checker pattern, evidently done in wash-bluing. Gaudy advertisements were fastened here and there on the wall, and on the mantles shelf stood a broken lamp. In one corner was a print of the Virgin in a frame of tissue paper, and on a rickety table before it, two candles in tin sticks and a bunch of paper flowers.

The children stood in the door-way watching us. After vain attempts to make them come to me, I went to the door to play with them, but they scattered laughing and chatting to each other. It was the back door at which I stood and it commanded a view of the court-yard. On my right were the outbuildings. Opposite was an irrigating ditch and a view of the pasture beyond. On my left was the kitchen. Sounds of conversation made me glance in that direction. A young man was leaning forward, his elbows resting on the window-sill and his chin in his hands, talking to a girl who sat at work within. One of the little rag-a-muffins called to her. She lifted her eyes and seeing me, rose, glancing rognishly at her companion as she did so. He scowled and slouched off, with his hands in his pockets, as the girl stepped across the yard toward me. She looked about seventeen. Her figure was slight and graceful and her face not without beauty, for her eyes were very bright and large and her smile winning and childlike. Her straight black hair was parted and coiled behind her head. She wore a brown calico dress and a little red shawl pinned across her shoulders, and her feet were bare.

Her mother called something to her and she smiled and led the way through the orchard to a small garden full of hollyhocks and sweet peas. Two or three little boys followed us and clung to

her skirts, regarding me with dark wondering eyes, but whenever I spoke to them they ran away. Geralda picked a large bunch of flowers and held them out to me, saying, "Florecita, senorita." So I wandered about with her, and we had a beautiful time making signs and smiling at each other like deaf-and-dumb people.

When the men returned we ate our lunch and then rode off, laden with flowers, while the whole family of Mexicans smiled and waved to us from the door-way.

"I never saw such polite people or such bewitching smiles," said I.

"They are polite enough," said Mr. Lyons, "but they are the laziest people in the world."

"That farm doesn't look as though it belonged to a lazy man," objected some one.

"Oh! Maverichio's a shrewd man of business. You see, this is the way it is. It's all that daughter of his. This watercourse belongs to me, but Maverichio uses it and pays me in labor in my alfalfa fields. For several years he came regularly, but then he sent men to do it for him, and I came up here to see why. There was Maverichio lounging about the place with a pipe in his mouth. His daughter was only fifteen, but all the Mexicans and negroes and a few of the white men around here were wild about her. They think she is the most beautiful creature in the world, and there are always a lot of them loafing about the house. She tells each one she will give him her answer in the autumn, and they stay here working the farm for nothing, just to be with her. That's why he has such a good farm, the lazy thing, and he is getting rich on it. The men do the work on my fields for nothing, too, because she asks them. There is nothing they won't do for her. Look at our negro, John. He used to go to town about once a month and spent his wages on whiskey. Last winter he hadn't been drunk for several months and we wondered what was the matter, until one day he came to my wife and asked her to send for some 'examples' of red silk. She did so and he gave Geralda a fine silk dress."

"How romantic!" we exclaimed.

"Yes it has a good effect on John, but it isn't good for all of them," was the answer.

"Isn't she in love with any of them?" I asked.

"It's hard to tell. Once there was a rumor that she was going

to marry a young Mexican on our ranch, but nothing came of it. I suppose Maverchio won't let her go before he can help it."

Then the conversation drifted to other subjects and my companions chatted merrily on, but again and again in the silence that fell upon us, the picture of the solitary horseman at the river rose with pathetic clearness in my mind and I thought I saw a new significance in the expression of his face when Mr. Lyons asked him about Geralda.

ELIZABETH PORTER MEIER.

SOUTHERN STORIES

I

"Well, Marse John," the old nigger began, "I done tole you many a romance, but if I ever done tole you one as fair an' true as dis here, I reckon you can sell my old mule and send me to de poor house.

"Well sar, as I was sayin', your pa, Marse John Gordon, he decide to go to de war. His father was de boss at one of dem ladies' colleges den, an' as Marse John was a mighty fine lookin' fellow, an' about de only one round de college, de gals was all pretty fond of him.

"Well, de last day, 'fore leavin', der was a grand celebration. De gals decide to give him a sword, but de trouble was which gal should do de presentin' and make de speech. De lot fell to Miss Katherine. Dey say dey tossed dice 'bout it, but I tell you right here, honey, dem dice was loaded, 'cause I was thinkin' at de time dat Miss Katherine was mighty sweet on him.

"Howeber, the sword am give and Marse John start off for de war, dat handsome an' dat brave, I was 'most afeard of him. You see, his pa gave me to him when we wan't more'n six years old an' we was brought up together, so when he start off for de war to fight for me, it wan't my place to stay home, an' I follered.

"It wan't all pleasure, boy, fightin' durin' dat long cold winter, an' many a time, it seemed like we was most done out. Often when we was marchin', I see Marse John put his hand on dat sword an' a far away look come into his eyes, an' I know he was forgettin' de cold and hunger and thinkin' of Miss Katherine.

"Once, when my feet was bleedin' wid de cold an' wet, he tore off a piece of his own shirt an' tied em up himself. He warn't so 'ticular 'bout his clothes as he was up to de college but de tears come to my eyes when he done dat.

"Often when I was lookin' tired, he'd say sort of under his breath, 'Cheer up, Obadiah', an' he'd slip a piece of tobacco into my hand, or give me a bit o' whiskey from his canteen.

"Well, one day we'd been a-marchin' steady since morning. De ground was frozen stiff an' de wind was bitin' cold. Seemed like we wan't never goin' to halt an' when we did, we couldn't do nothin' but roll up in our blankets an' throw ourselves down on de ground 'fore de bonfires.

"I don't know how long I done slept when I felt some one pokin' me in de ribs, an' I thought it must be mornin'. I waked myself up an' opened my eyes. It was black dark and I reckoned de fires had gone out.

"De snow had been fallin' and I was covered 'ceptin' for de hole where my breath come through. De snow was most as warm as a pair of blankets an' I lay right still an' tried to go to sleep again.

"Marse John giu me another poke. 'Lord, what's the matter', I say, beginnin' to get scared. 'Shut up, you nigger,' he says to me. 'I waked you cause I wanted your company. Raise up here and look about you. Look at de heaps of snow in every direction. I say nigger, did you ever see anything so wonderful and so awful.' I shuddered an' de cold sweat come out on my face. As far as we could see der wan't notin' but heaps of snow, lookin' like new made graves an' de regular breathin' of de sleepin' camps made it seem like a livin' cemetery. I ain't ashamed to say I was scared, Honey, an' I sat there shiverin' like my last day 'ud come. 'Look up,' says Marse John kind o' sudden, an' I look up dat quick spectin to see a devil or an angel, or de Lord knows what. But der wan't nothin' but de stars, hndreds, thousands, all hangin' in de blue depths of the sky. Den Marse John put his hand on his sword an' de far away look come into his eyes and I know he was thinkin' of dat gal.

"'I been dreamin', Obadiah,' he says, 'and I thought I was home in my own room, an' she was settin' side of me, 'fore de cracklin' logs of de fire, an' I waked you cause I was—— Oh I am a fool.' He was talkin' to himself now. 'I'm a fool, and dats de whole of it. D—— dis life, any way,' he says, and I say 'Amen.'

"He did'n notice me but went on sort o' quiet like. 'I can see her now, standing 'fore me an' blushing an' givin' me de sword. Lord, but she was pretty.' Reckon his voice was uncommon weird in de stillness of de night. De snow was so soft you

couldn't even hear de footsteps of de patrol. I was shiverin' an' my teeth was chatterin' worse an worse, and it seemed most like I could feel my eyes poppin' out of my head. I couldn't see nothin' 'ceptin' now and den de patrol as he passed near us. Twice I heard de voice of de men as dey changed watch at de hour stroke. Seemed like de night wouldn't never wear away.

"At last, of a sudden, I looked up, an' I see de dawn slowly streakin' across the eastern sky. 'De Lord be praised,' I said, an' clean done out, I fell back on de snow and closed my eyes.

"When I looked up, Marse John was writin'. He'd took a note book out of his pocket, and dere in de pale light, 'tween darkness and daylight, he wrote dat gal a letter, an' he tole her of de camp life, de good times an' de bad, de danger, de hunger an' de death.

"An' just as he was finishin' de reveille sounded, for it was mornin', an' time to begin de march again.

"In a minute de snow mounds all rose up together, becomin' livin' bein's, an' de camp become a livin' stirrin' place, an' it seemed most like de resurrection. Lord, Honey, I ain't never forgot dat night.

"Well,—it wan't long after dat, 'at Marse John was wounded. A bullet struck his leg, an' he wouldn't be livin' to-day, if it wan't for de rain fallin' on his brow an' bringin' him to. Den what did I do Honey? Why dere wan't nothing for me to do 'ceptin' to take care of him, an den, first chance I could, I got some white fellow to write a letter for me an' I says:

MISS KATHERINE:

Marse John am wounded an he love you like a brother, an' if ye want him, ye better come to him er he'll die.

Yer obedient servant,

OBADIAH JOHNSON.

"An' did she come? Lord, chile, she come a runnin'. Trust your ma for dat, she ain't de lazin' hand, an' she was de savin' of his life. I can see her now a workin' round so natural like, an' de happy look on his face, though I know he war sufferin' like—No, I didn't say nothin' Honey; I reckon I done sweared off dis long time.

II.

"You want to know why dey call me Job? It's funny I ain't never told you 'bout dat. Ye see, I ain't never been baptized, least not as I remembers, but Marse John always called me Ob, or Obie, an' Miss Ruth, Marse John's ma, she called me Obadiah.

"I was right slow sort o' nigger an' not much for workin'. Miss Ruth used to call me the most everlastin'est lazy feller she ever see'd. I reckon as I wan't good for nothin' else, dats de reason dey gin me to Marse John.

"Der was one thing I wan't no fool at, and dat was catchin' a possum. Der wan't a nigger in de county as sure at catchin' a possum as me.

"Well, one day, I hears Marse John an' one o' dem Yankee friends o' his just goin' it 'bout me. Marse John says I was de best nigger in six counties an' he stood up for me every time. 'He ain't no good,' de Lieutenant says, 'an' I'll bet you a whiskey an' soda dat nigger takes to his heels, de first shell comes his way.' 'Take you up on dat,' says Marse John. 'He ain't no coward, an' if he takes to his heels, I tell you right here, 'tain't for no poor reason. Dat nigger's got a head on him, if he is lazy.'

"We was down at Chattannooga den, an' it was durin' de battle o' Mission Ridge. Gen'l Gordon Granger's troop was a chargin' up de mountain.

"Three gen'ls an' der staffs was on Orchard Knoll. We was in de rear waitin' orders. De fight was pretty stiff an' de artillery of de enemy was makin' things lively. De air was blue wid smoke an' de shells kept a whizzin' over our heads.

"Of a sudden I look towards de woods an' see a possum just makin' across an open space.

"Well, dat possum was a big fellow if ever I saw one. Lord, I'd 'a sweared he weighed ten pounds.

"'Now,' I says to myself. 'I ain't Obadiah Johnson, Marse John's nigger, if I let a fine young possum like dat go strollin' round de woods by himself, coward er no coward,' an' I took to my heels double quick.

"'Dere goes dat nigger o' your'n, Gordon,' I hear de Lieutenant call out. 'I tole you he ain't no good, where's your whiskey an' soda, now?'

"'All right,' yelled Marse John. 'I ain't defeated yet an' I'll double de stakes even now.' I didn't hear nothin' more but de Lieutenant laughin' an' I didn't dare look round cause I got my eye on dat possum.

"Did you ever catch a possum, Honey? Well, I reckon it ain't so easy as it looks. Dat possum was a strappin' big fellow an' he gin me a good chase 'fore he settle down. He took me 'cross de valley where de bullets was as thick as stars, an' when

he found he couldn't kill me dat way he started for de woods. Over dead trees an' through bushes I went. Last I jumped a creek an' Lord, I busted de last button off my suspenders. but I ain't de fellow to give up.

"Last I see dat possum's air givin' out an' I slow up a bit. Den I keeps sort o' quiet and comes up slow. 'How are you, Mr. Possum,' I says, 'An is ye dead er sleepin? Not dat I care, 'cause if your sleepin' ye'll soon be dead, an' if you air dead, it's all de same to me. So you might as well come out o' dat air hole fust as last.' Mr. Possum, he never says a word but he just lie dere in dat hole as dough he ain't agoin' to stir tell de day o' judgment. Den I slips down close an' I grabs his tail, an' I pulls out poor old Mr. Possum as fine as you please.

"You reckon he was heavy? I done told you dat possum weighed ten pounds.

"Well, it was most supper-time, dat night, when I gits back to de camp, so I slipped up to Marse John an' tole him as I'd be glad to serve him an' de Lieutenant wid de finest possum dey ever see'd, providin' de Lieutenant set up de toddy.

"Dat'll be all right, Ob,' he says, and laughed.

"I wish you'd see'd dat possum when I brought him in. He was just as brown as a Thanksgiving turkey an' I'd stuffed him up to de neck wid whiskey dressin'. Lord, how my mouth did water, but I braced up an' tried my best not to look hungry.

"Marse John 'gin to carve him while de Lieutenant was mixin' de toddy. Sudden-like de Lieutenant looks up an' Lord forgive me all the bad I ever thought o' him. 'Look here, Gordon,' he says, 'I vote we give dat possum back to de rightful owner. I never see such patient nigger in my born life. Gin him de possum an' call him Job, for on my soul, dat nigger's no cad. How 'bout it, Gordon?' Marse John looked up at me an' 'fore God I couldn't help laughin.' Seemed like I tasted dat possum already. 'Here you are Job,' he said, 'help yourself. We ain't 'ticular fond 'o possum wid whiskey dressin' any way.'

"Well, dat's de whole story, Honey, an' dats how dey come to call your old uncle, Job."

MARGUERITE MOREHEAD MONFORT.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MISTRESS PARSONS

Dainty Comfort Parsons in her dress of blue,
Oh! she was a pretty miss for a man to woo!
Her's the cherry lips, and her's the roguish eye,
Her's the wicked flirting, causing me a sigh;
But lo! at my scolding, penitent she'd grow,
"I'll be all yours soon, dear," said she soft and low,
"Take comfort."

Dainty Comfort Parsons with her flying curls,
Who would not forgive her, sweetest, best of girls?
Standing there so tearful, "very sorry," too,
Looking like an angel in that dress of blue.
Conquered then I soothe her, banish all alarms,
And to show good feeling, swiftly in my arms
Take Comfort.

A TRIOLET

She pressed a rose-bud to her cheek,
I'm sure I wished I were the rose,
She looked so witching and so meek,
She pressed a rose-bud to her cheek.
"Were I the rose," her eyes I seek,
"Would we be friends?" I ask, "or foes?"
She pressed a rose-bud to her cheek,
I'm sure I wished I were the rose.

V. W. F.

B—— Hall.

My Dear Mr. Drummond:

Bleaker '95 wrote me that you were coming to Yale this fall and asked me to look you up. Now any friend of Bleaker's I

would be glad to know and show any attention I could. Ninety Three isn't so long ago but that I remember the pangs of the first few weeks of freshman year. If seeing "Fanny Rice" in the "Masque Ball" Saturday night would alleviate any of yours I should be glad to take you. If you find you can go, meet me at the theatre entrance as I have a committee meeting and would make us late if I called for you. Believe me, most sincerely yours,

Harold Gould.

Friday afternoon.

A surprised expression had taken possession of Fred Drummond's face by the time he had finished reading his note.

"That was right civil in Bleaker to tell Gould about me," he remarked to his room-mate, "h-he has invited me to g-go to the theatre Saturday."

"I wish I had your luck, Freddie. It isn't every one that has a bid from a big gun like Gould. I went out to a practice game yesterday. My! but he can pass the ball."

"I wish I could see him and not write, I hate no-notes."

"Gould's a busy man, and it takes you such a while to get a word out, that perhaps it's a good thing for him that you won't try to tell him you can go. And Gould's a Celeb, Celebs always rattle you, you know."

"Shut up, won't you? I know when to keep still, even if I do stutter."

"Oh, don't be mad! I didn't mean anything; write your note like a man."

There were two anxious men at the entrance of —— Theatre. A freshman was wondering why in the name of common sense a man just because he was a senior wasn't bound to be prompt. A Senior was asking himself angrily where near that entrance a certain freshman could have hidden himself, and was hoping freshman modesty wasn't compelling him to keep behind that pillar, for that must be he over there.

"I-I am glad to fin-find you. I thought you had de-de-de-serted me."

"So-sorry to ha-have kept you waiting, but there was such a pu-push I couldn't stand out."

"Co-come, let's go right in,—the per-performance has already begun."

A very much angered Senior, a very much dazed Freshman took their seats in the theatre to hear Fanny Rice. They both were stealing furtive glances at each other. The Senior caught the Freshman once giving him a quizzical look, and the Freshman couldn't understand the stony stare he received in return. What had he done? Could he have been fresh? He racked his little freshman brains to try to remember. He rued the day he ever met a senior; other classmen weren't unfeeling. They didn't openly mimic a man because he was unfortunate enough to stutter. He couldn't help it, and had imagined Gould too much of a gentleman to do it. Why, Gould was the crack football player, as well as one of the most popular men in college, and how could he be that, and be thoughtless of other people's feelings? College life certainly was a paradox.

The Senior had not lost his stony stare. He had taken it from the poor innocent Freshman and directed it towards the stage. He was not looking at Fanny Rice in her remarkable ball costumes, he wasn't dazed by the wondrous beauty of one of her support. He was lost in thought.

"The consummate nerve of that young upstart! The very idea! After I came to be bored to death for his sake, for him to repay me, a Senior, by mocking my stuttering. It's beyond my comprehension. I have heard of fresh freshmen,—freshness personified is by my side. But he doesn't look it! Bleaker said he had the making of a dandy man, and for me to keep my eye on him. I will, by Jove, I'll keep my eye on his freshness!"

The crowd was leaving the theatre. The Senior and the Freshman joined it and went out. Not a word had been exchanged during the performance. Only stony stares and dazed glances. They reached the theatre exit. The silence was oppressive. O, thought the Freshman, will he ever stop looking at me? His freshman mouth twitched, he made a desperate effort, and spoke.

"Good-night. Th-ank you for bringing me, Mr. Gould."

"Good-night, Drummond."

The Freshman walked home, dumfounded. The Senior walked home, still lost in thought. And Bleaker said he was a nice fellow! What had come over Bleaker since he left college? He reached his rooms, went to his desk and took out a letter, Bleak-

er's, about the Freshman. He read it over. Yes. "He comes of an elegant family, and is a fine fellow. Treat him well for my sake, Gould, for his father has done a world for me since I left college."

Ah yes, there was something on the other page, he had overlooked that, "He gets awfully easily rattled and stutters like the deuce when he first meets a fellow. That's one thing you have in common."

Gould sighed and walked around the room. "Poor Freshman," he thought, "I must make amends. I'll have him down to the club for dinner!"

H. L. B.

LULLABY LOO

O Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
When the dusky shadows of evening fall,
And the stars have lighted their lamps in the sky,
And the owls and night birds begin to call—
"Te-witt, tee-woo—tee-witt, tee-whoo-oo!
Oh Lullaby Loo, Oh Lullaby Loo!"

When Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
The leaves all fall asleep on the trees!
And home to their nests all the little birds fly,
Then softly whispers the evening breeze:
"Soo hoo, soo hoo, Oh Lullaby Loo!
Oh Lullaby Loo, soo hoo, soo hoo!"

Oh Lullaby Loo, as he wanders by,
A strange little sleepy song he sings!
That soothes frightened children when they cry,
For it tells of the loveliest, cosiest things!
And he'll sing it to me, and he'll sing it to you!
And he'll sing to us all, this Lullaby Loo!

O Lullaby Loo, when you wander by
Stop at the nursery window to-night!
And sing to us while in our beds we lie,
All cuddled up so warm and tight!
Oh Lullaby Loo, Oh Lullaby Loo,
Sing to us, sing to us, Lullaby Loo!

G. C.

They were in New York on their wedding trip. Everything had gone nicely from the very first. The ushers, after much persuasion, had been made to realize the utter

The Tale of pointlessness of the usual bridal-couple jokes,
a Truant and had generously refrained from tying their baggage and sleeping-car with white ribbons.

They avenged themselves merely with pelting the pair soundly with rice as they fled from the house to the carriage. But John had turned up the collar of his every-day suit, and Bessie had fastened a heavy veil over her second-best hat, so that a thorough brushing at the hands of the grinning porter put them to rights and restored their peace of mind. They flattered themselves that they were the most matter-of-fact and unevident pair that ever went on a wedding trip.

Nevertheless, John could not help looking at Bessie with an air of deep solicitude mingled with the pride of ownership while she decided between bouillon and consommé, and Bessie would take off her left glove at the most unnecessary times, and gaze fascinatedly at her third finger which wore a plain ring of suspicious newness, guarded by a flashing diamond. And when they finally arrived in New York and at their hotel, John dipped his pen deep in the ink-bottle, tried a few strokes on the blotting-paper, then registered grandly, "John K. Burton and wife, St. Louis."

Their stay in New York had been delightfully uneventful. They felt almost like celebrities travelling incognito, and gloried in the fact that they had cheated people out of something to stare at. On their very last day, however, their true identity disclosed itself in an unexpected and annoying manner.

They were together at Tiffany's, selecting pearls for a ring. Bessie was bending over a tray of loose, unset gems, and John stood trying to look indifferent while the clerk held up the pearls one by one with a pair of long, delicate tongs. "Here," he said, "is one of the choicest stones in the lot. Often used"—here he eyed his customers slyly—"in engagement rings."

But Bessie was proof against such innuendoes, and drawing herself up she replied with a superior air, "Oh, no indeed, that is not at all what I want."

The clerk seemed abashed and poked aimlessly among the pearls. Finally he held up another. "No," said Bessie, shaking her head decisively, "I don't want so large a stone."

At this something round and white dropped mysteriously from above, and rolled among the gems in the tray. "Why, where can that pearl have come from?" cried John in amazement, while Bessie drew back and blushed guiltily, and the clerk poked excitedly among the contents of the tray. "Ah, here it is," he said at last, and without the suspicion of a smile he held aloft before their confused gaze a tiny but unmistakable grain of rice! "It dropped from your hat, madam," he remarked calmly.

"Indeed?" replied Bessie in agitated tones. "I really —, we are very much obliged, but we really cannot look any farther to-day. Come on, John." And they fled towards the door with as much dignity as they could muster, increased by the pleasing consciousness that the mocking eyes of every clerk in the neighborhood were upon them.

The clerk watched the pair till they passed ignominiously through the door, and banged it in their eagerness to get away. Then he put the tray of pearls back in the case. "I knew it all the time," he said with a chuckle.

M. E. W.

TO CLORINDA

Oh Cupid, brush the dew from off the roses,
And pour into the lily's gleaming cup,
Then bring it to Clorinda, as she dozes,
Bid her to think of me and bid her sup.
Tell her 'tis Beauty's draft at morn and even,
Warmed by love's glow, yet cooled by jealousy.
Whisper her softly, an' it were not treason,
That thou broughtest nought, but sweetest pain. to me.

A SPRING NIGHT

The crescent moon is swinging in the sky,
The flecking clouds go sailing, swirling by,
The wandering wind lulls to a fitful rest
The tree-tops, on its ever moving breast.
Some sleepless bird calls, with a plaintive note,
Its cadences seem ever up and up to float—
Up to the spaces near the pale, young moon.
But the sweet sound is lost to earth, and soon,
Amid the dewy grass, the bird
Nestles, nor knows the stars have heard.

C. B. G.

It was the time of the evening distribution of the mail, and the men of Radford had gathered at the Post Office, the common meeting place of the village, and

A Business Transaction were engaged in their usual lively conversation upon politics, religion, farming and all the other subjects so dear to the hearts of men.

They sat upon cracker boxes, flour barrels and other convenient resting places, smoking their pipes and indulging in hearty laughter at the jokes, original in more senses than one.

The blacksmith at last broke in on the conversation, which was slackening a little, with rather a lively air—for him.

“Waal,” he slowly drawled, “Hev yew heerd ’bout thet last swap Josh Williams made?”

No one would acknowledge utter ignorance of the transaction but all seemed willing to hear it told, so the blacksmith went on.

“Waal now, ye know thet Josh, he went to Bosting ter a hoss auction ’bout tew months back an’ bought a hoss thet wuz pritty ’nough, but gosh! he couldn’t go no more’n a durned muel. Waal, he wanted ter sell him when he larned his outs, but nobuddy wuz fool ’nough ter buy the thing, but t’last he got him off onder Jake Remsen, over ter Swenton, an’ he felt pritty good ’bout it tew, fer Jake, he thinks he kin tell a good hoss as fur as he kin see. Josh did it sumthin’ in this way; yer see the animal goes at a spankin’ trot fur ’bout a mile and then gives all out, so Josh he asked Jake ter cum an’ look at his hosses, bein’ ez he hed some good ones, an’ then he took him ter ride, ’bout down ter Avery’s an’ back, an’ the hoss, he went regler tew-forty.”

“Waal, the upshot on it wuz thet Jake giv’ seventy-five dollars fer the hoss an’ started ter drive him hum, but he didn’t git very fur ’fore he stopped trottin’ an’ Jake he thought he’d never git him ter budge, but t’last he got hum; but then he saw how he’d been fooled an’ he wuz bound ter git even with Josh.

“Waal, Jake, he kep’ the hoss ’bout a month an’ fed him up fat and sleek, and then he took some blackin’ an’ jest covered thet hoss all over with it, an’ he wuz as harnsom a black hoss ez yew ever see.

“Waal, one day he harnissed him up in the light wagin an’ put his best barniss on him an’ druv slow over ter Josh’s, an’ he met Josh on the road. Waal, Josh stopped an’ says, says he, ‘Waal Jake,’ says he, ‘seems ter me yer got a new hoss.’ An’

Jake says, says he, 'Yass,' says he, an' Josh says, 'He'd him long?' Jake says, 'Waal, pritty considerble spell.' Then Jake says, 'He's a pritty hoss, kin he go?' Jake he laughs an' says, 'Yew jest see.' So he started the hoss an' off he went lickety split. Waal, Jake druv him a little ways an' then cum back, an' Josh says, 'What'll yew take fer him?' Jake, he considered an' says, 'Waal, I dunno ez I wuz lookin' out ter sell him, but yew kin hev him fur seventy-five dollars an' thet hoss yew are drivin'.'

"You know thet there three year old thet Josh raised himself? Waal, he was drivin' thet one and he didn't want to sell him, but he liked Jake's hoss so well thet he handed over the money he wuz goin' ter Hatche's ter buy some cows with, an' they changed hosses an' druv off.

"Waal, the hoss did happen ter feel kinder good thet day an' he went hum pretty well but Josh hed ter whip him considerble. an' when he got hum an' unhitched him, he thought the hoss looked kinder dappled, but he didn't think nothin' 'bout it an' went crowin' round, tellin' what a fine swap he'd made. But the next mornin' he went ter the barn an' thet hoss he'd rubbed off the blackin' in spots an' was jest like an old speckled hen.

"Waal, Josh knew the old beast and he got mighty riled an' jest hollered out 'By gum, it's the same durned ole cuss.' He went over ter Jake's, but gosh! he couldn't make Jake do nothin', and he hed ter keep the hoss. Jake he told him he might put the hoss in the cirkis for a zebry. He wuz feelin' kinder gay."

The blacksmith pushed his hat back from his ruddy forehead and spat upon the floor with the air of a man well contented with himself, while the postmaster from behind his boxes called out heartily, "Waal, I am glad to hear that Josh Williams hez got beat fur once."

A. C. P.

EDITORIAL

" She grinds and is clothed with hurry :
Crams, and she may not pass :
Her life is a futile flurry
Between a class and a class."

The midyears are come upon us, and if the signs are to be trusted we may look with confidence for a grandeur of desolation which even we have rarely surpassed. Before yielding utterly to the spirit of woe that glooms above us, a slight attempt to mitigate even theoretically the horror of the shade may be not wholly out of place.

Nor is such an effort unnecessary. To say nothing of the utter uselessness of the nervous strain to which the upper classes voluntarily subject themselves, it is manifestly unwise, not to say unfair, to lead the lower classes to suppose that such a strain is a part of the program, and that an air of heroic martyrdom is one of the proprieties of the occasion.

This would be a questionable etiquette in any case, but it is peculiarly foolish in ours. It is perfectly well understood that the College lays great stress on daily work, and that the result of the examinations is distinctly less important than the regular class-room exercises.

This, of course, does not render matters any simpler for the student who rarely presents herself at such exercises. The girl who does poor work, or little of it, or both is as justified as anyone can be in cramming to intellectual suffocation and suffering both the present futile toil and the anticipation of future disaster. But the College is very far from counting such girls in great numbers, fortunately, and that this contingent, small though it may be, should drag into its toils three times its number of perfectly reliable students whose class-room record is thoroughly satisfactory, is absurd in the extreme. And it cannot be denied that they are so influenced. Hundreds of girls whose work, though far from brilliant, is well up to the aver-

age, who have handed in from two to six papers of varying length and importance during the term, who have attended recitations regularly and recited for the most part fairly well—and this description is purposely kept to a moderate standard—review the term's work as minutely and as morbidly as the few who from idleness or chance are compelled to telescope a month's work into an hour.

And the results are evident. The College Physician and the Registrar alone know the full score of the victims to fear and worry, though the College as a whole is sufficiently aware of its martyred condition to indulge in not a little sympathetic horror at its pathetic state.

A little hardening of the heart, even a little fatalism, which after all has rendered blithe many a bitter period of Inquisition, might well be cultivated among us. Viewed without prejudice, our lot is not so hard. It is not so long ago that our predecessors took the examinations three times a year and kept up recitation work during the ordeal, and comparatively few of those Spartans perished. A little less pity for those who played while they could and now cram while they must; a little less admiration for those martyrs whose urgent necessities in the way of the literary and social organizations which demand so much of their time forces them to rush from one duty to another, omitting for the time of the crisis sleep and food; a little more amusement at the absolutely unnecessary travail of perfectly conscientious and well-prepared students, and a little less disagreeable astonishment at the girl who frankly refuses to worry herself sick at the prospect of telling what she has learned fairly well, without in the least posing as a genius or that disagreeable abstraction, a prodigy—and we should have a week, not perhaps pleasant in all its details, not without strain, for it is, after all, somewhat confusing to compress to two hours the more or less irregular accumulation of sixteen weeks, and not by any means without its horror for those who best know the reason for their well grounded dread; but it would greatly mitigate the pain of that average student, who after all makes up the rank and file of the College, and whose sanity and health are unnecessarily endangered, if even for a short time, by an atmosphere thrown over us by a minority who drag into a deserved desolation a too susceptible majority of the reasonably righteous.

It is not to be supposed that this or any other institution will

soon see the day when cramming shall cease. Moreover, a sense of pressure, a practically certain nervousness, the strain of one attitude, and that a trying one, maintained for a week, must be, and must have their legitimate results.

But in view of the facts that the week is accommodated as far as possible to the circumstances ; that the examinations are very far from being cruelly hard (which is almost invariably admitted after each separate test is actually over) that the students are in most classes tested more than occasionally between the regular examinations by written work, and can at any time learn whether or not their work is satisfactory, and finally that the examination is, normally, only one part, and that the less important, of the work of any decently faithful student, the Midyears may surely labor under a little less than the apparently traditional depth of gloom.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Among the exchange numbers of the college magazines for December, there is on the whole, including the editorial and the rest of the paper, a singular absence of articles appropriate to the Christmas season. At a time when magazines and illustrated papers all over the country are devoting their attention to a fitting celebration of Christmas, the college papers go on in the even tenor of their way, while only an occasional verse on a Christmas theme indicates that it is not mid-summer with them.

This lack of Christmas spirit, strange though it may seem to say it, is very gratifying to the well-wishers of college periodicals, as a slight indication of the tendency on the part of those papers to stick to strictly collegiate matters and to leave the affairs of the world in general to other magazines. It is a point which cannot be emphasized too often, that the best field for the college editor is his college life. He has a subject here with which he is familiar and on which he is competent to speak. In adopting this method, not only does the individual obtain the best results from his work, but the paper also is greatly improved. By taking on a unique character, it is differentiated from other magazines, thus escaping odious comparisons and unfriendly criticisms.

Most of the magazines for the month contain an unusual amount of fiction, some of which is very good. Among other stories, "The Great House" in the *Williams Literary Magazine* claims especial attention as being cleverly worked up. *The Yale Courant* also has some readable stories. From *Columbia* comes a scholarly article on "The Nature Poetry of the French Romantic Movement."

In looking over the verse, or what passes for verse, which is contained between the covers of some of the periodicals under review, the weary reader wonders why more papers do not follow the example of the *Wells College Chronicle*, which has

dropped verse entirely from its pages, believing that "though a magazine without poetry is rather unusual, it is better than a magazine with poor poetry." But this is after all a pessimistic attitude, for the really good bits of verse, few though they are which appear from time to time are surely sufficient excuse for all the mass of material which has neither rhythm, nor rhyme, nor reason.

We clip the following verses as most worthy of notice :

AT CHRISTMAS

All silent are the song-swept strings
 That spell-bound held the prophets and the seers,
 And, echoing through the haughty halls of kings,
 Sang warriors' hearts to woman's tears,
 Far away and long ago.

Long unremembered lies the lore
 That charmed away eternities of night,
 Strange stories spun of long past years of yore—
 Mad, happy days of fame and fight,
 Far away and long ago.

Forgotten in the dust and mould,
 On shadowed walls the broken lyres hang ;
 But still we hear the tale the angels told,
 And chant the sacred song they sang,
 Far away and long ago.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

ACROSS THE EMPTY FIELDS AT DAWN

Across the empty fields at dawn
 I heard a quavering, half-hushed note
 That trembled in a song-bird's throat
 But for a moment, and was gone.

Brown, withered leaves the cold winds whirled,
 With crackling sound, across my way,
 Then silence ; and the wintry day
 Dawned cheerless on the weary world.

Wellesley Magazine.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

'TIS TWENTY YEARS SINCE

Reminiscences are sometimes enjoyable. Grandfather enjoys living his youthful days over again, and the grandchildren seem to take a pleasure in his tales. Though not exactly of Grandfather's age, yet it occurs to me that I am of an earlier generation than he, if we count College generations, and that some of you who know our dear College only as she is now, in the bloom of fair and gracious womanhood, may be interested in some recollections of her infancy.

Twenty years ago I was a Freshman at Smith. The little world of the College was different then. The elms that now shade the main driveway were little saplings, with stems smaller than a girl's wrist. The tulip tree in front of the Dewey House was a small round shrub, furnishing its odd-shaped, folded leaves for the inspection of the Botany class. The Dewey, the Hatfield, the President's house and the main College building, though without the addition in the rear, were the only buildings on the campus. Where the Music Building and Lilly Hall now stand, where the Gymnasium and the Hubbard, Lawrence, Morris and Dickinson houses are, was a row of cottages and their attendant back yards, shut off by a high fence. The oldest of them, dating back one would think from its appearance to the early days of Northampton, was torn down during the summer of our Freshman year, and the appletrees that stood back of it now surround the Hubbard house. Where the Wallace now stands, was then the President's barn, and the long grass between there and the Hatfield was the favorite playground of the President's children. I can see them now, with several playmates from the neighborhood, as in a long line they turn somersaults in the tall grass, the future doctor leading the way and the "Little President" bringing up the rear, while the baby in the carriage claps her hands by way of applause.

The Little President was then a very small boy in knickerbockers, and it was about that time that he was driving towards Amherst with his father and mother, when they chanced to meet some young men walking. The remark was made that those must be students, whereupon the little boy inquired with the utmost astonishment in his tones, "Do students wear pants?"

Social hall in those days was much smaller than now, and the seats faced the other way. There was no choir, and the piano led the singing. About twenty Juniors and Sophomores sat on one side, and some forty Freshmen on the other. Social hall also served as a Gymnasium four afternoons in the week. The chairs were piled in the rear, and gymnastics after the Dio Lewis

system were drilled into us. The Music department was represented by the two tiny rooms opposite the Library, and lessons were given on the piano in Social hall one day in the week. There was no Library then. The present Library was the Art Gallery, connected with Social Hall by the Art Lecture room, and the room at the end of the corridor was the studio. Science then occupied the present Alpha room, which was the Chemical Laboratory, and the two rooms beyond it, which were respectively Physics lecture room, and apparatus room. The biological sciences were provided with one microscope, for elective work, at the rear window of the Chemical Laboratory. Mathematics held sway in the room beside the entrance. Prof. Tyler presided over Latin and Greek in the room opposite the dressing room, and the Teachers' retiring room was then the reading room.

We had in those days no tempting electives for Freshmen, and there were no Scientific and Literary Courses to tempt the greedy with their competing attractiveness. We had a steady diet of five hours a week each of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, with a Bible lecture on Saturday for variety. During the summer term each of the standard articles of diet was cut down two hours a week to give time for History lectures, and for the Botany, which was supposed to call us out of doors and entice to exercise enough to dispense with gymnastics. We had a week of lectures and a very little drill in Elocution sometime during the winter, but all these lighter matters were only a dessert to sweeten the more solid and substantial diet of every day.

We had no English, nor any teacher of English. The President gave lectures on English Literature to the Juniors, but it was not until the next year that we had a resident teacher of English, and at the same time the little room now used by the Registrar, was fitted up as a Library.

Socially too the girls were worse off than they are now. That was before the days of basket ball and tennis. House dances were unheard of. '79 and '80 nearly filled the Dewey House. The Hatfield was the new house and was full of '81 girls. Class feeling was strong, and was emphasized by the division made by the houses, so that there was little acquaintance between the two, and sometimes fancied slights caused hard feeling. The Alpha was organized that year as a class society, none but '81 girls being admitted. Next year '82 was invited to join it, and it was made a general society for later classes; but it was not until just before '80 graduated that they were made members. The meetings of the Alpha were held in the Hatfield parlor, and the stage, when one was required was the space in the dining room about the folding doors. I well remember a series of tableaux given there from Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," where the President's children supplied the necessary juveniles. The annual subscription to the Reading-room was started that year, and the first Freshman reception was planned, in order that the next class, for whom the Washburn House was even then building, might be made better acquainted with each other and with the upper classes than had been the case when '81 had entered.

Mountain Days and general receptions were as attractive then as now, and with much the same customs. There was then no railroad to Amherst, but the young men were present in large numbers at receptions, and several serenades are on record. Commencement festivities were of course wanting that

year, but the President made us a pleasant little address at the last chapel exercises, felicitating us and himself upon the successful year's work, the unlooked-for progress and prosperity of the College, and the good things to be expected the next year. In the afternoon he gave us a lawn party, when we were introduced to the Trustees, and other distinguished friends of the College, and we enjoyed our collation to the accompaniment of the hammers and trowels at work on the Washburn House, instead of to the sweet strains of the Glee Club.

And the girls of that day? I fancy they did not differ greatly from those of to-day. They were of all kinds, from the one who broke her looking-glass by sticking so many pictures of young men into the frame, to the one who turned up her nose at any mention of feelings; and from the girl in the "Eastlake style," tall, stiff and straight, to the dimpled, curiy-bealed little dot who so well personated the tomboy schoolgirl in the *Seven Ages of Woman*,—adapted from Shakespeare. There were digs and shirks, girls who ate peanuts, and girls who read Tennyson and Ruskin. On the whole they took College life seriously and with their duty as pioneers impressed upon them from all sides, they felt that the College world depended upon their actions. They were to establish traditions and customs for future generations. Not less self-conscious by nature than other girls of their age, such a training stimulated the development of that chief vice of College life, and it took some of them years to realize that they were but individuals in the great army of woman, and that their success or failure would be noted chiefly by themselves.

The girls of that day were critical also. Nothing from the First Church soprano's black kids to Prof. Tyler's last sermon, or from the last novel of the day to Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures, was without the range of their opinion. College courses for girls were a novelty then, and perhaps it was not strange that girls who felt themselves so set upon a pedestal should have imagined that they were competent to express an opinion on matters quite beyond them. But they were on the whole girls of fair ability and earnest purpose. Contact with a broader world soon broadened their judgment and corrected their standards, until they looked back upon their decided opinions with amusement, and regarded their College dislikes and aversions with mild curiosity.

But though our views of ourselves have changed, our loyalty to the College and our appreciation of what she did for us will never grow less. Year by year as it has passed has helped us to realize that the four years passed here were among the most valuable as well as the most pleasant of our lives, and I dare say that the majority of us only wish we could begin again at the beginning and do it over.

FRANCES W. LEWIS, '81.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The number of demands upon our purses is increasing day by day. To be sure, it can be argued that the sums we are asked to contribute to this and that are very small,—often five cents is gratefully received. Still, such sums count up into dollars. One can always resolutely refuse to give a cent, but this refusing gets to be monotonous to the girls who have to do the begging, and has a hardening and miserly tendency on the refusers themselves.

First and foremost, there is the missionary box, which conscientiously goes the rounds every Sunday morning, between nine and ten; then the subscription to provide flowers for one of the churches; another to collect toys for little Indians; clothing and old never-to-be-read books, and general cast-offs for the missionary box; then a plea for money to cover the expenses of a "Men's Supper"; College spoons; money to buy literature for the prisoners; subscriptions to the college settlements; for a Thanksgiving dinner to poor families; two articles for the Needle-work Guild; class taxes; fifteen cents for the Christian Association; house taxes; and last, but not least, MONTHLY subscriptions. Yet these are not all. Their names are legion, and as such cannot all find place here.

Now, of course, some of these opportunities to spend money are cheerfully embraced by the girls; some are even earnestly sought for. But there are a great many, and some of them are surely superfluous. The question is, shall we drop any? And if so, which ones? We do not pretend to say. We would merely suggest as a possible solution, that, since each of these causes appears good to some girl or girls, these girls might contribute without the whole body of girls who have no interest in it, being solicited on the subject. Labelled boxes might be put in conspicuous places in the campus houses; or surely some ingenious girl could suggest another expedient. Then every one of these chances might be kept, more might be added, as much money would be contributed, and far less time and trouble spent on it.

Never before has such an interest been shown in basket ball as this year. Not only girls who play themselves, but their friends and admirers also, have flocked down to the gymnasium for every game, whether played by the regular teams or the scrub teams, or picked Freshmen teams. There are two reasons for this great interest. One is that the games are better this year than usual. Many of the Freshmen have played basket ball before, either at the Capen and Burnham School, where they play the same game that we do, or else in schools where the difference in the game is so slight that they can easily get used to our game. Another attraction lies in the fact that the

Seniors take more interest in the game than any Senior class ever did before. Many of the girls who have had three and a half years of practice care enough for the game to play whenever they have a chance.

At any rate, whatever the reasons may be, it is a fact that the basket ball games are more numerous, and have a greater number of spectators than ever before. If the improvement in playing corresponds to the increase in interest, it will be a very good thing for the athletics of Smith College.

The members of the Biological Society have this year decided to change their pin, as the original one, although very pretty, did not stand as a definite symbol of the society. The new pin will represent a cell in the Karyokenetic stage, a process of cell division common to both the cells of plants and animals, and thus representing the botanical and zoological factors of the society. The pin will be black and gold.

The classes in Economics will not meet during January, as Mr. Moore will not be in town. He will give a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins during that month upon "The application of Mathematics to Political Economy," and will return to Northampton the first of February, when his recitations will be resumed.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|------|-----|---|
| Jan. | 19, | Lawrence House Dance. |
| | 22, | Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. |
| | 27, | Day of Prayer. |
| | 29, | Examinations begin. |
| Feb. | 5, | Meeting of the Alpha Society. |
| | 7, | Beginning of the new term. |
| | 9, | Southwick and Delta Sigma Dance. (changed from
Dec. 18). |
| | 12, | Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

February = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

*THE ELEMENT OF RETRIBUTION IN SHAKSPERE'S
TRAGEDIES*

FURNESS PRIZE ESSAY, CLASS OF '98

Retribution is a law of life. It is as invincible, as mysterious, as irresistible as is the law of gravitation, a fixed law, changeless and remorseless. It is the "give and it shall be given unto you" changed into the give and it *must* be given unto you. It is the effect of the "cause and effect" of the nineteenth century. There has never been a law more universally known to the world ; yet, strangest of all paradoxes, there has never been a law more vague, more difficult for man to fathom. The ignorant one speaks of retribution and his words seem wise ; the greatest philosopher stands baffled by the very thought. It is a law so simple yet so intricate, so shallow yet so deep.

Since the beginning of the world there has always been a longing in the heart of man to express his thoughts in words, to give utterance to the best that is within him. So sound changed into language, language into poetry, poetry into literature. What are books ? Are they not the records of the inner life of man, the life, it may be, of fancy, of ideals, of knowledge, of struggles, of actions. What not ? And what is life ? A com-

pound made of many elements. So far man has discovered—yet even farther. He has divided the elements into molecules, the molecules into atoms. He has given them names, has classified them; beyond this he cannot go. He cannot fathom the mystery of space.

Books then, the records of this compound life, are of value only, can exist only we might almost say, to the degree in which they treat of the elements that go to make up this life. Let life be treated superficially and they are of value only to the child, whose limited power of vision will not allow him to understand things invisible. With the man it is different. Living in a visible world he craves for things unseen. Turning from the struggles of men to the struggles of the soul he longs for rest—the rest of the deep waters of the ocean, he would stagnate in the pool. Thus men of this century read Browning. Thus men of all ages have read Shakspeare. Writing of Shakspeare, Emerson has said:

“We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart—on life, and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life and the ways whereby we come at them, on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which effect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science and yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours.”

To study Shakspeare's views of retribution and confine ourselves to his tragedies is to strive to see the workings of the law through dark glasses. For tragedy in its very name suggests bloodshed and sorrow. It is to his comedies and histories that we should turn for rewards of joy and happiness.

Yet even the tragedies have joy interwoven with the pain. There is the love of a Juliet answering back to the love of a Romeo, a love misplaced, not sinful. The story of the “star-crossed” lovers is not really sad; there is nothing gloomy in their death. It was not even premature. Their love for each other had risen to its highest point. True, in after years there might have been added to it the peace and quiet that comes at even-tide. As it was, pure, innocent, chaste, romantic, it could not have grown in height. It had already reached its climax. It was strong enough, deep enough, to change the child Juliet, timid, obedient, dependent, into the active, independent woman. It was a love powerful enough to transform Romeo's impulse

into purpose. The lesson of the tragedy was not designed to be learnt by the lovers, nor, do I think, was it meant for the heads of the houses Capulet and Montague. Friar Laurence was its victim.

"To do a great right, do a little wrong," Bassanio begged of Portia.

"It must not be, it cannot be," she answered.

Friar Laurence was an old man but he had to learn over again the lesson so frequently repeated in childhood. Do not play with evil, it is deceptive, cunning as a serpent, more fatal in its sting.

Removed from this tragedy in years as well as in depth is the story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. In it we read of a life that might have been an active force to purify and uplift the rotten State of Denmark, ruined because, instead of doing deeds, he dreamed them all day long. Nothing can be more sad than the failure of such a life, stunted as it was from the beginning by its very inactivity.

"The time is out of joint—O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right !"

was the key-note of Hamlet's being.

Pondering over life and over the sins of his fellow-men each day Hamlet becomes more desolate. He seeks for the cause of the evil, for some evil must lie at the bottom of the State's upheaval. Finally his father comes and reveals to him the guilt of the king, his uncle. And what does Hamlet do? Seek for revenge at once? No; ponders, philosophizes, curses fate, cries aloud in his horror of the sin:

"Use every man after his desert and who should 'scape whipping."

Then in his despondency:

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of the world!"

Cries but does not act. If Brutus had been Hamlet how great a change there would have been!

One of Hamlet's chief failings, a direct result probably of his inactivity, was his lack of power to see things in their true perspective. He had no power of insight. He could not read character, could not understand men. Because of this lack of knowledge he put everything in a false position. Ophelia, he exalted, thought that the poor, innocent child, perhaps on ac-

count of her very innocence, must have a strength on which he might lean, and when he tried to test her and found that the staff of her slender trust would break, he cast her away as useless. Poor child, she needed the support of a strong will to guide her. No wonder that innocent and weak as she was, she should yield herself to a painless death rather than live a painful life.

It is not until the last part of the play that Hamlet begins to live an active life. At once the change in his moral nature becomes apparent. He begins to grow. If he could have lived to see the king and the queen dead ; if he could have lived with Horatio by his side to guide and help him, what might he not have grown to be ? Death came too soon ; and, oh the pity of it ! A nature cramped, shattered, broken, because it lived in itself, in thoughts, not deeds, in ghosts, not men. A mind dwarfed that might have been expanded. If he could only have learnt the lesson from nature. An oak-tree cannot grow in a flower-pot. It must break the sides of the jar and spread its roots into the earth. That lesson he did not learn. Oh, the pity, the pity of it !

A dreamer too, was Timon of Athens. Like Hamlet he could not find his right place in the world, because he did not understand the people of the world. Rich, powerful, generous, his court was crowded day in and day out with flatterers whom he called friends. Innocent as a child, impulsive, generous, simple, he believed them to be as sincere in all that they did or said as he himself would have been. So he lived on in his merry, careless life, intemperate in all things, in love, in giving, in living. The blow came ; his money lost, his friends gone, and he left to face the world alone. Never having learnt the lesson of control, having no one to restrain him, hating as passionately as he once had loved, he wandered to the forest, there to strive to forget mankind. So the lover of men changed into the misanthrope ; the optimist into the pessimist. Such is the lesson of intemperance.

“Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”

“Why ! why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions.”

Yet jealousy, the green-eyed monster came and took possession of the very soul of Othello, and he that was "of a free and open nature, that thinks men honest that but seem to be so" was changed into a man to whom revenge seemed dearer than life, to whom love seemed almost an evil. Poor Desdemona, still loving though unloved; she passed out of the world, with the tune of "Willow, willow" echoing in her ear, while with her lips she praised the one who caused her death.

What does Shakspeare mean by this sad tale? Why should Desdemona die? Why should Othello lose all when life had begun to look so fair? Why was he saved from the flood only to be hurled into a daily death of mistrust and despair? Above all why was Iago spared to live unharmed his dreadful life? What is the law of retribution after all if such things may happen in the world? We have entered the valley of doubt. We cannot understand.

Iago lived—yet what a life. Incapable of love, incapable of being loved, the most unhappy man the world has ever seen.

"It is the strength of the base element," Ruskin says in "The Queen of the Air," "that is so dreadful in the serpent, it is the very omnipotence of the earth. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other being shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete and crush the tiger. It is a divine hierograph of the demoniac power of the earth; of the entire earthly nature." "Such is the serpent Iago" Dowden writes.

The serpent Iago, the serpent, the basest form of life, the symbol of innate sin, against which every man's hand is turned, at the sight of which every man shudders. "Such is the serpent Iago." Was it not a greater punishment for such a one to live than to die? Learn the lesson that Shakspeare would teach, that Phillips Brooks in these later years has taught. The most awful punishment that man can ever receive is the ruin of his soul. You cannot sin and stand still. Just as it would be impossible for the earth to cease to rotate even for the one-millionth part of a second, so it is impossible for the soul to ever be at rest. If the sun did not attract the earth and hold her under his sway, some other fixed star would. All of which is a parable. The soul is active. It, too, is revolving in a universe, attracted by good and evil. Let it cease to follow good, and evil will get possession of it.

Iago had lost his birthright. Instead of expanding into the divine, his soul was shrinking into the awful nothingness. It is the lesson which all men must learn.

So much for Iago. Let it be granted that he received his retribution, through the death of his soul. What of Desdemona? What of Cordelia, who lay strangled on King Lear's breast? What of Imogen? They had not sinned and yet they suffered.

Upon a high pinnacle a traveller stood one day and watched the wild winds blow over the earth. Whence they came he could not tell nor whither they went. He watched them as they whirled about, doing what harm they would, without restraint it seemed to him, without control. Then out of the depth of his being he cried aloud "Oh, God, if there be a God, give to me the meaning of these winds. Why in this world of law and order can such things be!" "Poor weak creatures of the earth" the God replied, "those winds which you have seen, at whose violence you have trembled, are subjected to a law, which they are as powerless to evade as is the earth to stand still or the sun to cease to shine. Man in his weakness and folly cannot understand."

Did Shakspeare understand the law of retribution? Were there not mysterious passages through which he had to walk unguided? It could not have seemed just to him that Desdemona should have died. It was the final step in the working out of some law. He did not understand the law; yet, not understanding, he recognized its existence.

Closely related to the justice of Desdemona's death comes this other question: Is man predestined to sin or does he fall through the agency of his own wilful sin? Has he the power to break away from evil and do well or is he bound to follow the path allotted to him?

Macbeth urged on by the witches, going from bad to worse, ruining a mind by nature noble, was he predestined to fall or could he have broken away from the fetters of ambition and lived to be Thane of Cawdor and Glamis if not king of Scotland? Lady Macbeth, refined, delicate, sensitive, with courage and nervous energy enough to urge Macbeth on to his frightful bloodshed and murder, could she have drawn back and lived a life of love and pity?

"Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not serve to whiten this little hand. What's done cannot be undone. The spot, the spot, the damned spot."

Was Lady Macbeth or was fate accountable for that spot ?

“ There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

So cried Hamlet ; so have cried the voices of all ages. Did Shakspeare believe in the doctrine of predestination ? He does not say. He never expressed a belief that such a force does exist ; he sometimes implies that it may exist. Often we are led to believe that he thought it was predominant in the world, and yet, should we be asked : “ Did Shakspeare always believe in predestination ? ” which one of us would say yes. Did he ever believe in predestination is another question. Undoubtedly, at one time, he did. Just as the lines in an old man's face are the emblems left to tell of the battles fought in life, so there are marks in these tales of sorrow to tell of the battles that Shakspeare waged whilst struggling after truth.

“ It is the stars above us, govern our conditions.” How many times he must have uttered that cry in doubt and perplexity. How many times he must have looked upon a struggling world of men given up to sin. There is an Antony, losing his better self in his blind love for a Cleopatra ; there a Coriolanus eaten up by a false pride ; there an Achilles smothered by self-conceit ; there a Brutus ruined by a wrong idea of his duty to his country. Everywhere men struggling towards a false goal. A world where love and duty are abandoned for avarice and greed. It is easy to say that Shakspeare must have at one time believed in predestination. It is far harder to say why we think he grew out of that belief.

“ Oh, my soul's joy
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death ! ”

Not the dead calm of resignation but the living calm of hope. After the storm-tossed sea of tragedy, after the terror and the pain, we are driven into the haven, and rest in that calm. This is the spirit in which we leave the tragedies. We have not been dwelling in an unhealthy atmosphere. We do not feel that we must yield ourselves victims to life ; life is our victim to do with as we will. Could we feel this if we believed in the existence of predestination ? Could Shakspeare make us feel in that way if he believed in it ? It is poor logic to say we believe because we feel, but is it not the logic upon which our whole religion is based ?

Another question must come to us, although one by no means so important as that of predestination. Did Shakspeare believe that retribution might extend into another world or are all sins atoned for in this world? Was it enough for Iago to live "a life devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue" or must he receive more material punishment in the life that is to come?

"I am thy father's spirit ;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away.

* * * * *

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd ;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head."

Shakspeare makes very few references to future punishment. The subject did not interest him very deeply. Sin if not punished in this world will receive due retribution in the next, but it is to the penalties of this life that he would draw our attention.

In the "Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne has portrayed to us the child Pearl as the emblem of her mother's sin. Often would the mother awake in the morning to find the eyes of the little one fixed upon the letter. Strive to get away from that innocent gaze and she could not. Throw the letter away, and the child, laughingly, would run and bring it back again.

Shakspeare has touched upon the same theme. Sin may be inherited. Take for instance the case of Edmund, the bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester. A man born in sin, he was a man of sin, with no conception, it would almost seem, of right, unless his last act be taken into consideration—that of trying to save King Lear and Cordelia from the hands of the hangman. Was Edmund's life the retribution of Gloucester's sin and if so was not the penalty too great? Let men measure the consequences of their deeds.

I have spoken before of the sense of violence and sorrow that the word tragedy brings to us. Couple this with retribution, in the most common sense of the word, punishment, and the darkness deepens. Yet even as a world clothed in darkness may seem to be filled with light when seen from another planet, so

retribution may be used in its other sense, reward. The tragedy is still sad but not despairing.

In the darkest nights, when the sun has long since set and the good and the evil alike have gone to rest, out of the heaven there seems to come a song, wordless, noiseless, pure and holy, the song of the silence of silence, the harmony of night. So in the darkest hours of doubt and despair there may come to a Brutus, a Portia. Like a beautiful lady, rich in the jewels of innocence and beauty, clad in the garments of piety, she walked into a troubled world, and knocking at her husband's heart placed courage and purpose there. Brave soul, daring to rush into the very midst of the battle of life and there to stay until its noise and violence became too great for the delicate fibers of her heart and she must die of grief. What was her reward? Only a few lives sanctified, purified, because she had given herself to form a part of them.

Again through the silence of the night another song is wafted. It tells of a lonely mountain, of a terrible storm, of thunder, of lightning, of icy winds, of beating rain. It tells of an old man who once rich, now poor, must face the tempest, must see in its violence the reflection of his own sad life. Yet King Lear even in the most bitter hour of sorrow and misery was not alone. Loyal and true in the times of prosperity, Kent only increased his fidelity in the days of disaster. He was of such a pure, loyal nature that he must love where love was most needed, must serve when all hope of glory and riches to be gained had vanished. Knocked about, buffeted by the enemies of the King, he gained what was better than pearls, more precious than rubies, the name of true friend.

Imogen with her unbroken faith in her faithless Leonatus is in herself a poem. Edgar guiding his blind father, a masterpiece of the richness of human pity. God lives not alone in the heavens, he has scattered his divinity over the whole earth. The retribution of love is love. Shakspeare was a great optimist; he believed in the power of love to grow, in the power of virtue to generate virtue. It is the old example from nature. A lily will grow more beautiful in the bright sunshine and under the blue sky; so man's soul will grow with each good deed. Thrust the lily into the dark and it will shrivel away; take man away from good and his soul will die. Moreover, virtue cannot be lost. Like matter it cannot be destroyed. Strive to smother it

and it will burst into song. Strive to conceal it and it will break down its bulwarks. Virtue must be ultimately recognized. That is its final right. An Othello may question the faith of a Desdemona but at the end of his life he will be moved to say : Speak of me as one

“ Whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”

A stone when it is dropped from a high building will increase its velocity as it comes through space until it reaches the ground. So with each good deed the soul draws nearer to its goal, the divine.

It seems strange to think that in a tragedy, one may look for humor. The poor fool's wit seems more pathetic there than droll. We doubt if Shakspeare ever meant us to laugh at it. Yet humor there is. Dowden, in his treatise on Hamlet, brings out the thought that even here “the comic element is present,” is present, “but not obtruded.” Laertes, with all the self-conceited importance of an elder brother takes it upon himself to give to Ophelia a moral lecture. She in turn would give to him some “sisterly advice,” but he finds that his time is limited. He must away. Too late. Polonius has entered the stage just as the boy would leave it and Leonatus must listen to a long drawn-out speech upon the folly of vice and the wisdom of virtue. There is nothing more comical than the retribution of self-conceit.

I have already spoken of Shakspeare's belief that retribution is an active force which works in the soul and mind of man. This is the phrase of the law on which he places the most emphasis, but he by no means abandons the other phase, retribution as shown in material punishment. To the average small child, stories from Shakspeare might be as truly a mine of pleasure as are the tales of Grimm. There are punishments and horrors, suicides and murders, duels and wars enough to satisfy even the most bloodthirsty ; witches, ghosts, and spirits enough for the most imaginative. The moralist may come to Shakspeare for his examples of the weakness of sin. Sin cannot exist unrestrained. It must be punished. There is no cover thick enough to conceal it ; no labyrinth so intricate that it cannot be discovered. There are voices in the air that proclaim the evil deed ; ghosts, who in the dead of night, wander and announce the sin.

A Lady Macbeth may be strong enough to keep an awful secret all the day, by the strong fetters of an iron will she may keep it bound, but in the night, when sleep has loosed those fetters, it will escape. Dreams arise and images terrible. A son follows his mother to her chamber and says :

“Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.”

A Iachimo cannot endure the thrusts of an evil conscience.

“I am glad to be constrain’d to utter that
Which torments me to conceal.
My heavy conscience sinks my knee
As then you force did. Take that life ; beseech you
Which I so often owe.”

An Artemidorus stands ready to say

“Caesar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar.”

Sin must be discovered and after the discovery it is only a step farther to the punishment. The inevitable step.

It is wonderful to note with what ingenuity Shakspeare disposed of his villains, so natural do their untimely deaths seem. He never had to search for an excuse to “kill off” this or that character, the excuse seemed to come of its own accord. Living in an age when every man held a dagger and stood in readiness to use it at the slightest provocation, nothing could be more natural than that he should introduce the duel into his plays. There, many of his characters appeared for the last time. It was always a combat between good and bad ; the evil was conquered, yet everything seemed natural, nothing forced ; the artistic balance of the play was not harmed. Only a great artist could give this effect.

Again, if champions did not arise to punish the sinner the guilty one would often, through his own folly and ignorance, take the path that brought him to his doom. Cloten, dressed in Leonatus’ clothes while journeying to find an Imogen, to take away her happiness and to kill her lord, must meet a Belarius whom he would not hesitate to assault.

Cassius, mistaking the cry of victory for that of defeat, must fall upon his servant’s sword. Antony chose to follow the ship of Cleopatra rather than that of the Romans. A king prepared

a dreadful draught for Hamlet, but it was the queen who drank it, and he himself who fell by the poisoned dagger prepared for the Prince of Denmark. Goneril and Regen "the one the other poisoned and then slew herself." There are hundreds of similar cases. "The common curse of mankind is folly and ignorance." Only a few can turn away from the songs of the sirens.

To blend so much of mystery, of bloodshed, of things unnatural with things natural, requires the skill of a great artist. To teach a lesson to a child and make him unconscious of the effort he is expending in the task requires a great teacher. To place a flower of purity and beauty, delicate and frail, in a field of bloodshed and carnage and to leave its purity unharmed requires a great poet. To sing the song of love in a world of sorrow and pain and to make the harmony sound sweeter because of the discords of despair is the gift of a great singer. To bring a world of lawlessness under the regime of law requires a God.

Shakspeare was a great poet, a great singer, a great teacher and being the sum total of all those things, a great man, he recognized the possibility of a God. He became a scholar and strove to find out the meaning of the laws of that God. He found that man was a part of the divine law. He watched him, studied him, loved him, as only a true student can, sympathetically, lovingly, unswervingly. Then after he had observed, the teacher, the artist, the poet, in the world's greatest singer awoke, and he wrote of what he had learnt. He told of man, who had sinned and gone astray, of the penalty that his sin must cause him to bear. He called these stories tragedies because man of his own will had wandered away from life and chosen death. Yet ever and anon amid these tales of sorrow he told of those who, living in a sinful world, were yet pure. He told his story simply, sincerely, so that those who read were filled with hope rather than despair, with courage rather than faint-heartedness.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit, nor stand, but go.
Be our joys threefold pain
Strive and hold cheap the strain
Learn, nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throe."

It is not the voice of Rabbi Ben Ezra alone that speaks. It is the echoes from the ages growing stronger, not fainter as they come to us.

Alice Jackson.

THE GYPSY'S GRAVE

His gay, free life is ended and his wanderings are o'er ;
His long sweet sleep has come,
And the murmur of the wavelets as they kiss their native shore
Seems to speak of rest and home.

The trees above him rustling, the birds that o'er him sing
Tell of joys for him no more ;
While the roaring of the tempest when it breaks the forest-king
Speaks of struggles that are o'er.

In the early days of manhood he first saw the mountain lake,
Heard the waters whisp'ring there,
Saw the white clouds floating o'er it, heard the treetops softly shake
With the stirring of the air.

And he wandered by the lakeside with his dusky gypsy love
Under gleaming twilight skies,
Till all the light had faded save the brilliant stars above,
And her sparkling starry eyes.

Then at each returning summer he and all his gypsy band
Sought the quiet lake again,
Riding down the dusty highway till they reached the shady strand
Far from all great towns of men.

Thus his children grew to manhood ; and their father, old and grey,
Died one day at set of sun ;
And they laid him by the peaceful lake where whisp'ring waters say
That his work in life is done.

Now he sleeps there unattended and unwatched save by the trees,
But the blue lake for him weeps,
And sheds her soft tears o'er him when loud wails the sadden'd breeze,
But still he calmly sleeps.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving is one of the most interesting, though not one of the ablest of American historians. Yet does his name bring up before many of our minds the thought of staid volumes of history? Do we not rather laugh again over Rip van Winkle and Ichabod Crane and Dietrich Knickerbocker? The historian is one of the last aspects under which many of us think of the versatile, big-hearted man whose story telling has charmed us all, whose memory we all delight to honor. His historical works have indeed created a solid basis for his fame, and would of themselves have won him no mean place in American literature. Yet we must not take him too seriously, this genial country-man of ours, lest we miss the fine flavor of his humor, or fail to feel that loveliness of nature which has endeared him not only to his own generation, but to ours.

Irving's life was full of interest and variety, yet singularly free from danger or distress. His father, a Puritanical English seaman, and his beautiful sunny-hearted Scotch mother settled in New York City not long before he was born, in April, 1783. Their home was on William street, between Fulton and John, a fact which puts Irving far back into the past for those who know New York to-day.

No biographer of Irving fails to tell the story of his presentation to Washington—how one day when Irving was three years old, his Scotch nurse rushed with him into a shop which the general had just entered, and holding out the child for a benediction, gasped "Please your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." But we may well pass by the usual reflections on the thrill of emotion and interest which would have passed through Washington, had he known that his hand was resting on the head of his future biographer.

The child Irving went to a small school in Ann street when he was four years old, but soon passed from that to an old soldier's school in Fulton street. His schooling ended when he was sixteen, and even in those years did not form a very important part of his life. He was fonder of the theatre, to whose

performances he used sometimes to go at night when supposed to be asleep—climbing out of a back window, over some low roofs, and so away. He was fonder still of wandering along the piers, watching the tall ships sail away, and dreaming of the wonderful lands whither they were bound.

His older brothers had gone to King's College, now Columbia, but instead of following them he entered a lawyer's office, finding time, however, to contribute to the *Morning Chronicle* a series of papers signed Jonathan Oldstyle. These are interesting as showing the lad's quiet humor and chivalrous devotion to women. During these years too, he took many long walks out of doors, exploring the banks of the Hudson, and growing wise in the traditions of the countryside. Ill health was much to blame for the desultory way in which he carried on his law studies. Finally the state of his health became so alarming that in 1804, when twenty-one years old, he was sent abroad. After two happy years of sightseeing he returned to New York where, in company with several friends, he published a paper called *Salamagundi*, an evident imitation of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. He took up law again, entering the office of Judge Hoffmann. With the death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he was soon to have married, there entered into the gay young fellow's life a strain of melancholy and sadness which never left it again. Irving never married, and all his life long wherever he travelled he carried with him a Bible and Prayer Book in which were written the name of Matilda Hoffman.

In 1805 he went abroad again, this time chiefly in the interests of his brothers' commercial house, in which he was a small partner. But his business left him time for much visiting and he was cordially received in the many homes in which Knickerbocker had already been made welcome. His business faculty could not have been very great. Perhaps one should have expected this from his childish hatred of arithmetic. At any rate, in 1818 the house went into bankruptcy, a fortunate thing for Irving and for us, since it left him wholly free to devote himself to literature. From 1826 to 1829 he was an attaché of the embassy to Spain. From this period naturally date the *Life of Columbus*, the *Alhambra*, and the *Conquest of Granada*. After three years residence in London as secretary of the legation there, he returned to New York in 1832.

Purchasing Sunnyside, the country house on the Hudson

with which his name is always connected, he settled down to a quiet life among places and people that he loved. But in 1842 he was called away by his appointment as Minister to Spain, which President Tyler made at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. In a letter to a little niece, written on his way to Madrid, he says: "I am somewhat of a philosopher, so I shall endeavor to resign myself to the splendor of courts and the conversation of courtiers, comforting myself that the time will arrive when I shall once more return to sweet little Sunnyside, to be able to sit on a stone fence and talk about politics with neighbor Forkel and Uncle Ebenezer." After a four years' successful diplomatic career, he went back to Sunnyside, which he enlarged and improved. At his invitation his brother Ebenezer and family made his home their own. There he lived elegantly, but in no sense ostentatiously, exercising the generous hospitality which he so much enjoyed. There, after thirteen years he died, (Dec., 1859.)

The public mourning which followed his death naturally found its chief expression in his native city. Well might New York honor her famous son. George William Curtis has called attention to the interesting fact that one who is perhaps the most illustrious son of New York City is least representative of her character and interests. Yet Irving was thoroughly loyal to the New York of his day. Truly, the New York of 1783, the Dutch town of twenty thousand inhabitants, whose country houses were far out on that shady winding road the Bowery, is in little except its name like the monster city born this New Year's Day. But both the old and the new New York claim Irving as their own. His chief service to his native city, beyond the prestige brought her by his fame, was the creation of the Knickerbocker traditions. "The Knickerbocker history" says Curtis, "created the historic New Amsterdam. The Dutch tradition is what Irving made it." It is no small thing to have brought a romantic interest into the bustling materialistic city or to have cast over the Hudson River something of that picturesque glamour which belongs to scenes of the Old World.

In accomplishing this, Irving not only served his native city but honored America. Much as he travelled abroad, and fond as he was both of England and of Spain, he was a right loyal American all his life, and rendered varied and valuable services to his native land. First, his diplomatic career was by no means

an insignificant one. Opinions vary as to the difficulty and delicacy of his work as Minister to Spain, but all are agreed that this work was well done. At the close of his mission to Spain the queen addressed him in the following words: "Your frank and loyal conduct has contributed to draw closer the amicable relations which exist between North America and Spain, and your distinguished personal merits have gained in my heart the appreciation which you merit by more than one title."

Socially, Irving was valuable to his country, in that he helped to bring America and Great Britain into kindlier relations at a time of mutual dislike and misunderstanding. He was among the first Americans to whom distinguished British homes were cordially thrown open, and his sketches called Bracebridge Hall showed a sympathetic appreciation of English home life which delighted all his English readers.

But we all recognize that Irving's chief service to America was a literary one. When he began to write, there was practically no American literature worth the name. There was practically, too, no reading public. Such books as were written found few readers here and none across the sea. To the sneering English question "Who reads an American book?" Irving forced a satisfactory answer, by writing books that Englishmen were glad enough to read. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls him "the daystar of American literature," and someone else has spoken of him as "the first American to win a European reputation merely as a man of letters." Both these titles are probably deserved. Certain it is that his work was most enthusiastically received abroad. Byron spoke in high praise of the *Sketch Book*, Coleridge called *The Conquest of Granada* "a masterpiece of its kind," while Scott recognized in *Knickerbocker* something of kinship both to Swift and to Sterne and wrote to a friend of Irving's "We have been reading it aloud, and our sides are sore with laughing." Irving's general popularity in England is the more significant when we remember that it was just at this time that these authors who praised him, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Moore—were at the height of their power.

Irving was read more by his own generation than he has been by any which has succeeded. His name cannot stand with the greatest of those who have followed him. Yet his own modest

wish is surely fulfilled—"I seek only to blow a flute accompaniment in the national concert and leave others to play the fiddle and the French horn." And his name is by no means a dead one in American literature. The delicate sentiment, the warm human sympathy, the exquisite humor, the grace and refinement of his work, together with his ease and felicity of expression—all these win for him many readers still, and maintain for him a place in literature similar, it seems to me, to that which Goldsmith occupies. We all read and enjoy the *Sketch Book*, the *Tales of a Traveller* and *Knickerbocker*. On such works, perhaps, rests his chief claim to memory, rather than on his historical writings. Yet these deserve our most careful attention, both as Americans and as students of history.

His historical work falls naturally into two classes—first, that in which the fictitious element is prominent, and second, serious historical writing. To the first belong *Knickerbocker*, *The Conquest of Granada* and *The Alhambra*, to the second his *lives of Columbus* and *Washington*. At first thought it may seem as if the former class should not be taken seriously at all. But many of the characters in *Knickerbocker* were flesh-and-blood Dutch burghers, and that the Moors were true historical personages we all know. In these works his delicate fancy, his warm humor, his poet's love for color and for mystery have free play. Nor are these qualities lacking in the other class of his historical work. But other characteristics are more prominent there.

Irving wrote a *Life of Goldsmith* and a *Life of Mahomet*, but these must at every point give way to his two famous books, *The Life of Columbus* and *The Life of Washington*. As we turn to Irving's chief historical work let us consider first, his qualifications for writing history, then the chief characteristics of his work and his achievements as a historian.

What then were some of his qualifications for writing the lives of these two great men? Among the first I should place his patriotism. Edward Everett has reminded us of the evident fact that no two characters should have greater significance for an American historian than these—the discoverer of our continent and the chief figure in our history. Into the study of their lives so loyal an American as Irving would be sure to throw himself with sympathy and enthusiasm.

Another qualification of Irving's, and a more tangible, prac-

tical one than the preceding, is that he had unusual facilities for obtaining the needed material. His life in Spain gave him access to many original manuscripts which he industriously studied and faithfully used. Indeed, the impetus to this work was given him by the suggestion of our Minister to Spain, Alexander Everett, that he should translate Navarrete's *Voyages of Columbus*. He soon became so interested that he abandoned this work and began his own *Life of Columbus*. While his *Life of Washington* lacks certain merits, because as some one puts it "He was writing of the yesterday of his own to-day," on the other hand it gains many things from the use of so much contemporaneous material.

Again, Irving was qualified for writing his most readable and interesting histories by his unusual gift of graceful expression, and his command of a graphic style. He used an idiomatic rhythmical English style, which as one critic has said "has a fine flavor of culture about it."

This beauty of style is one of the chief merits, though by no means the only one, to be found in his histories. We notice also great picturesqueness, especially in the *Life of Columbus*, in which we feel everywhere the artist's sensitiveness to rich color, gorgeous pageantry, dramatic situations. Irving's poetic nature is shown, too, in his conception of the character of Columbus, for as Charles Dudley Warner has said "it required poetic sensibility to enter into sympathy with that magnificent dreamer." The coloring of *The Life of Washington* is, from the nature of the subject, more subdued; but here, too, is to be found much that is vivid and picturesque.

Seldom, however, does the artist or the poet conquer the historian. There are places in the *Columbus* where the rhetorical color is said to be too high, but his judgments throughout are characterized by great fairness and sagacity. "Irving," says G. W. Greene, "has successfully established his claim to the rare and difficult virtue of impartiality." Other critics praise him for his calmness both in sentiment and in style, and call attention to the atmosphere of sincerity thereby obtained.

These two great biographies of his are also noteworthy for their unity of conception. This is especially true of his *Life of Washington*, the work of his old age, and, he hoped, the crowning work of his life. This is in five small volumes, the *Colum-*

bus in three. Both show the author's power of conceiving of his subject in its entirety and his skill in dividing his work. We may credit Irving then, with a sense of proportion—an essential characteristic of all really good historians.

His feeling for proportion is most marked in the relation maintained in his books between biography and history. As we use the words, Irving is a biographer rather than a historian after all, and he never allows the one office to be merged in the other. It has been said of him "He leaves the philosophical investigation of cause and effect to others, and seeks rather to represent the most picturesque features of an age as embodied in the actions and words of characteristic representatives." In his *Life of Washington* he gives a lucid account of the events of the Revolutionary War, for his skill as a narrator is great, as we all know, and gives generous estimates of the great men who were Washington's associates, but achieves great success in making and keeping Washington essentially the central figure of his narrative. It is in this field of character portrayal that Irving most excels. We have said that he enters with sympathy and comprehension into the lives of these two great men. But not only this—by his descriptive power he enables his readers to do the same.

These are some of the characteristics and achievements of Irving's work. He is adversely criticised in that he lacks a certain intellectual virility, and a sustained vigor of treatment. And by the modern standards of scientific history, his work, it must be admitted, is sadly lacking in breadth and profundity of research.

This then is Irving the historian, as we have been able to describe him. But before we close, let us once more look lovingly at the man. For when all is said and done, it is his personality that holds and charms us most. As Ik. Marvel said of him "His simple goodheartedness is what makes men love to remember him." His love for children, for music, for the beauty of the world out of doors, shows the purity and refinement of his nature. He was a sensitive, generous, sunny-souled man, "a man who," as Warner says of him, "loved good women, little children and a pure life." Truly his books represent him in that they are "wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, and of humor without any sting." His books are typical of his char-

acter, too, in lacking a certain forcefulness and energy. Yet we may well love and honor his memory as a man "who," to quote Mitchell again, "to exquisite graces of speech added purity of life and to the most buoyant and playful of humors added a love for all mankind." FLORENCE JUDD ANDERSON.

THE HILLS IN AUTUMN

Dear one, let us go forth together
Over the hills, where the purple haze
Breathes mystery and a witch-spell lays
On idle folk in the autumn weather.

Peace sleeps on the hills ; shall we go to find her ?
The sky is warm and the maples spread
A myriad links of gold and red
Adown the slope for a chain to bind her.

Lo, into our inmost hearts the river,
The far-away thread with the silver gleam,
Shall wind its way like a shining dream,
With wonderful fancies alight, aquiver.

Dear heart, let us climb together the golden,
Glorious hills ; who knows, we may
Win to the top of silence to-day,
Where even the tongues of the winds are holden.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO SAINT VALENTINE

How many saints in the canon be
Little I know and less I care.
Good Saint Valentine, 'tis to thee,
Thee alone, that I make my prayer.
Grant me light in my dark despair,
Hear my plea as I humbly bow.
Ease my heart of its cruel care.
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

Send thine aid with a maiden rare
Who pierced my heart with her sweet brown eyes,
Tangled it close in her soft brown hair,
And little recks of the trifling prize,
Yields me scorn for my heavy sighs,
Laughs at my wooing and mocks my vow,
Looks upon me but to despise.
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

Good Saint Valentine, break her rest,
Suffer no longer this thing to be.
Stir the calm in her tranquil breast,
Rob her life of its careless glee,
Fetter her heart that was once so free.
Set thy mark on her fair white brow,
And all these things for the love of me.
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

E. W. H.

I

If I should send my heart to-day,
Would Marjorie remember?
I can't imagine what she'd say
If I should send my heart to-day,
It's far too far away from May
'Tis far too near December.
If I should send my heart to-day,
Would Marjorie remember?

II

If thou would'st know
Who loves thee best
Or east or west,
I'd say 'twas she
Who most of any, here below
Resembles me. H. C. B.

Louisa Alcott once threatened to write a description of the many "garçons" she met during her "Shawl strap" travels, but she never did. If they had been

Some of our Teachers half as queer as the large collection of school teachers which a life in public schools has made us acquainted with, she certainly could never have resisted.

First was Mrs. King, a cozy memory of a grandmotherly smile and long purple streamers that were the delight of us small fry. She used to take the most scared little girl up into her lap when there was a thunder shower and tell us a certain story of a hen who laid an egg in the contribution box in the church vestibule and how the proceeds of that egg went to the worthy heathen. It was always the same story and we always listened to it with the same absorbing interest.

Then came Mrs. Pettiford. She used always to come to school with her hair done up in tea leads, and we used to get there early for the sake of seeing her take her hair out of them and arrange the "Lanktry bang" in front of a fragment of mirror which hung on the inside of the wardrobe door. This same lady used to be called for every afternoon by her husband who seems to have been engaged in no particular business. We used to troop home behind them, thinking it a most interesting and abnormal circumstance that "teacher" should have any friends outside of school, and above all, a husband. All the married ladies we knew stayed home and took care of the house.

Our next experience was with a young woman (she must have been young though she seemed to us middle aged), who wore a buff dress, frequently called us little hyenas, wept with anger, and told us charming stories of the South. We used to wonder if the South made everyone as yellow as she was.

Then we had a Miss Pilly who used to smile and blush whenever anything masculine passed the window. On these occasions

we used to nudge each other and wink knowingly. This same young lady, being averse to labor, used to get some girls to come to her house every month to make out the report cards, and as a reward they had the privilege of changing all their zeros to hundreds.

Three or four years after this, Providence put in my way a little teacher who gave us a stronger push up the steep hill of learning than any other ever had. She was an odd little person, who seemed to be thoroughly saturated with philosophy. Every discussion ended in an unanswerable question, and an intensely sentimental feeling marked every criticism and characterization she made. She was as absent minded as an ideal philosopher should be. She went home without her hat, and would hang on a door knob for an indefinite length of time, gazing into space and utterly regardless of the people who had difficulty in squeezing past her into the room. On one occasion she refused to walk under the umbrella of a girl who, she said, cast a chill over the class-room and froze her so that she could hardly talk; preferring to get wet rather than accept even half an umbrella from the offending one.

But with all her philosophy she was never so dear to us as Mrs. King, and the hen that worked so ably for the heathen has outlived, in our memory, her questions that we could not answer.

F. M. O.

Elizabeth is the dearest girl in the world. I am sure of it, for I have known her ever since we went to kindergarten together, and from kindergarten to college is a

The Literary History long way. Throughout those years
of Elizabeth I never let go the hope that Elizabeth

would have a literary career, and I selfishly promised myself the fame of writing her biography. Elizabeth's mother, I believe, had a sneaking hope of the same kind, for she kept under lock and key everything that Elizabeth wrote, carefully strapped together and labelled with the date of composition.

Elizabeth showed me this collection once, laughing over the labelling as well as the compositions themselves. Topmost on

the pile was a small bit of paper labelled "Said by Elizabeth at the age of two years and five months." Below the couplet :

"You eat butter and I eat bread,
If he hits me I'll kill him dead."

Who could doubt, after such early promise, that Elizabeth was destined to reach the highest round of literary fame ?

After this Elizabeth produced nothing of literary significance until she was ten years old. Then she wrote several hymns. My memory fails me, so that I can not reproduce them here, but I remember there was a good deal in them about the "sinful and the sad." She showed them to me in confidence and then it was that I first fully decided that she would be a great writer.

The break of three years that came after this would have discouraged this belief in a less hopeful person than myself. But I never lost faith, and when at the age of thirteen Elizabeth burst into reams of verse I was struck with admiration, but not with surprise. I had known it would come. One of the girls said Elizabeth ought to have her "poems" corrected and published, but for my part I couldn't see that they needed any correction.

As I said, she wrote a great many verses at this time, mostly love poems, but the one that excited most universal admiration was one about a poet who couldn't get enough to eat. This was read one Friday afternoon at our club—called the "T. C." (The boys said "T. C." meant Ten Cranks, as there were ten members, but the name was really "Thalian Conclave.") The organization pretended to be literary and dramatic in its character, but we spent most of the time in eating. There was, however, at the suggestion of Elizabeth, who was the originator and namer of the club, a budget provided, to which all literary productions might be anonymously contributed. No one ever contributed to the budget except Elizabeth.

When the verses about the poor poet were read all the girls went wild over them, and I remember I hardly enjoyed my lemonade because I kept thinking of the dismal garret and the poor dead poet. One or two of the most impressive parts still remain in my memory. In order to dispose of his manuscripts,

"All the next day tramped the poet
Without food from store to store,
But the answer never varied,
'We have enough, we want no more.'"

But the height of impressiveness was reached when in the cold garret,

"Lay the poet slowly starving,
Starving for the want of food."

Later on, during the four years preparatory course for college, Elizabeth wrote the best essays in the class, and was made one of the editors of the school paper. To this paper she contributed articles and occasional humorous verses. She was very fond of writing rhymes, especially during recitations.

I felt, therefore, when we came to college, that I had sufficient grounds for cherishing my almost lifelong hope that she would distinguish herself in a literary way. This hope never died, but during our first year it slept within me. This year, however, it sprang into life again in all its pristine freshness. Elizabeth elected themes!

For the first and second terms I watched her carefully, but found nothing to warrant the entertainment of brilliant hopes. Then, just within the last two weeks I noticed a change. Elizabeth, whenever she does much writing, always has the traces of ink on her second finger. Every day when she came to class I looked at her second finger, and every day I saw the ink upon it.

Then, too, she seemed different somehow—quieter and absent minded. One day she did not come to German, and said she had forgotten all about it. Another morning, when it was raining, I met her walking up the stairs in College Hall, under an umbrella. Putting everything together, I felt sure that the literary fever had really come upon her.

Rejoicing in this hope, I went to Elizabeth's room a few days ago and found her sitting at her desk, writing. Her cheeks were pinker than usual; she had never looked prettier. On the desk before her was a glass containing some peculiar-looking mixture.

"What on earth is that, Bess?" I said. "Oh, that was just a glass of water, and I dipped my pen in by mistake," said Elizabeth. Another indication!

"Well, you *are* literary," I said. "What are you writing—themes?"

Elizabeth turned round in her chair. "No, not themes, Polly," she said, and then she rose and closed the transom.

"I wanted you to be the first one to know," she said. "I have

just put it on," and she put out her left hand and touched mine. There, glistening on her third finger was a solitaire diamond.

"Who?" I said. If I had not been so dazed I would not have needed to ask.

"Why, George, of course," she answered, "I was writing to him when you came in."

George is a dear boy, but I could not say I was glad. I could only say, "Oh, Elizabeth!"

I stayed with her all the afternoon and we talked about "George." Just as I was going, I said, "How are you getting on with your themes, Bess?"

"Themes! Oh my dear, I'm way behind," said Elizabeth, "and I can't think of a thing to write. If you're going past the post office would you mind dropping my letter in? And, Polly, I guess you'd better put a special delivery on it, for I'm later in mailing it than usual, and he may not get it soon enough."

M. H. L.

HER LOVE

She would not move one single, pretty lash
To hear me praised, but when my life was blamed,
Her pure white face was kindled like a flash,
And from her cheek a sudden love upflamed.

O. M. L.

There was no better place for seeing the parade in the city, than the fifth story window in the Government Building. Our

chairs were carefully arranged on the broad

At a Parade stone sill and tied to the heavy desk inside.

Waiting, we had a good deal of fun picking "characters" out of the immense and motley crowd on the street.

"For goodness sake! Look at that woman in the green dress!"

"Where! Where?"

"Well, you see the second post this way from the grand stand."

"Yes."

"Well, you see the third man this side of that with his hands in his pockets?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's just behind him."

I looked and saw a creature costumed in real St. Patrick green. It was a "filmy gown." The skirt was either tied tight around her legs or stringing way in front, wrapped around some one else's and pulling her after. It was profusely trimmed with écreu lace, both on bodice and sleeves. Her leghorn hat was decorated with white lilacs, green leaves, and black hat pins, not to mention the ecstatic white bows on top.

Down the street came the mounted police. The solid mass divided before those glossy, sleek horses as they advanced down the line, pushing the people to right and left. When they came to the "green-goods" woman she put up her hands and sank back with the rest, knocking her hat all askew but saving her life from those awful hoofs.

A troop of small boys came scampering down the clearing, like scraps of paper in the wind. The policemen gathered these together and let them loose again on the other side of the rope.

Soon the band in bright red uniforms marched down the street to the "Liberty Bell" march. Right in front of the grand stand, where President McKinley was seated, the drum-major in his cotton-bale bonnet, ignominiously dropped his stick and tried to regain his reputation by the perfect kaleidoscope action of its brass head afterwards.

Forgetful of white china shirt buttons, every small boy hung over the rope anxious to get nearer the noise and fun. Crack! and the rope was broken. The crowd of urchins looked like riggling turtles. Only for a minute, though, for they picked themselves up and were off in every direction before the policemen could catch them or the expanding crowd could crush them under foot.

In a minute half a court was packed with people. On the front row was the "green lady" with her hands in white mits contentedly folded before her. The policemen fastened one end of the rope to the grand-stand and brought it around the crowd, pulling it tighter and tighter until the mass was again compressed. "Miss Green" was somehow left out and ran to crawl under. She bobbed up inside the rope, but the weird bows had caught and knocked the hat half way down her back. At this the good natured mob joined us in some fun at her expense.

When the speeches began, she joined the serpent-like line of those moving through the middle. Suddenly there was great

confusion at one of the cross streets. The crowd separated. "Hi, there! Look out, you woman in the green rig! Get out of the way!" We caught sight of a familiar figure retreating just as a run away dashed madly into the cleared space, where it was stopped.

President McKinley received a wonderful storm of applause at the end of his speech. Governor Bushnell then started. We could not hear him and so were watching the street when a patrol wagon came rattling down and backed up to the pavement. Of course the crowd gathered around and our sight was cut off by a green-robed woman standing with her mitted hand on the handle at the back of the wagon, while a sick, dead, or drunken man was pushed in and bundled off.

The Governor went right on speaking and was followed by several others. I was interested in a woman with a crying baby just under the window, when some one said, "Oh, look at that woman! I believe she's crazy." I followed her directions and was not the least surprised to see the same "green lady," who had evidently tried to cross the street. A policeman escorted her to the curb stone and held the rope for her, while she talked and gesticulated violently.

This put her on the other side, where she was swallowed up in the crowd. About half an hour later I saw a light green cloud float across the street about two blocks below.

The speeches finally came to an end. They always do, sooner or later! The President, followed by all the other celebrities, had moved off in his carriage, when who should appear in a mud-bespattered, top buggy, but the same marvelous symphony in green. She had righted her hat and pulled up the mits, looked indeed quite coy as she bowed to her numerous friends in the crowd and made an occasional remark to her rural protector at her side.

M. L. W.

THE SONG OF THE DIG

With brain all weary and worn,
And clock just pointing to ten,
A Smith girl sat in her third floor room,
Plying her pencil and pen.
Write, write, write,
In loneliness, sorrow and pain,
And so throughout the weary night
She sang this song so plain.

Read, read, read,
 When the sun peeps over the hill,
 And read, read, read,
 Till the night is dark and still.
 It's oh to be a dunce
 And live with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a mind to train,
 Than always be at work.

Think, think, think,
 Till the brain begins to swim,
 And think, think, think,
 Till the eyes grow heavy and dim ;
 Themes and German and French,
 French and German and themes,
 Till over her books she falls asleep,
 And reads and writes in her dreams.

O, but for one short hour
 In which to rest or play !
 No blessed leisure for fudge or tea,
 But work the livelong day.
 French and German and Themes,
 Themes and German and French,
 Till the clock strikes ten and the lights are gone
 With the wits of the poor Smith wench. A. L. F.

"Wall, Bruce," said Nancy Piper to her husband, "I've ben ter my first tea-drinkin' party and I hope it'll be the last. Of all the nonsensical things ! I never

Nancy Piper's Opinion yet saw the beat of it."

of Afternoon Teas Nancy stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, busily trying to untie the strings of her "best bonnet." Her tall, lank body swayed to and fro with excitement, and her black eyes in their deep sockets gleamed like live coals. Bruce, who was lolling back in his chair, humming "Marching Through Georgia," stopped and stared at his wife. Then he drawled out,

"What's the matter ? You was powerful anxious ter go an' mix up with them city boarders up at the Buzzel's. Didn't yer get enough grub ?"

"Now thet was jest the trouble," replied Nancy. "Here I left a good supper ter go up ter Tilly Buzzel's, an' they passed me a cup o' luke warm stuff, with no cream, but only an old

piece of lemon peel stuck in it. I couldn't make out whether 'twas lemonade or what, but I calc'lated 'twas tea, bein' as how my invitation read that way. Then they gave me a bunch of sody crackers tied up with a blue ribbon. I wonder ef they thought I was a nanny goat and expected me ter eat the ribbon, an' not another thing did they have 'ceptin' a plate o' bread an' butter cut so thin thet yer could er seen right through them. I never saw sech measly little slices. Ef thet's yer swell afternoon tea thet yer hear so much about, I guess I'll be excused. I'd ben savin' my appetite all day fer thet tea, an' ter think thet I shud come away hungrier than I went! It's disgraceful, an' I mean ter tell Tilly so termorrow when her boarders hev gone on the picnic! I'm goin' ter give 'em a tea to show 'em vittles as is vittles. I'll hev the tea brought in hot, an' I'll give 'em cold pork sandwiches cut an inch thick, an' doughnuts an' cookies an' fruit cake, an' strawberry jam, an' top off with mince pie. Thet would be something worth walking a quarter of a mile ter git." Nancy stopped to take breath.

"What'd they do," said Bruce, "hev a magic lantern show?"

"Hm," replied Nancy, shrugging her shoulders, "you jest bet they didn't. They stood around like so many bumps on a log an' talked on the weather. One old lady all gew-gawed up in plush an' lace asked me if we turned our pigs out ter pasture, and when I said no, but our cows an' heifers went out, she said, 'What is a heifer, a pony or a goat?' Sech ign'rance! On a person thet calls herself a lady and hails from Boston, too! Why, I suppose thet she'd hev asked me next if we tied our hip-popoteroeces to our apple trees ef I hadn't said I'd gut ter go. Wall, this is the last tea-drinkin' party you'll ever find me at!"

F. S.

EDITORIAL

The somewhat recent appearance of a novel widely advertised as a "College Story," but which must surely leave all college graduates with a wonder as to the whereabouts of that portion of the book in which the desirability of a college education for women is even faintly implied, brings us again to the question: When shall we have a college story which shall be in its description correct, in its narration interesting, in its style at least readable and in its atmosphere convincing?

The question as to whether such a story can claim a legitimate field is not here under discussion. As a matter of fact one or two of such collections of tales have been eminently successful—notably the *Princeton Stories*. The dash, the vigor, the swing of the author's evident model, Kipling, are all, on a small scale, it is true, to be found in these clever stories. One feels that they are true: that it happened so: that with due allowance for the probable growth and change of customs, it is true and happening so to-day, and the testimony of undergraduates and alumni confirm one's faith. On every page rests another triumph: the trail of the petticoat is not over them. They are simply college stories: they deal with cane-sprees and spreads and crams and fights and games and clubs and pipes and tutors. They feel, every one of them, that Princeton is the best place in the world and they say so frankly. And almost one agrees with them for the moment, however the Crimson or the Blue may own one's first and real allegiance.

But where is the book of stories to match them, from the woman's college? The best known attempt, Miss Goodloe's, is not properly and in the sense of the *Princeton Stories*, a book of college tales at all. A series of love stories for the most part, they yet imply that any kind of a tale set on the Campus becomes a college tale. This is essentially wrong. Unless the college is the *raison d'être* of the college story it is a failure, and

a deserved one. It is very true, perhaps, that humanity is much the same at bottom, and that the same thing happens to most of us in the same way, but the college story is not the place to set this forth. If there is one distinctly special place, calling for one distinct method of treatment, emphasizing one distinct set of conditions, it is the college, or the school, if you will, considered socially.

Hence the sad fact that we have but one *Tom Brown*: too difficult a creation, apparently, for many a far cleverer man than Thomas Hughes. Unless the author can invest a social situation from one point of view thoroughly abnormal with all the interest and reality of the great world, unless he can bring into play a sufficient proportion of the great passions, however diluted, unless he can make his local color fascinating in proportion to his limited palette, he has either a hampered love-story, or a succession of photographs, which somehow do not make literature, but only newspaper copy.

Now there are those who insist that these requirements cannot, in the nature of things, be met: that however possible the school story may be, the characters in the college story have attained a sufficient age, or what is more to the purpose, a sufficient intellectual development, to be treated, particularly in the case of the young woman, as approximately mature. And the maturer impulses are not collegiate. There is, in short, logically nothing between the boarding-school story and the ordinary novel.

If referred to the *Princeton Stories*, the *Harvard Stories* or even the old *Yale Yarns*, it is to be feared that their answer, however politely disguised, would coincide terribly with the opinion of Lord Byron, who seems to have considered that man's love was of man's life a thing apart, but of considerably greater importance in the case of woman.

That this opinion is held by the authors of *College Girls* and *Diana Victrix* is only too evident.

The one introduces into the college life what every college student knows is extraneous matter to the average undergraduate, the other takes the college girl through her college days in imagination and beforehand, and gives the reader the result, placed in what are labelled ordinary circumstances. The one lacks college flavor as certainly though more strangely than the other. Love affairs are no more the staple of undergraduate life

than are sickly sentimentality and an apparent disapproval of the married state the necessary results of graduation.

Will there not soon be raised up some one to interest the world—if even the limited part of it that has been graduated from women's colleges—with a study of a set of conditions quite as interesting, quite as typical and vastly more complicated than the corresponding conditions in the institutions adorned by the college girl's brother?

To succeed it must interest us greatly and chiefly in the girl, not as a lover or a reformer or even a cut-and-dried *fiancée*, but as a student, studying, not quite after the manner of the harmless serial description of her life that appeared within a few years in the *St. Nicholas*, nor with quite such infantile amusements when her study is done; but with just the proportion of work and play and nonsense and seriousness, with just that attention to fads and fancies that are not quite the fads and fancies of her sister who is not a college girl, as shall make her what she is for four years, at least—a type of her own.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The publication of the last volume of Harvard stories, "Harvard Episodes" is the occasion of a discussion in the *Chap-book* for January fifteenth, concerning the legitimacy of the college story as a branch of current literature. The writer of the article criticises the college story both as fiction and as a picture of college life. The scope of the material afforded by college life is too limited to permit genuine fiction to be made from it. It can at best give pictures, but the volumes of stories published so far give a very one-sided view of college life. Few phases of college experience, and few types of college men are represented. Consequently, according to the author of the *Chap-book*, the cleverness of the stories in "Harvard Episodes" is wasted, and the book does more injury than good. The writer permits the student to write of his college interests in his college paper, but advises him to leave off such juvenile occupations and take up a man's work as soon as he leaves college.

In regard to the limited scope afforded by college life for fiction the writer is correct. It is a question whether any true fiction has ever been written about college matters. In the two or three books that seem to come nearest it the interest lies not so much in the portrayal of college life as in other phases of the story. "A Brave Girl," by Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, published several years ago in the *Wide Awake* is the best story of college life, at least of life in a girl's college that has ever been published.

If fiction is to be made out of college life it must be written, however, not while the person is in college, but after he has left college. The real significance of any phase of our life comes to most of us after it is past rather than while we are experiencing it. It takes a true artist to make romance out of life as he lives it, and college students are too immature to be artists. While in college the student gets the experience of college life, and this experience can become the possible material for fiction later.

The most successful attempts at fiction in the college magazines are not those dealing with college interests.

There is no particular thread running through the college magazines for the month. A few Christmas stories that were left out of December issues appear in some magazines this month. The New Year season is celebrated by appropriate poetry in several papers, most successfully by an ode "To the New Year" in the *Wellesley Magazine*.

Articles on literary men, either biographical or critical, are the heavy or semi-heavy numbers in several of the magazines.

Most prominent among them are "Goethe's Influence on Carlyle" in the *Vassar Miscellany*; "Sienkiewicz" in the *Williams Literary Monthly*; "La Fontaine" in the *Columbia Literary Monthly*; "Robert Herrick" in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*; "Francis Turner Palgrave" in the *Kalends*; "The Idealistic Basis of Thoreau's Genius" in the *Harvard Monthly*.

The subject of cheating in examinations is discussed in a paper "College Honor" in the *Kalends*. A "moral tale" in the *Cornell Magazine* called "Reaping the Whirlwind" has the same subject. Both leave the impression that there is much need for reform along that line.

Good fiction is scarce this month. "The Two Who Went In and Came Out" in the *Yale Courant*, "The Passing of the Viscomte de Montreuil" in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* are among the best offered.

We quote the following verse :

TWO RONDEAUX

I

Ere earth awakes from dreamland's sway,
Larks, nests forsaken wing their way
To greet the sun with fresh surprise,—
Hark ! how their wind-borne melodies
Float earthward, heralding the day.

On wings that scorn the earth they stray
Thro' cloudfields where the cloud webs play;
Higher and higher still they rise
Ere earth awakes.

The faint stars dare not longer stay,
Aghast they watch the morning gray
 Crimson before their mist-dimmed eyes ;
 Deep dyed with dawn, the virgin skies
Dispel them, and they steal away
 Ere earth awakes.

II

At eventide the western sky
Forgetful of the day spring nigh
 Sinks sorrowful to tender gray,
 Grows faint, still fainter, fades away,
Outbeams the evening star on high.

The wooing winds with wistful sigh,
Breathing soft secrets tenderly,
 Caress rose petals on their way
 At eventide ;

And as they sweep serenely by
Borne on their wings there comes a cry
 From forest depths where shadows play :
 The whippoorwill laments the day,
Moaning his sad plaint ceaselessly
 At eventide.

—*Yale Courant.*

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The fifteenth day of Ramazan, the day of anticipated disaster in Constantinople, had passed in peace ; the Sultan had made his pilgrimage to kiss the robe of the prophet Mohammed and returned to his palace Yildiz with his head on his shoulders. Before some new panic seized the public mind, making it unsafe to venture after dark beyond the commonplace streets of the Pera-Galata quarter into the narrow alleys of Turkish Stamboul, we took the opportunity of making an evening visit to the Mosque of St. Sophia, which is only illuminated for worship during Ramazan, the month of fasting and prayer.

We rattled across the long Galata bridge, looking out on the dark masts of the crowded shipping in the Golden Horn, then up the narrow, dimly lighted streets to the rear entrance of the Mosque. Being informed that no Christian was allowed to pass through the main entrance, we humbly walked in at a low door indicated by our driver, and there huddled together in a damp passage glimmering with the feeble light of one candle, we waited until a white-turbaned, dark-robed priest appeared to be our guide. Behind this solemn figure, holding a light above his head, we ascended the winding way between thick stone walls to the gallery, from which aliens and strangers may look down upon the faithful. The vast interior was softly illuminated by thousands of little wicks flaming in glass cups of olive oil, which circled the base of the dome, lined the galleries and hung from iron chandeliers over the main floor. Gradually the noble lines of the grand old Mosque emerged from the shadows as our eyes wandered from the great dome to the supporting semi-domes, to the arches of the gallery rich with gold mosaic, down to the large arcades of the floor. Here are the famous columns, now dingy with the dust of centuries, many colored marbles from Athens and Delos, porphyry from the temple of the Sun at Baalbek, and verde antique from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. On the walls occasional mutilated paintings of saints and half obliterated crosses, speak of the old days when the Moslem invaders blotted out the sacred symbols of the Christians, putting in their places inscriptions from the Koran, and hanging on the angles of the gallery great round shields bearing in gilt Turkish letters the names of the prophets of Mohammed. The old Christian church was not built facing directly towards Mecca, so, as the Moslem must always face this sacred city during his devotions, the prayer-rugs are laid obliquely to the axis of the church, giving an unpleasant bias effect to the floor. On one side of the altar is the Sultan's box shut off by a lattice screen, on the other is the elevated seat of the Sheik of Islam, and on the floor in a retired corner is a screened space for the veiled beauties of the Sultan's harem.

While we were making out these details, silently and quietly the worshippers had entered, shuffled off their heelless slippers in a pile at the door, and taken their places on the prayer-rugs. Now we looked down through the low hung lights on rows and rows of red fezes and white turbans. A high priest in a bright green robe took his place at the door facing Mecca, while a group of priests in more sombre garb gathered on a raised platform nearer the congregation. After an interval of perfect silence the shrill voice of the high priest recited the opening sentences of the prayer; he paused, and the group of priests taking up his words, chanted them with a weird minor intonation to the people. With almost military precision, the long lines of Moslems bent over, placing their hands on their knees, knelt on their rugs, fell forward with their foreheads to the floor; then up and down again and again in perfect time and with most impressive devoutness, as the intonations of the priests echoed the voice of their leader through the long prayer to Mohammed. Meanwhile, in the spaces between the lines, some little Turkish children scampered up and down, playing a kind of Moslem tag, entirely unnoticed by their all absorbed elders.

We lingered in the shadowy gallery until the last echo of that mighty prayer had died away in the great dome above our heads, until the last turban had disappeared and the attendants came with big fans to blow out the lights.

M. E. RAYMOND, '91.

Of interest to the *alumnæ* and to all concerned in education, is the meeting held January 22d, in New York, at Barnard College, under the direction of the League of Parents and Teachers. This is an association of parents and of men and women teaching in private schools. Its object is to secure coöperation between parents and teachers in improving the work of the schools and in making the relation between schools and colleges closer and less arbitrary. The President is Miss Lois A. Bangs, who with Miss Mary B. Whiton (Smith '79), has a school at 43 West 47th St., New York. The Vice-President is Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. The Recording Secretary is Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard College. The League had for its guests representatives of the women's colleges. These were Doctor Taylor of Vassar, Mrs. Irvine of Wellesley, Miss Irwin of Radcliffe, Miss Smith of Barnard, Mr. Snow of Pembroke, Miss Smith of Mt. Holyoke, Miss Jordan of Smith College. The subject for consideration was "The Uniformity of Entrance Requirements." The first session was at 10.30 A. M., when reports were made by the representatives of the League. At the close of the morning session luncheon was served at the Claremont Hotel, where there was informal consideration of many of the points brought out by the reports and discussions of the morning. At 3 o'clock a second session was held in the Memorial Reading Room of Barnard College, and the subjects presented in the morning were discussed by the representatives of the Colleges in the most appreciative and cordial spirit. The result of the meeting, embodied in a resolution, was referred to the Faculties of the colleges represented. The League and its guests were then invited to attend the Columbia University Tea, given by the officers of the Departments of Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Psychology and Zoölogy, in Schermerhorn Hall, where Miss Bangs received as hostess, with the representatives of the Columbia Faculties.

MARY A. JORDAN.

Members of the Alumnae Association wishing Smith College spoons, please order at once. These spoons are teaspoons of standard size and in three styles, a gold spoon bearing on the handle a fac-simile of the College pin and the Greek motto of the College on a white enamel background, price \$2.75; a gold spoon of the same design with the motto in relief and enamel only on the fac-simile of the pin, price \$2.25; a silver spoon with the same design in relief, price \$1.75. In each case the bowls are plain. In ordering, enclose seven cents additional for postage, or fifteen cents if the package is to be registered. The proceeds from the sale of the spoons are to be devoted to the "Dr. Grace A. Preston Memorial," and thus indirectly to the Library Fund. The Alumnae are reminded that \$400 are still needed to complete this Memorial Fund. Orders for the spoons or contributions to the fund should be sent to Mary A. Frost, '90, Chairman "Dr. Grace A. Preston Memorial," 281 Main Street, Northampton, Mass.

To the Alumnae of Smith College: Your attention is called to the fact that the Association, by a vote passed in 1894, pledged itself to raise a fund of twenty thousand dollars for the College Library. About seven thousand dollars have been already secured and it is very desirable that the total sum be raised as soon as possible. Ten or fifteen dollars from every alumna who is not already enlisted in the work, would insure the amount at once, and place our meagre library on a working basis whereby each department could be assured a yearly income sufficient to meet its immediate needs. Contributions or pledges may be sent to any member of the Library Committee. Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, Mattapan, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Miller Whitman, Kenilworth, Ill.; Miss Leila M. Kennedy, 715 Forman Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Smith College Club of Philadelphia is one of the more recent of our Alumnae organizations, having been founded in November, 1895. It is not a branch of the general Association and its purpose is simply a social one, a means of bringing together the few alumnae of Philadelphia and its vicinity. To this end, the Club meets on the first Wednesday of each month at the offices of Dr. Gertrude A. Walker; occasionally at the homes of other members. At present the membership is twenty-three, of whom twelve are residents of Philadelphia. The president, who is now in her third term of office, is Miss Caroline Lounsbury Steele '92. The Club has not forgotten the good alumnae work for the Library Fund, and by personal contribution during the year it hopes to add its small offering to the cause. A cordial invitation to be present at any meeting is extended to all alumnae and students who happen to be in or near Philadelphia. Meetings are held at 125 South Sixteenth Street.

The New York Association is managed by an Executive Committee, including the officers and five other members; three members of this committee are appointed chairmen of the sub-committees which divide the work on these lines—social, educational and financial. Officers: President, Mrs. Frederick T. Hill; Vice-President and Chairman Educational Committee, Mrs. David Talmage; Secretary, Miss Anne W. Safford; Treasurer, Miss

Elsie C. Tieman ; Executive Committee : Mrs. Theodore S. Hope, Chairman ; Miss Martha Phillips, Chairman Social Committee ; Miss Ellen E. Hill, Chairman Financial Committee ; Mrs. W. W. Damon, Mrs. Arthur Johnson. The Social Committee has charge this season of the December and February meetings and the *alumnæ* luncheon in the spring. The December meeting took the form of a tea, given by Mrs. W. Crittenden Adams. Especial invitations were extended to the new *alumnæ*, and they were well represented at this tea, which was an unusually pleasant affair. The February meeting takes the form of a play to be given in Brooklyn on the fifth. Some of the younger *alumnæ* have charge of this play, which is entitled "Masques." It is an invitation affair, and of course a parlor performance. The Educational Committee is desirous of arousing our Association to an intelligent, and if possible, an active interest in the various lines of social reform at present being carried on in New York. The meeting on January 29th was devoted to this purpose. Miss Kingsbury, the head of the Settlement in Rivington Street, described some of the new developments in that work, and offered many practical suggestions for helpers who could give only a little time, but wanted to give that little. Miss Helen Greene spoke for the young Settlement called Hartley House, and Miss Anna Branch for Christadora House, which is still younger. Miss Isabelle Eaton emphasized the need of a clear view of Sociological problems as a basis for philanthropy. Miss Sebring suggested the work of the City History Club and the Political League as quite in harmony with these other lines of work. As an outcome of the interest aroused, a subsidiary committee has been formed, consisting of Miss Sebring and Miss Greene, to which the Settlements and other clubs shall make their requests for workers, and to which all Smith *Alumnæ* in New York are asked to report if they are taking an active part in such work, or if they desire to do so. It is hoped that at the annual meeting in May, some definite plan of coöperation may be evolved.

At a recent Smith luncheon in Chicago, sixty-three Smith College graduates sat at the table.

BOOK NOTICES.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Library Bulletin. Reference List of Publications relating to Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms, compiled by Josephine A. Clark, '80, Assistant Librarian.

Julia H. Gulliver, '79, (Professor of Philosophy at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.) having studied under Wundt at Leipzig, has translated Part I. of his Work on Ethics. The translation is edited by Professor Titchener of Cornell University, and has recently been published by Swan Somershein of London.

Radcliffe College Monograph, No. 9. An inquiry into the authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays by Pauline G. Wiggin, '90. Second degree in '95. Recently Assistant in English at Vassar College.

Annie Russell Marble, '86, second degree in '95. Edition of Carlyle's *Sartar Resartus* with annotations.

*Selections from "The Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb, edited by Caroline Ladd Crew. All lovers of Charles Lamb,—and we all are that,—will be glad to know that this collection of some of his best known essays has been made and added to the Students' Series of English Classics. The virtue of this undertaking lies not so much in that we have Lamb condensed, for we wish not less but more of his "self-pleasing quaintness," but that by means of this little volume hundreds of school children will be introduced to his writings who would otherwise either never, or at least not so soon, come in contact with this charming, human spirit. The book contains seventeen selections from the best known of Lamb's works. Among them are the essays we all love, "Poor Relations," "Dream Children," and "Old China," and then Mrs. Buttle's opinions about whist are not forgotten, nor "Oxford in the Vacation." The notes show not only great care and accuracy, but better still a fine sympathy with the undertaking; being written, as Miss Crew says in her preface, not "to subject to a process of analysis a structure of such nicely adjusted proportions. * * * Humor may be too subtle and pathos too delicate to intellectualize about. Accordingly, in my notes I have, for the most part, refrained from offering the student any impertinence in the form of comments upon the beauty, pathos, or wit of the selections. These qualities, if they yield their full pleasure, must be discovered and realized by the reader himself." The Critical and Biographical References given are another aid to the student, and no less so is the Introduction, written by Miss Crew. Here are given the main facts of the life of Charles Lamb, the interesting anecdotes of himself and of his friends—this man who had such true wit—and a careful criticism of his works; but above all we find a fine appreciation for the most charming of all essayists.

MIRIAM WEBB '96.

- '85. Dr. Gertrude A. Walker has been appointed Clinical Lecturer on Ophthalmology in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.
- '86. Bertha Chase Lancaster has removed to Colorado Springs. Dr. Lancaster has been appointed to the chair of Psychology and Pedagogy in Colorado College.
- '87. Isabel Eaton is a resident at Hartley House, the New York College Settlement.
- '88. Leila M. Kennedy was married in January to Mr. Martin Hutchens of Brooklyn, N. Y.
- '90. Adeline W. Allen was married to Mr. Frank F. Davidson in October.
Mrs. Albert Norton Wood (Edith Ehner) wishes it known that her address is now, care U. S. S. Petrel, Yokohama, Japan.
- '91. Dr. Helen A. Lord is Resident Physician at the Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N. J.
Dr. Florence Abbot is interne at the Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia.
Caro C. Taylor is teaching in Kansas City, Mo. Her address is 1200 Washington Street.
Mrs. Herbert Henry Darling (Harriet Brown) spent the summer in California with her parents.

* Leach, Shewell and Sanborn, Boston, New York, Chicago.

Helen F. Greene is head worker at Hartley House, the New York College Settlement.

- '92. Susan D. Tew is teaching in a girls' college at Natchez, Miss.

Wilhelmina von C. Walbridge was married in June to Mr. Wilder Stoddard Buffum. They live in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Abby V. Arnold is studying at Radcliffe.

Christine Mansfield is studying at Radcliffe.

Sarah Storer Goodwin is Assistant Principal of the Cambridge School, Cambridge, Mass.

Caroline L. Steele has recovered from her severe illness and is about to resume her teaching in Philadelphia. Her address is 723 Church Lane, Germantown.

- '93. Bertha C. Smith was married to Mr. James Fassett of Nashua, N. H.

Bessie H. Williams has returned from Germany where she has been spending the last two years in study at Leipzig.

Inez Brown of Chattanooga, Tenn., has been visiting her College friends in the North.

Charlotte Stone has returned from five months abroad.

- '94. Charlotte Wilkinson is Assistant Headworker at Hartley House, New York City.

Eleanor Johnson has returned from six months in England and is to spend the year in Eagle Pass, Tex.

Belle Richardson was married, Dec. 31st, to Mr. Cameron Johnson of Richmond, Va., and will make her home in Kobe, Japan.

Sarah T. Allen was married on Oct. 6th., to Mr. Philip R. Leavenworth.

- '95. Margaret E. Hyde is taking a special course at the Normal School, Cortland, N. Y.

Katherine Lewis was married December 1st, at Spencer, N. Y., to Mr. Lyman Richard Bradley.

Elizabeth W. Stone is teaching Mathematics in the Hartford High School, Hartford, Conn.

Edith M. Hawkes is Secretary to the Principal of the Springfield, Mass., High School.

Fanny Hillard is studying at Radcliffe.

Mary Thorp Law is living in Danville, Ky., where Mr. Law has a chair in Center College.

Constance Iles is spending the winter in Paris.

Marie Bowers is studying Science at Radcliffe.

Constance Wilder is taking a course in Philosophy at Radcliffe.

Mabel Hurd is studying at Barnard College.


Katherine Morrison Garland was married in December to Mr. Percival Madden Vilas of Minneapolis.

- '96. Eleanor Bush is working in the Associated Charities in Boston.

- '96. Caroline A. Jenkins is teaching at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Ore.
Lucy P. Bartlett is teaching at the High School, North Brookfield, Mass.
- '97. Frances Hobbes Drake teaches in East Billerica, Mass.
Julia Irene Goodrich is teaching in Orange Park, Fla.
May Shepard was married, Sept. 22nd., to Mr. Clarence Clough and will live in Clyde, Ill.
Dorothea R. Caverno is teaching German and Latin at Fort Dodge, Ia.
Grace Dustan is teaching in Miss Burbank's School, Hartford, Conn.
Grace Matthews is studying at Chicago University.
Florence E. Keith is teaching at the High School, North Brookfield, Mass.
Katharine May Wilkinson is teaching at the Misses Whitfield and Bliss School, 41 West 124th St., New York, and is also tutoring in Latin and Mathematics outside the School.


BIRTH.

Mrs. Chas. Foster Kent (Elizabeth Sherill '90), a boy born August 19th.



Laura Gertrude Bigelow, of the class of '95, died at her home in Utica, N. Y., on January 4. As she had been ill with typhoid fever but two weeks, the news of her death will come as a sad surprise to many of her friends. Since her graduation from college and until her brief illness, her life at home has been one of unselfish devotion to educational, religious and charitable work. She has aided her father in his church duties and has taken active part in the Working Girls' Club and Flower Mission of Utica, as well as in the Presbyterian Home Missionary Society. The same earnestness of purpose, and unostentatious service for others by which she is known to her home friends, marked her life at college, to whose best work and interests she gave her unfaltering loyalty. A wide circle of college friends mourn her loss. Her class, to whom her death is the first sad break in its graduate number, hold dear the memory of one whose cheerful unselfishness, whose ready sympathy in all their pleasures and all their serious endeavors made her a precious part of their college life.

Martha L. Riggs of the class of '82, who has been a successful and valued teacher at Bridgeport, Conn., died suddenly in June.



ABOUT COLLEGE

Within the last two months, a system of engaging books for specified hours has been introduced in the College Library, like that which has always existed at the Forbes Library. The method is simply this. When a reference book is assigned to a class to consult, the librarian requests the faculty to give her the name or the number of the volume, so that it may be placed upon the reference shelves, near the librarian's table. The students may then engage the book to use as long as they wish during the day, or to take out at 5.45 in the afternoon. Books can be engaged after chapel, or at any hour of the day, to be used the same day, or the following day, but to prevent confusion, they are never engaged for more than one day ahead. If a book is "on reference," no student is allowed to take it from the shelf without informing the librarian. Then if no one else is entitled to it at that hour, any student may use it by giving her name to the librarian, and stating the length of time she wishes to use it. No books are placed on reference except those specified by the faculty, otherwise the reference shelves would be crowded with books which are not in general use, and the method in that case would only be useless machinery. The books are removed when the class has finished with them.

There is general satisfaction expressed in the library under these new conditions, especially among the upper classes, who depend upon the library for their daily recitation work. By a little forethought and promptness, one can now obtain a book at a convenient hour, without having to visit the library at all hours of the day to discover if by any possible chance a certain book is not in use. Much of our valuable time is thereby saved. Formally it was ruffling to the temper, to say the least, if A reached the library at 2.05, to find B already there with the desired book in her lap, saving it for C, who was to come at 2.30, and who in turn had promised it to her friends for the remainder of the afternoon and evening. System is always an improvement on no system, and we welcome the change that enables each student, among the large number, to accomplish her reading more easily, and which also tends to increase her personal responsibility in keeping her library engagements.

CARA V. C. BURCH, '98.

After Miss Barrows's article in the MONTHLY last Spring, little more need or indeed can be added regarding the work of the Council. Her account is so clear and comprehensive that those girls who do not already understand what the duties of the Council are, will find therein a sufficient explanation. But

what all the girls do not fully understand is the exact relation in which the class stands to the representatives which it chooses from out its number.

The Council is composed of ten students. The First Class sends one member, the class president; the Second Class two members, the president and one other member chosen by a majority vote. Three girls go from the Junior and four from the Senior Class. Thus it consists of the four class presidents and six other students, who have been chosen by the wish of a large part of each of the classes. These girls stand for their respective classes, and represent their interests in the meetings of the Council and Conference. They weigh carefully the various questions which arise, and decide according to what they consider best for class and college. And the classes should abide by what their representatives decide, since, having voluntarily empowered them, the decisions are in a way their own. This all the girls do not understand, and consequently oppose many of the measures which their representatives have deemed advisable.

Would not this difficulty be in a great degree obviated, and a clearer and more complete understanding of relations brought about, if members of the Council should announce officially and explain in class meetings, especially called for the purpose, the various matters which have come up in the Council, and the decisions which have been made concerning them, in so far as these matters are public and known to the college at large? In this way the students would become acquainted with the real facts of the case through persons who understand all the reasons pro and con, and who are competent to state them; it would prevent false and exaggerated reports being circulated through the college by girls who have no authority for their statements.

Long use tends to dull the true meaning of an institution and to cause people to forget what it really is. Our representation by means of the Council is a gift to us, not, as we are too apt to think, a right which we are entitled to demand. It was given to us by the Faculty in order that the wishes of the students might be voiced by those girls whom they considered best fitted to represent them. A gift it was in the first place, and such it still is. We appreciate this, but we do not make the most of it, as we would do if our relations to it were better understood.

CELLISSA BROWN, '98.

The mid-year examinations for 1898 have been arranged on a different plan from any adopted before. The Day of Prayer was Thursday, Jan. 27. The examinations began on the 29th, and lasted through Feb. 4. Saturday, the 5th, was a holiday. By this arrangement a week was given for the examinations, and the result has been that this period has been attended with less anxiety and worry than ever before. Whether the results of the examinations were equally satisfactory, time will show. But surely the general atmosphere of calm and hopefulness could not fail to exercise a good influence over the work of the girls.

The work on the cellars of the new dormitory has been begun. This dormitory is to face on Green Street, the eastern side of it running parallel with the back of the Morris House. It will be of red brick, 115 ft. by 83 ft., and four stories high, with hanging bay-windows on both sides of the front. There

will be about seventeen rooms on a floor, and three or four suites, consisting of a bed-room and a study. The architecture and inner arrangement will be very different from that of the other campus houses.

This term three lectures will be given for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund. Except the spring subscription, this is probably our only opportunity of helping on this cause, and so should receive the support of every one of us. The first lecture is to be given Feb. 25th, by Mr. Charles S. Hamlin of Boston. Subject: Alaska. The second March 9th, by Mr. Arthur Hadley, Professor of Political Economy at Yale. The third May 4th, by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard. Tickets will be put on sale for towns-people and for any one else not connected with the college. The price of tickets for the three lectures is one dollar; a ticket for a single lecture is fifty cents. The lectures will be given in Assembly Hall, at 7.30 P. M.

On Jan. 22, Miss Jordan went to New York to represent Smith College at a meeting of the League of Parents and Teachers, held at Barnard College. A description of this meeting is to be found in the *Alumnæ* Department of this number.

All the campus houses have adopted the plan of having dinner at six o'clock and lunch at one. This has led to the same arrangement in many outside houses, to the general satisfaction of the students. There is less rush in getting through the principal meal, which is a good thing in every way.

Miss Williams offers a course in the History of Painting, which is to be a continuation of the last year's Sculpture Course. This year the course is only open to seniors, and is limited to fifty. This course is very welcome to many of the girls who enjoyed her sculpture course last year.

CALENDAR

- Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. Lecture by Mr. John
Graham Brooks of Cambridge.
- 25, Lecture on Alaska, by Mr. Charles S. Hamlin of
Boston, for the benefit of the Students' Building
Fund.
- 26, Meeting of the Alpha Society.
- March 2, Washburn House Play.
- 3, Kneisel Quartette.
- 5, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society
- 7, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society.
- 9, Lecture by Prof. Arthur Hadley of Yale, for the
benefit of the Students' Building Fund.
- 12, Wallace House Dance.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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MARCH, 1898.

No. 6.

THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT IN CARLYLE

In order to understand what is meant by the mysticism of Carlyle it will be well to define mysticism in its three aspects. Mysticism in its broadest sense is "the doctrine that the ultimate elements or principles of knowledge or belief are gained by an art or process akin to feeling or faith." It appears in connection with the endeavors of the human mind to grasp the divine essence or the ultimate reality of things, and to enjoy actual communion with the highest.

One side of mysticism is shown by the religious mystic who professes a pure, sublime and wholly disinterested devotion and maintains that he has had direct intercourse with the divine Spirit and acquired a knowledge of God and of spiritual things unattainable by the natural intellect and such as can not be analyzed or explained. The aim of the religious mystic is, or should be practical, his mediums, trances and symbols. God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience with him. He holds practically direct intercourse with God, not in any ordinary way, but by a species of ecstatic transfusions in which the individual becomes in every truth "partaker of the divine nature." St. Paul, Kant, and many more eminently practical mystics might be mentioned as belonging to this class, men who

after having had their visions went to work to make the world the better for their having lived in it.

As an outgrowth of the former class rather than perhaps forming one by itself is the sentimental or sensuous mystic. He subordinates all feelings of self to make room for the divine essence. Here, visions, heavenly voices, miracles play an even more prominent part.

Then there is the philosophical side of mysticism, which is theoretical or speculative, ascribing objective existence to subjective creations of our own faculties; to mere ideas of the intellect. Its object is to get at the ultimate reality of things. The great philosophers of all ages are more or less closely connected with this side of mysticism. Yet it must be borne in mind that however absolute a philosopher's idealism may be, he is erroneously styled a mystic if he moves to his conclusions only by the patient labor of reason. When philosophy despairs of itself, exults in its own overthrow and yet revels in the "mysteries" of a speculative Christianity the term mysticism may be fitly applied.

In studying Carlyle we find he will not altogether fit under any one of these aspects. Yet a mystic he certainly was, and of a very marked type. One might almost say he was the ordinary mystic inverted. Mysticism is dependent upon a religious impulse starting from the Divine nature rather than from man and his surroundings, but with Carlyle it was just the other way; the impulse always started with man and his surroundings and led to the Divine. With the mystics the principal was pure inwardness, while with Carlyle it was pure outwardness, that is to say the impulse started with the outward. Mysticism has been defined by some as *from the infinite to the finite*, but this does not apply to Carlyle. With him it was always *from the finite to the infinite*; not from God to man but from man up to God. He did not look through the telescope at the big end from infinity down to himself, but through the small end, himself, out at an infinity ever increasingly immense. In other words his philosophy was that of the transcendentalist, which is really an inverted form of mysticism. Carlyle saw his visions just as well as the saints of old, though the ecstatic vision, the most exalted of all forms which is the reward of those who are dead to the body and the world, he could not have had, for he was decidedly not dead to the body, on the contrary he was very much alive to it, and

usually kept his friends alive to it. To the world, too, he was anything but dead. To him there was no gauze drop-curtain or fly rolled in on the theatre of life. He wanted no vision in the St. Theresa sense. His vision was in every common thing he saw, and the only miracle needed was to see in it the stamp of the Infinite. To see in a grimy, bedraggled, dirty, driveling sot in the gutter the form of the Infinite Perfection does really require some miracle to be worked in our eyes, and this miracle, Carlyle says, is worked by a God-given intuition.

To state his whole doctrine indeed were beyond our compass. He says, "Man though based to all seeming on the small Visible does nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the Invisible, of which Invisible indeed, his life is properly the bodying forth." The highest truths are not so much intellectually known as spiritually felt by this intuition. The active, living, breathing work-a-day world was the greatest of mysteries to him. What need had he of trances, silent, lonely communings with the Being of Beings? Life, man himself, was the greatest mystery of all, and his greatest wonder was how man could cease to wonder at his own existence. Listen to his own words. "A man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship) were he President of innumerable Royal Societies and carried the whole Hegel Philosophy, and epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles, behind which there is no eye."

This mystery of the common, the everyday he brings out still more strongly in his treatment of symbols, a phase of the subject of which most people have not thought. He says, "In a Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever more or less distinctly and directly some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and, as it were, attainable there. By Symbols accordingly is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognized as such or not recognized; the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God, nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God, is not all that he does symbolical; the revelation to Sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible record of invisible things but is in the transcendental sense symbolical as well as real."

Could anything express more forcibly and clearly his views of man and his relation to the Divine, the eminently practical form of his mysticism? And how much more he sees of the Divine in life than most people! It is just so in every phase of life, and he shows how all men feel it even if they do not recognize it. In history, "in all true Works of Art wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time; the Godlike rendered visible." "If thou ask to what height man has carried this symbolizing look on our divinest Symbol; on Jesus of Nazareth and his Life and his Biography and what followed therefrom." Applying the words used of Teufelsdröckh to himself, "In a word he has looked fixedly on Existence till one after the other its earthly hulls and garnitures have melted away and now to his rapt vision the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed."

Miracles as a violation of the Laws of Nature Carlyle does not believe in. He asks: "What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps, the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force." If the people want miracles now, why by all means let them have them. All they have to do is to pull aside the curtains of the ordinary and looking long and carefully behold nature. "But Nature which is the Time-vesture of God and reveals Him to the wise hides Him from the foolish."

To Carlyle there were two and only two absolutely self-luminous beings in the whole universe of beings, God and his own Soul. To find the true self Carlyle like Kant, transcends time and space and vain shadows of the phenomenal world and reaches that perfection of right and wrong in motive, and of the supreme claims of right upon our allegiance which testifies to him of God, freewill, and immortality.

He felt the compulsion of a great message entrusted to him. There rings through most of his utterances the uncompromising "Thus saith the Lord" of the Hebrew prophets. He had, as the discerning Goethe said of him, unborrowed principles of conviction by which he tested the world. It is because Carlyle's moral nature predominated intense, fiery and enduring that he became what he was and not like Hume and Gibbon, mere intellectual rationalists. Conscience is a fact transcending logic just as con-

sciousness or life itself does. The imminence of God was to him an everpresent, awful verity.

It has been said of Carlyle that he built down instead of up. Whipple said in comparing Carlyle and Emerson, "Look up" says Emerson, "and hitch your wagon to a star." "Look down," growls Carlyle, "and see that your wagon is an honest one, safe and strong in passing over miry roads before you have the impudence to look up to the smallest star in the rebuking heaven." Whipple fails to understand Carlyle when he takes him in that way. Carlyle really tended to build up, but the amount of resistance in building up is very great, and there are so few people to understand or appreciate him, so many constantly dragging him down, that it sometimes made him build down in spite of himself, for build he would one way or the other.

Thus we see how impossible it is to put Carlyle into any one class of mystics. He has something in common with them all, yet he is distinctly original in many respects. He is free from asceticism. In the tendency to see spiritual not beyond but in the natural his mysticism has advanced far beyond its mediaeval type. With him religion no longer plays the despot toward science, the flesh is no longer evil, this beautiful world no longer yielded over to that father of his who calls it his. His chief end and aim was furtherance of our spiritual welfare. He busied himself with the ultimate and absolute, the individual was his absorbing interest. When Teufelsdröckh formulates his everlasting *No* and it rings out like a thunder-peal; this is the wrath and invincibility of the hero at bay. The note of manhood rings above everything.

ETHEL CRAIGHEAD.

ODE WRITTEN FOR THE 22d OF FEBRUARY

Across the dim, dead century,
Distinct, alive, he stands,
Great founder of great heritage,
Free given to our hands :—
A changeless scale of honor,
A record without blot ;
The memory of stern sires, who ne'er
Their sterner God forgot.
Who fought, and formed a nation,
Starved, and framed righteous laws,
Rose to the height, in death's despite,
Of living for a cause.

Now, bound with unlicensed freedom ;
Weak with the strength of youth ;
In the flush of wide possessions,
Reverence we lose, and truth.
Towering among the nations,
Wise in our own conceit,
We forget the strength that made us,
Put the mighty from his seat.
Swamped with the dregs of other lands,
Corrupted by our gain,
Torn, tempest-tost, the future's lost,
Did not the past remain.

But while at records of his toil,
Our patriot spirits burn ;
While with unceasing ardor
To those old days we turn ;
And feel the grandeur of the great,
The virtue of the pure,
Still, in the honor of its dead,
The state remains secure.
" As to our fathers, God to us,"
Their staff is yet our rod ;
For their good sake, us worthier make,
Of it and them, Oh God !

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

LEWIS CARROLL (REV. C. H. DODGSON)

BORN 1830, DIED 1898.

"The man that can smile is the man that's worth while," and the man who can make others smile is still more worth while. For are we not taught in the Good Book that merriness is medicinal, or, if one prefers a more modern authority, has not Spencer assured us that mirth and good spirits raise the tide of vitality, thereby improving the health, disposition and morals? Who then can measure the value of the services of an author like Lewis Carroll, the instigator and promoter of smiles in the young and chuckles in the old.

It would be an interesting study for some psychologist to compute the number of smiles, dimples and twinkles (and their results on facial expression, health, disposition and character) produced by "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through a Looking Glass*."

It was chiefly smilor-ataxia—if one may be permitted to mongrelize—a disease producing absolute rigidity of the muscles of the mouth, which, in times gone by, impaired the setting of Puritan virtues, and established the erroneous belief that goodness was a kill-joy accomplishment. But now we are in the age of reaction. We have been taught to laugh and we can find smiles in everything, from a cemetery to a comic weekly. Our most staid papers swell their circulation by inordinately funny Sunday issues, and for those who prefer their Sunday jokes spoken, there is always some jocularized pulpit.

Indeed, to a pessimist it might look as though religion, literature and art would vanish—like the "*Cheshire Cat*," in a broad grin. But in reality, there is no such danger, despite an occasional overdone or misplaced joke. Humor has put baywindows into our musings, and religion and literature have grown reasonable, humane and alluring, in proportion as men have learned to smile, in the right place. So we have rightly come to look upon our humorists as public benefactors. But though the world has known for many centuries that humor was good for

adults, it has, until the last half century, been most gingerly of that quality in children's books. Until Lewis Carroll took up his pen, most stories for the young were dilute and insipid. Even now, in an age when a modest-sized town might be built of juvenile literature, there are comparatively few children's stories that have any real humor in them. Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Stockton, and Mrs. Burnett have saved the day. No one, however, has ever matched the quaint drolleries, delectable nonsense and dreamlike absurdities that disport themselves in "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through a Looking Glass*." Can even the weird "*Mowgli*" himself alienate our affections from Mr. Dodgson's whimsical Hatter and Geyphon, his sad-eyed Turtle and illustrious Jabberwock?

In all their sayings and doings, we detect no damaging reminiscent flavor. Whether they eat, drink or dance, they are always consistent with the irrelevance and inconsistency of the childish dreamland from whence they were evoked. Only an imagination vitalized by the closest sympathy with childhood could have conceived a series of incidents in which the humor, though pungent, always keeps itself within the bounds of a child's fancy.

The same unique genius distils itself into all the deliciously absurd poems that bubble up from the *Mock Turtle* and *White Rabbit*, just when it begins to look as if a dead calm would settle upon the conversational waters. It would indeed be a very stiff company that would not capitulate to the rollicking metre of the *Turtle* when he sings:

" 'Will you walk a little faster!' said a whiting to a snail,
 There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
 See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
 They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?'"

Not less captivating is the poetic *tête à tête* between the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter* as they promenaded the sands:

The walrus and the carpenter
 Were walking close at hand,
 They wept like everything to see
 Such quantities of sand.
 "If this were only cleared away,"
 They said, "It would be grand."

"If seven maids with seven mops
 Swept it a half a year
 Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
 "That they could get it clear?"
 "I doubt it," said the carpenter,
 And shed a bitter tear.

Most of Mr. Dodgson's nonsense rhymes have now become deservedly classic. Of them all "*The Jabberwock*" has probably won the most select and appreciative audiences among young and old. The peculiar despotic charm of this poem lies in its ludicrous and whimsical evasiveness of diction—fulfilling promises to the ear and breaking them to the sense—coupled with the rushing epic action of its hero, who, with his "vorpall blade," goes "snicker-snack." It is doubtful whether one out of ten of Lewis Carroll's readers could accurately define Jabberwock or any other of the inspired terms in the first stately hood-winking stanza of this poem. But compare it with many stanzas outside of Wonderland, whose meanings are very patent, and it will be evident that more poets should recopy their poems before a looking glass and send them to editors in their inverted order. Lest any reader may have forgotten the ghoulish graces of the Jabberwock and his "uffish" destroyer, the poem is here submitted in full:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
 All mimsy were the borrowgroves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

 He took his vorpall blade, in hand.
 Long time his maxon foe he sought;
 So rested he, 'neath the tumtum tree,
 And stood awhile in thought.

 And as in uffish thought he stood
 The Jabberwock with eyes aflame
 Come whiffing through the tulgy wood
 And burbled as he came.

 One, two, one, two and through and through
 His vorpall blade went snicker-snack;
 He left it dead and with its head
 He came gallumphing back.

 And hast thou slain the jubjub bird?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy.
 Oh, frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!
 He chortled in his joy.

As everyone knows, the creator of these burbling, chortling rhymes was a shy, dignified professor of mathematics at Oxford and the "companion pieces" of "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through a Looking Glass*" were "*A Treatise on Determinants*" and a "*Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry*." The comparative indifference of the world to his serious work, and its clamorous approval of his illuminated nonsense was almost unpleasant to Mr. Dodgson in his later years. But after all the popular emphasis was doubtless right. The world will always admit the superior usefulness of the multiplication table, but it prefers the Mad Hatter's table to any table of logarithms, and the propositions of the Walrus to those of Euclid. Notwithstanding the approving pats given to "the man with his fact," the man with his fancy is the man that finds his way into the heart and memory of mankind. Especially is this so when that fancy is like Lewis Carroll's, a pure and sympathetic one, which carries the reader away from the sad, grown-up world of disillusion back into the guileless wonderland of childhood.

When one remembers that Mr. Dodgson, though intensely fond of children, lived and died in "the long polar night of bachelorhood" (with acknowledgements to Mr. Allen), it is but natural for a grateful reader to heave a sympathetic sigh or two. For Rumor, though one would not repeat all her whisperings, or question her too curiously, hints that there was a real Alice in a real Wonderland, who became a dream to the dreamer, and the smiles of the tales we know died away, perchance in sighs beneath the vest of an Oxford Don.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

SYMPATHY

Earth, my Mother, let me draw anear thee :
Let me lean a moment on thy heart.
For a moment let me see thee, hear thee,
Know thee, as thou art.

Let me give myself into the spaces
Where thou sweetest broadly to the sky,
Lose myself within thy secret places,
Know not I am I.

I am fretful : stoop and lull me, dearest,
To a larger quiet on thy breast :
Thou art pledged that thou, to all thou bearest,
Givest some day rest.

Some day thou wilt take me. ay, and hold me,
Close the eyes that vainly ached to see,
Clasp me in thy strong warm arms, and fold me
Very close to thee.

Some day thou wilt still my heart's fierce beating
To a surer unison with thine.
This shall be, I know, but why the waiting
Till death give the sign?

Take me now to this our true relation
Ere Death draw me from the light above :
Teach me thine unchanging toleration,
Deep and clear-eyed love.

Teach, to hold the Truth I rise to, longer,
Lest a moment mar my life's design.
Love I know, but teach me to be stronger,
Earth, dear Mother mine !

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

THE KLONDIKE ROMANCE

The field of fiction has been so thoroughly worked over that it seems sometimes as though little really new material remained for writers of the present and the future. The conventional plots have been so used up that there is left only the style and point of view of the author. This is true to a certain extent. There is a sameness to all men's lives. They all have to be born and they all have to die. Certain passions and instincts, what Bacon calls "Idols of the Tribe," are common to all. But the shapes that men's lives take on make an endless variety ; the scope of human character is infinite. And as long as men are born into the world there will be different points of view. Men can always compare their grandfathers' days with their own.

When, however, any entirely new field of romance is opened up it is most eagerly welcomed. It brings relief from more stereotyped subjects, and usually enjoys present if not permanent

popularity. The Scotch dialect type of story as introduced into literature by Sir Walter Scott and George McDonald was no doubt refreshing to the public. But one looks now for relief from the deluge of stories in Scotch dialect. An unimaginative South Sea Islander should be able by this time to construct a conventional story of that type.

In the last twenty-five years much of the American literature has been the work of specialists. We have had many new fields of fiction opened up to us. Every little nook that had hitherto escaped attention, every unanalyzed type of character, has been copiously, often indeed exhaustively, treated. Mary E. Wilkins, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mr. Townsend, Gilbert Parker and Bret Harte are all names which suggest immediately special parts of the country, or special phases of life. The subjects, when they started to write about them, were almost new to the public. But now, through the works of the artists themselves, and through the efforts of their imitators, they have become most familiar. Interest has been newly awakened in the Klondike region; it is safe to predict that before long the Klondike romance will appear.

Its nearest prototype will probably be found in Bret Harte's stories of California mining life. This was a comparatively new and unknown field when Mr. Harte began to write. Western life was by no means unknown to literature, but no author had interpreted the spirit of it all, nor, probably, had any author realized the enormous field waiting for some one to come and claim it. The wild mining life; the effect of newly gained wealth; the passions, loves, and crimes of a society that recognized little law but nature, were strong elements for romance. There were tales of the old Spanish missions to be worked in. As a background were the picturesque mountain effects, striking combinations of canon and plain, of desert and vineyard. The fragrance of the redwood fills the woods. The thundering Pacific overflows the coast with its pungent fog.

The Klondike region promises to open up another such field. It has already proved a Mecca for newspapers and magazines. There were very few issues of any newspaper last summer that did not devote columns to the Klondike. Editorials on the subject were frequent. Inquiries were made concerning the geography, climate, vegetation, animals, and civilization of Alaska. Long articles were published, government surveys and investi-

gations looked up. Customs of the inhabitants, modes of conveyance, means of sustenance, and a thousand and one other subjects were discussed. It was certainly a boon for journalists. Pages were given up to advertisements of Klondike companies. Shares in Co-operative Associations were offered for sale.

Not only did the subject open up a source of news, practical information and advertisement, but it also provided a subject for popular joke. In the newspapers and comic journals the favorite anecdotes have been those of the Klondike. The Christmas edition of "*Life*" had for its supplement a Gibson picture of "*Christmas in the Klondike*." The Klondike joke has long since become tiresome, but judging from its past and present popularity it promises soon to cease to exist. The day is not far off when, like the *New Woman*, the Klondike in comic version will be a thing of the past. The wits will lay it on the shelf and turn hopefully to some other topic of promising freshness.

There is yet to come, however, the Klondike romance. As Bret Harte caught the spirit of California, and Gilbert Parker that of the great northwest, some author will catch the romantic spirit of the Klondike. It is too soon yet to expect this romance. The Klondike episode is too young to have more than the beginning of a history. But within a year or two literature will be deluged with Klondike fiction. Journalists, returned adventurers, and romanticists galore will try their hand at it. Most of their tales will be short lived. Only those of the artist who gets back of it all and relates it to the great spirit of humanity, will stand the test of time.

The material offered would be newer if Bret Harte had not interpreted so fully the mining life of California. There are many elements common to both episodes, common, in fact, to life in any new comparatively uncivilized mining country. The eager thirst for gold that makes men leave comfortable homes and risk their substance on a venture which offers a hundred chances against their success to every one in their favor; the excitement that draws adventurers of all kinds is incident to the history of any gold country. The gold fever is the same wherever it develops. But though it is not new to literature, it is not yet stale. The interest is a romantic one, it gives outlet to the adventurous side of our natures. The rough life, the hardships to be endured, the constant excitement are very attractive to us who stay at home. It is not merely to get rich, but to

make a fortune by one fell swoop. The result of many a man's experience is that he could have gained more by pegging away at his trade every day, and laying by the extra pennies. But in fiction we do not care for that man. We prefer the adventurer who takes the risk, who loves the chance and the adventure, who drops his yard stick and starts off on the quest of sudden wealth.

The Klondike romance will be distinguished from other such romances by the peculiar conditions imposed by the climate and geography of the country. The idea of vastness will be given by great mountains, enormous rivers, and great stretches of snow and ice. Struggle with starvation and cold will play a leading part. The hero will face starvation for months. There will be long journeys in the snow over steep and treacherous mountain passes. Indians, guides and rough old miners will give in reminiscences the history of the region before it was disturbed by the foreign influx. Names of trails, rivers and hamlets will give local color. The history of the gradual civilization will be brought in, the building of trails and railroads, perhaps of schools and churches.

The Klondike offers an interesting field to the artist. Let him come and claim it before the idea has become an old story, or let him wait till another generation when it will be new once more.

MARION PUGH READ.

LONELINESS

A great darkness, filled with shadows,
Cold, grey shadows,
From the light of others' gladness.
A great silence, filled with echoes,
Whispered echoes—
Sympathy for others' sadness
And within the night and stillness,
Restless longing,
To be near the chilling shadows,
To hear even faintest echoes,
Through the gloom of my own sadness.
From the world of others' gladness.
BERTHA BUTLER REEVES.

A TENDERFOOT EPISODE

Herein are set forth one or two of the adventures of Byrd Hunter, Jack Comyn and "Babe" Ralston, that befell them the time they tramped and worked their way from the hunting grounds of "Hell Hole" on the Rubicon river down to the city of Hills, San Francisco.

They did not originally hail from such a questionable vicinity as the name "Hell Hole" would indicate, but belonged to a very respectable, even aristocratic circle, in San Francisco society. It is sincerely to be doubted, however, if said circle would have recognized them in their present situation. They had just finished chopping a cord of wood for the one-eyed proprietor of the Lone Ridge Hotel, and he was holding forth to them on various subjects, particularly politics, in a manner calculated to inspire awe in the breast of an Abraham Lincoln. He finally wound up his oration by coming back to the point whence he had started, a point quite foreign to the political condition of the country, but far more important at that moment to our three heroes—namely, how to get home.

"Wal sir," he said, as he leaned confidentially across the bar-room table. "Seems to me yeou was askin' how far it be from here ter the railroad. Wal, I reckon 'taint more'n fifty mile, ef yer strike right across the ridge yonder and foller the river valley till yer come to 'Yankee Jim's'; then turn down ter Sucker Flat, an' from there it's 'bout eight mile over ter Truckee, where ye kin tek the Overland to 'Frisco. 'Tis kinder a trip, ef ye've got ter walk, but it's the shortest way I knows on an yer cyarn't miss it. Ennyhow"—he drawled, shifting lazily from one elbow to the other—"I reckon it'll be easy enough for ye ter git odd jobs along the way, ter pay for yer vittels, like ye've done along o' me. 'Taint goin' to hurt yer to tramp a little, yer look strong enough to stand it, 'ceptin' mebbe that light-haired chap," and One-eyed Joe pointed with his thumb at the Babe, who flushed to the roots of his yellow curls and drew himself up with a "Well, I don't suppose I did chop as much wood as the other fellows, but"—

"O, I ain't meanin' no offence, young feller," interrupted the proprietor, indulgently, "an' I reckon ye'll be strong enough arter this trip. Ennyhow, I calc'late it's jes' bekase ye've been brung up in the city—an' besides, ye ain't got yer full growth yet. How old air ye?"

"Seventeen," said the boy.

"Wal now—yer don't say! Yer don't look it an' that's a fact! Sho, when I war seventeen, I hed kilt six bear!"

"O h h h!" and the Babe opened his big blue eyes wide, "Say, look here, will we get any big game, anywhere; is there any chance for it? So far we've only seen deer, and it's such a bore!"

The proprietor scratched his ear contemplatively, "I dunno, it jes' happens ter be the way yer luck runs. Sometimes there's heaps of big game and then agin' there ain't!"

"I'd like to know" put in Byrd Hunter, "whether there's a place, from where we could telegraph for money. You see, after we get to the railroad we want to buy our tickets."

"Yes, I calc'late you ain't dyin' ter walk all the way ter 'Frisco, but I don't guess there's a single place nigher than Truckee—co'se the mines has telephones, but they ain't a mine nigher than Sucker Flat. Yes, strangers—I reckon ye'll jes' have ter earn yer tickets; ennyhow, enough for a second class ticket. I guess they mightn't let yer inter the parlor cyar in them clo'es. They ain't swell enough!" and he surveyed the bedraggled party with an amiable smile which made them laugh, though somewhat wofully.

"Ennyhow, strangers," he continued, "How in the name o' common sense come yer to git inter sech a scrape, ter be roamin' round 'thout any money nor food?"

"Why-er—" began Hunter, "Why, the truth is, some fellows at Tahoe recommended a man to us, whom they said, knew the country thoroughly, and was also a fine cook. He knew the country well enough and cooked well enough, but one day when all of us had left camp, he made off with all the provisions, our two bnrrros and even our money. We kept it hidden, you know; it was too much trouble to carry it round with us. He even took our decent clothes, so that and a good deal of chapparal, accounts for our present condition."

"Wal, I'm derved sorry for yer, an' I'd like ter help yer more; but yer see, rations ain't very plenty with me, an' so

long as ye ain't got money ter pay fer yer vittles I reckon ye'd better move 'long to er more flourishin' camp. Ye kin git plenty to do over at Hog's Back an' at Devil's Diggin's, an' I reckon at Sucker Flat mine."

The youths picked up their guns and shaking hands, mountain fashion, with their host and employer, took their leave.

"Oh, we'll get on all right," said they.

"It's rather a lark, you know!" added Jack Comyn, who managed to extract considerable fun, even from Blackstone.

"Good luck to yer, an' don't fergit ter take the wide trail to yer right, when ye strike the river!" admonished he of the one eye, as he beamed upon the adventurers who sallied forth armed to the teeth with their rifles and fifty cents apiece, the first wages they had ever earned.

"If we're lucky enough to run across good-natured old chaps like that fellow every time we're in need of food and lodging, we ought to be able to pull through," was Jack's remark as they got out of earshot.

"Well, we can beg, if worst comes to worst—but Lord, what a fool predicament to get into!" and Byrd Hunter pulled his hair in mock desperation. "The fellows will guy us no end when they hear of it! Why, it'll be town talk for weeks!"

"Oh rot, Byrdie," answered Jack, "No one need know of it unless we choose to tell. We might get up some staving big yarns though, and stuff people, you know. Come to think of it, that idea suits me!"

"Yes, all sorts of adventures with robbers and big game, you know!" chimed in "Babe" enthusiastically.

"I'll bet my hat we fall into the hands of some cut-throats before we're through!" laughed Jack.

"Don't, don't bet anything—not even that stunning chapeau of yours. We may have to sell it before we get through, for vittles. But come on fellows, don't be so lazy, we have a mile or two of walking before sundown!" and Hunter set off at a great pace with the other two behind him.

They had a good many miles to walk before their journey was ended, and the Babe's thirst for adventure was destined to be well satisfied, but it would take too long to relate all that befell them. Suffice it to say they found themselves on the afternoon of the fourth day, standing on the summit of the last ridge they had to climb, gazing across the open valley to the wall of purple

mountains beyond, half way up whose sides they could see a narrow, yellow ledge which they knew to be the line of the railroad track. After looking about them for a few moments, they threw themselves down on the carpet of silver moss that covered the ground, in order to hold a consultation of ways and means.

"Well, fellows," said Jack, "shall we take it easy and risk our precious lives once more, spending the night in a mining camp?"

"Please, may I speak?" and the Babe raised his hand school-boy fashion, "I say we push through to-night, and catch that train that passes through Truckee at four in the morning. It's much cooler walking at night, the trail is good and we have the moon with us." Byrd gave him an admiring glance: "By the beard of the prophet, my son, your great wisdom has not its equal. We will do even as you say. Therefore, allons, mes-sieurs! We will but stay our steps for a space of time at the hotel of Sucker Flat, that we may sup magnificently, before striking out upon yon trail!"

"Allow me to ask," interposed Jack, "merely as a matter of curiosity, how we are going to sup with the magnificence you hint at, on twenty-five cents? It's all we can spare from the treasury, unless we can smuggle the Babe through on a half ticket, which wouldn't work, with all his childish face and stature. There doesn't seem much else to do but offer ourselves once more in some menial capacity and earn our bread by the sweat of our brows."

"I suppose so," groaned Hunter, "I'm getting sick of hunting stray horses and milking cows, let's try woodcutting this time!"

"All right. Come on fellows!" and Jack briskly shouldered his Winchester and started down the trail. It took them about fifteen minutes to reach the little mining camp of Sucker Flat, but before making a triumphant entry into said hamlet, they halted for a short consultation. "Where shall we bestow the light of our countenances first?" asked Jack. "Let's look about and try the most palatial residence, there's likely to be a better job!" was Byrd's suggestion. It did not take long.

The miners' cabins were neat and pretty; the whole place had a more prosperous, respectable air than any other spot they had struck, but they saw nothing even approaching the manorial until they spied at the end of the village street, set well apart from the other cabins, a long, low cottage half smothered in

vines. It was surrounded by beautiful sugar pines and oaks, and a garden in which grew all the sweetest, most old-fashioned flowers. It looked so cool and inviting to the hot, dusty youths, that with one accord they strode up to the garden gate, but halted there, undecided what to do. For, standing knee-high among the golden poppies and fragrant rose-verbena, was a tall young girl, who regarded the intruders with large grave eyes from under the rolling brim of the most enormous hat they had ever seen. She was most astonishingly pretty as she stood there, in the midst of the gay little garden, the light of the setting sun behind her and that ridiculous yellow straw thing on her head, surrounding her lovely face like the disks of pale gold one sees in the mediæval pictures of the saints. Nevertheless, it was slightly disconcerting to our worthy travellers to receive the polite but cool nonchalance of that stare, and they shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, racking their brains for something to say, and wishing themselves well out of it all. Retreat at that moment would have been ignoble, and Jack was just pulling himself together for a magnificent speech, when the babe, who had been gazing at the young person of the hat in open-mouthed and bare-faced admiration, suddenly pushed open the gate, walked up the garden path, and pulling his cap from his yellow curls with a society air, remarked in persuasive tones, "Good evening, Miss!"

It was beautiful. Byrd gave a suppressed chuckle, Jack whistled softly, and the girl's mouth twitched slightly as she said:—"Good evening. What do you want?"

"Well, you see, Miss," said the Babe with a fine blush, "We're working our way over to the railroad, and we were wondering if we couldn't get a job here for our supper, we're rather hungry, and we have nine miles to tramp yet!"

During this speech, the other two had been whispering together. "Catch on to the kid, what sort of a game is he playing now?"

"Oh, I see," said Byrd. "Just you put on a touch of brogue, and I'll be a 'spaniel.' We're tramping, you know. We must get a job here!" Jack nodded. "Gee, isn't she pretty?" was all he said.

When the Babe finished, Byrd stepped forward, showing his handsome teeth in a truly Spanish smile. "If the Señorita will pardon," he said, "we could ver' easy chop the Señorita one

cord wood, or " glaneing about him, " we can hoe the corn of the Señorita ver' well, we wish gain money and buy supper at boardin'-house ovah yondah." And Byrd swept the horizon with his right hand, though he had no idea where the boarding-house might be, if there was one.

In spite of her calm exterior, the girl was frightened to death. She happened to be entirely alone on the place with an invalid aunt, whose pet abomination, by the way, was tramps. She had heard many and awful tales about tramps and desperadoes who, when refused their requests, whether honest or otherwise, had fallen upon and murdered hapless maidens like herself, so she decided that the best way was to treat them with kindness, and besides the little fellow was so cute. She suddenly felt sorry for them. Maybe they were hungry, so in as firm a voice as she could command she said, " Well, if you really want work, I know that my unele, who is not here at present, would be glad to have the corn hoed. I'll give you each twenty-five cents if you hoe that corn by—let me see—by six o'clock. It's after five now ; there's the corn patch, and at six I will be on the front veranda to pay you." Whereupon she turned her back on them and disappeared in the recesses of the vine-covered porch. The three adventurers looked at each other with expressive glances.

" Say, fellows," said Jack, " I'll bet our supper that girl is seared stiff. She probably thinks we are cut-throats, and must be indulged in our requests for fear we should kill her. Wonder if she is all alone in the house ? "

" She probably is, there doesn't seem to be any one around," responded Byrd. " Look here, I think we'd better explain to her ; it's a pity to frighten her."

" Nonsense," said Jack. " Don't you know that's the very way to sear her more ? The moment a woman gets it firmly fixed in her mind that a man is a villian, the more he explains, the more she is confirmed in her suspicions. All we can do now is to go ahead and earn our quarters with the comfortable feeling that it's not our fault if she is seared. But what in the world shall we hoe the corn with, begorra ? " and Jack looked about him for some implement with which to commence the attack.

" I'll go ask her," said Byrd eagerly as he started towards the veranda.

" Seems to me," remarked the Babe, " that Byrdie is unduly

anxious to converse with our fair employer. I think he ought to keep his place more. Did you ever see such a cartwheel of a hat before?"

"Its one of those things my sister calls a leghorn. Awfully big, though. And isn't she pretty?" mused Jack.

Byrd returned presently, with a broad grin on his face. "Who is she?" asked his companions irrelevantly. "I could not find out her name very well, but I discovered that her uncle is the superintendent of the mine, and there are two shovels and a couple of hoes in that woodshed yonder!"

In the meantime, the girl with the hat was occupied with a variety of thoughts out on the piazza. "Of course," she said to herself, "I'm an idiot to be scared. They seem perfectly honest and respectable, but I hope they won't hang around. That little fellow was cute. I wish Uncle Charles and the boys would come back before seven. But they can't possibly. Dear me, if auntie notices them she will be awfully nervous."

Thus communing with herself, the girl awaited the approach of six o'clock, and the return of her employees from the corn patch. They appeared on the veranda steps a few moments before the limit of time imposed, and stood before her in great apparent embarrassment.

"We've finished," said the Babe, meekly.

"And we're famished," breathed Jack in an undertone.

The girl hurriedly produced three quarters which she handed to Byrd. "Here's your money," she said, "you have been very expeditious. The boarding-house is about a quarter of a mile from here, where you can get a good supper. Good night!" and she dismissed them with an imperative gesture,—glad to get rid of them so easily.

"Gracia, Señorita!" said Byrd, as he took the coins with an odd little smile in his dark eyes, "The Saints, may they guard you, Dulcissima de Flores!" with which truly Spanish compliment our three heroes departed in quest of their supper.

The boarding-house was quite a distance from the Superintendent's cottage, and was the average type of mining camp hostleries. A two-story frame building with a narrow veranda running around three sides of it, the whole thing painted a brilliant red, and redolent with the odors of frying flap-jacks, onions and liquors. But these minor details escaped the boys as they took their places at the table with the other guests who were

collected there, a curious motley array—red-shirted miners, a couple of sheep-herders, three Spaniards and a gambling sharp.

"Been tramping far?" asked one of the sheep-herders genially.

"Yes," Byrd answered, curtly.

"Get any jobs along the way?"

"Yes, a few, got one over at the Superintendent's to-night," Jack responded more cheerfully.

"Who is the Superintendent?" asked Byrd suddenly.

"Why, he's Hoffmann. He's great. It's a French company, you know. All the claims round here belong to the Golden River Mining Company," was the sheep-herder's answer.

"I ought to have known that," whispered Jack to Byrd, "my father has shares in it."

After they had finished their supper our three heroes started out at once on the homestretch. They had nine miles to tramp yet, but they were fresh and had plenty of time. The trail led directly back of the Superintendent's house. As they passed it they heard sounds of laughter and singing that floated softly out on the evening air. Byrd stopped a moment to listen, then waving his hand dramatically, said in plaintive tones: "Farewell, oh queen of roses and poppies, the memory of your fair face and winsome—"

"Oh, shut up and come along," cried Jack, "you're obstructing the way!"

"Do let a fellow be poetical when he can. There aren't many such favorable opportunities offered one!" grumbled Byrd as they tramped on.

Six months later, Mr. Byrd Hunter was talking to an acquaintance at one of the "Bachelors and Benedicts" cotillions. It was by far the most brilliant one that had been given that season, but Byrd was cross, consequently not able to regard it in the right light. "Not a decent looking girl here," he grumbled. "If one doesn't appear inside of five minutes I'm going!"

"You're mighty hard to please," said his companion.

But suddenly Hunter clutched his arm, "Hello! well I never! look here, who's that girl just coming in the door?"

"That," said the other man. "Oh that's Miss Wingate. She is one of this season's belles. It's funny you don't know her!"

"Oh yes, I do!" Byrd answered, "that is, I met her once, but I don't believe she will recognize me. The circumstances were

peculiar. Introduce me to her, won't you ?" and Byrd dragged his surprised friend toward the young beauty, who was holding her court at the other end of the room.

"Miss Wingate, may I present Mr. Hunter, I'm afraid he'll tear the sleeve from my coat if he cannot meet you at once !"

Byrd bowed almost to the ground. "Señorita, this moment I am happy in meeting you!" he said with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. The girl laughed but looked puzzled.

"That is a beautiful speech, Mr. Hunter, but surely I have heard something like that before !"

"Yes, Señorita, once I hoed the corn-patch of your uncle, for which industrious deed you gave me this," Byrd took a dingy quarter from his vest pocket. "At the same time I must confess that I stole something !" and he looked at her in abject penitence.

"What did you steal ?" asked the girl, laughing.

"Well, if you will give me two dances I'll tell you !"

But somehow the rascal got three.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I.

SONG

O, the heart of March is wild as a bird
That's yearning to use its wings !
It thrills in the wind and it throbs in the wind,
With the wind it leaps and flings,
And the cardinal lights in the bare tree-tops,
And sings, and sings, and sings.

O, the joy of it beats in my blood, mad joy
At the strenuous life of things !
And I, with the cardinal, watch the buds
For the message their bursting brings,
While warm as flame in the bare tree-tops,
He sings and sings and sings.

II.

OBERON'S PROCLAMATION

"Primroses, shut away your sweets,
And harebells, slowly toll ;
This elf, to drink my health last night
Sipped at a primrose bowl,
But drank too deep,—and tumbled in !
May Heaven rest his soul !"

III.

THE KING'S COOK

She took a pinch of pollen dust,
A drop of moonlit dew,
And made the elf a magic cake,
To help his vigil through.

G. W. H.

October 10.

HE : I feel like the villain who cried, "Foiled again !" I call it pretty tough, when a man has made up his mind to do some good hard painting, has hunted the

He, She and Cupid country over until he found an ideal spot, planted himself, his easel, and his horse in a farm house where he must put up with pies three times a day, two old maids, and feather beds, all for art's sake,—when he has done all this, that he must be bothered with two other somebodies, especially after he thought himself free from summer stragglers. And then, to cap the climax, she took me for a stable boy ! I didn't know I had any pride, but it is rather a blow to a man to find he looks like a "farm hand." It happened this way : I had been out for my morning ride, and, with my coat off and trousers rolled up, was rubbing down Rix, when I heard some one say,

"I suppose you are the stable boy. Miss Smith said that I would find you here, and that you would harness a horse for us. My grandmother and I came late last evening, and are going to explore a little this morning."

I stared at her a minute, but saw she was in earnest, and the way in which I meekly brought out the horse and harnessed it was a surprise to myself. Then, when I realized that she had come to stay, I wondered if I couldn't always play stable boy, and escape the fate of being an only man. She was rather good looking too, when I dared look long enough to tell, medium height, light hair and blue eyes, awfully honest eyes, a fascinating little nose just tipped up a trifle; and she was well dressed. I am not sure but I should say she was very pretty if she hadn't interrupted my solitary loneliness and driven away genius. A man can escape cottagers, but when people plant themselves in the same house, there's no evading them. Hang them, anyway !

They say a diary is a "school of melancholy self-deception," but when a fellow is putting down his art notes, it is rather entertaining to keep on writing if there is anything to say.

October 10.

SHE : A dismal day and a dismal place ! No one in sight but Grandma and I, and the two old maids who seem to be fixtures here ! Grandma will have the rest she needs ; no one could help resting here, even if the house isn't all one could wish for. I am keeping a journal for desperate need of something else to

do, not because there is anything to write. They say there is an artist here, but he hasn't shown up yet.

October 15.

CUPID: All clear ahead. Arrow well sharpened and true. Will shoot to-morrow if weather is fair.

October 18.

HE: A man can't help respecting a girl like that. She is always the same, never seems to have "moods," is an all-round sort of a girl, and a saint to her grandmother. Elizabeth Lee—such a good, honest name! She is pretty and graceful, and, in fact, a corking nice girl. I didn't mean to see anything of them, but of course I had to meet them at the table, and then it came quite naturally. We only exchanged commonplaces at first, but one day I settled my easel right beside her before I discovered her, sitting with a little book and pencil, absorbed in the view apparently. She wore a blue shirt waist and a sailor hat, as it was a regular warm Indian summer day, and I felt like painting her then and there, before she saw me, but I spoke to her instead, and she started and shut her book guiltily. I wonder what is in that little book. Suppose she should be one of those dreamy strivers after a "literary career"! It doesn't suit the rest of her, but you never can tell. At any rate, we had a delightful half-hour talking about the view, and I showed her some of my sketches. Finally she said her grandmother would worry, and left me to my painting. I don't think she liked my sketches; at any rate, she didn't flatter me! Since then we have ridden horseback together once or twice, and I have walked with her and her grandmother. I forgot to say that she doesn't know yet that the stable boy and I are one and the same.

October 22.

SHE: The artist did finally turn up, and has proved not to be at all disagreeable. In fact, I think he is rather nice—yes, even very nice. There is no one else here to compare him with, but I think he would be very endurable even if there were. You never would suspect him to be an artist from his looks, but the inevitable easel tells you so. He is very tall, brown hair, and brown eyes that laugh, smooth face, and a determined mouth and chin. He very evidently avoided us at first, and we were glad to avoid any strangers. One day I had found the most ideal spot on the river bank, with a view far away to the misty hills,

and a cozy farm-house just across. I pulled out my sketch-book and went to work. That sketch-book is a family joke, as I never pretended to draw and only keep it for amusement. I wouldn't have any one see my attempts for worlds, and when Mr. Duncan with the easel, or rather the easel with Mr. Duncan, appeared, I hid it and went away as soon as I could. I was so afraid he would ask to see it that I pretended to think painting and sketching perfect bores, and not to be at all interested in his work. I do hope he thought I had a receipt book or a Sunday school paper or something—even a French novel. He has been very polite about taking walks with Grandma and me, and I have ridden horseback once or twice with him. He is devoted to his horse, and evidently cares for her entirely himself. I disgraced myself yesterday, but it really was his fault. I went out to the barn to ask the boy to come and carry Grandma's chair down into the woods. I saw a man's back near the watering-trough, and of course never suspected that it wasn't John ; so I called out,

“ Oh John, can you help us again with Grandma's chair ? We want to go to the woods, and do take us where we won't run across that Mr. Duncan again with his easel.”

(We are always running across him wherever we go, and I knew he was planning to paint that day.) When the man turned and I saw Mr. Duncan himself, I bravely stood my ground and said he had no right to care for his horse if he didn't wish to be taken for John. Worst of all, he would insist upon helping Grandma to the woods, and all the time his eyes twinkled in the most provoking way. He says I called him the stable boy the first day we came, but I'm sure he must be joking. I have just thought that his initials are J. E. Duncan. I do believe his name is John, too !

October 25.

CUPID : I have shot my arrow and all is well. Courage !
“ Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, oh ! ”

November 1.

HE : This last week has been a happy one in John Duncan's life ! It ended with last night. We were all invited to a Halloween party at a cottage, as an ending up of the season in the country. It was her last night, and I didn't want her nor myself to go, but of course I couldn't tell her so. They tried some of the old tricks and sent Miss Lee to eat an apple in front of the mirror,

and to see some one's face over her shoulder. She took it as a joke and went laughing. I know it was a low trick, but I stole into the room and peeked into the mirror behind her. She started and turned around, but, when she saw me there rather than my ghost, she turned it off into a laugh and started back, saying how silly it was. But I persuaded her to come out on the piazza while I apologized.—She has gone, but nevertheless I am a happy man. As I held her hand to-day in good-by, I said, "I am coming to town next week;" but perhaps my eyes told her more, for she dropped hers and said nothing. Then I whispered, "Are you glad?" and she only said, "Yes."

November 1.

CUPID: I always did have fun with artists, but my turn is over now; let old Father Time have his. Now for another heart to shoot!

M. H. C.

OBLIVION

The while I search those bonnie eyes—
 Blue as the span of summer skies—
 To learn what 'neath their lashes lies,
 My lady, true and tender;
 I quite forget the crown of hair
 That circles round that face so fair,
 I quite forget the dainty pair
 Of hands so white and slender:
 I only know that at thy side,
 I care not what may e'er betide;
 I care not, tho' comes weal or woe,
 Because, sweetheart, I love thee so.

R. R. M.

There was great excitement among the Words. It was reported that the well-known author, Marcus Hollandus, was about to write a new book. The news-

Behind the Scenes papers said it would be a feast, and of course all the Words were anxious to be there. An assembly was immediately called for the purpose of deciding who should go.

All the Nouns came in a body. There were short Nouns, long Nouns, slender, weak-looking Nouns, as well as those showing strength and vigor. Some revealed by looks and manners their

good, old ancestry, while others smacked strongly of low birth and vulgar associations. But everyone, whether high or low, had at his side a little Pronoun, whom he was continually sending on errands. The Pronouns did whatever was thrust upon them zealously, and as if it were their only business in life.

Near by sat the adjectives—of all complexions, forms and sizes imaginable. Some of them were talking with the Nouns, over whom they seemed to be exerting great influence. Judging from the Nouns' expression and appearance after such a conference, one would have said that their views had entirely changed.

Suddenly sounds of shouting and laughter broke in on the company, and a lot of noisy fellows burst into the room. They came walking, running, jumping, scuffling, hopping and skipping. Some were weeping. Others were laughing and talking. They were all doing something, but some in one mood, and some in another.

"Hello ! here are the Verbs," cried out an old Noun. "Now we can do something."

"Do something !" echoed a voice from the other corner of the room. "I am amazed that you should wait for the Verbs when we are here ! There is not one of us who cannot do more standing alone than your whole tribe of Verbs. Do something ! Indeed !" And the whole company of Interjections opened their eyes and mouths in astonishment.

Meanwhile the Adverbs were wandering about among the Verbs and Adjectives. They were arranging them one way and another. Some had a very quieting influence, while others made those with whom they came in contact only more uneasy and hilarious than before.

"I move that we begin to act," called out an old Verb.

"We second the motion," came in a tumult of voices from all the Verbs.

"I move that that old Noun with a Roman nose be appointed presiding officer."

"I object, and move that jolly-looking Anglo-Saxon be the chairman."

"We second the motion," came once more from the lively little Verbs.

One of the Verbs helped the chairman to his place. He began his work immediately.

"I, as chairman, first rule out and ask to leave the assembly all Words of foreign birth, yet unnaturalized, as well as all Barbarisms, young and old. These being disposed of, we will proceed to business."

There was a general scramble toward the door. It was a wonder to all present that so many foreigners and ruffians had had the audacity to appear in the assembly.

"Here are some old fellows back here," shouted some one as soon as order was restored. "Obsoletes—antiquated enough to be great-grandfathers to the rest of us. Rule them out."

"We will take no time for unnecessary actions," the chairman answered. "They are of too little importance to be considered. Even if they were elected, they would be too old and slow to reach the feast in time. Our next business is with the Technicals. Will all such come forward."

Dignified, scholarly-looking aristocrats, a few at a time, moved slowly to the front. They had a certain reserve which held them aloof from all companions, and made them appear oblivious to all surroundings. They were exceedingly absent-minded. One tall, stiff-necked old fellow, clothed in a flowing Roman toga resplendent with pins, badges and medals, calmly moved on past the chairman, far, far toward the front of the hall. There is no knowing when he would have stopped, if one of the Verbs had not rushed up, slid a little Preposition in his way, and politely led him to his place in front of the chairman. The Technicals stood as stiff and straight as a row of soldiers. They had nothing to say for themselves, and seemed entirely unconcerned regarding the decision. Not one was elected for the feast, but they were all allowed to remain in the hall to give dignity to the assembly.

"Let the house come to order!" the chairman shouted. There was some disturbance over in the corner where the Locals sat.

"We must be shown up." "Wait on!" "We will have a finger in the pie." "Give us a chance to catch on to the job."

"Let the Locals come to order!" but the chairman's voice had no effect.

The Slangs, sitting next the Locals, began to get excited.

"It's an up-to-date set you want. Take us!" "We're the bricks!" "No flies on us!"

"Order!" demanded the Chairman.

"Jiminy Cricketts! Fan me with a tooth-pick." "The chair-

man's getting cranky. There are others ! Ship him to Alaska !"

The chairman was growing faint. He leaned heavily on the little Preposition at his side. But soon recovering himself, he sent a force of Conjunctions to bind the most unruly of the mob. When his voice could be heard once more, he gave orders for the Verbs, assisted by the strongest of the Adverbs, to lead away and lock outside the hall, the whole throng of Locals and Slangs.

"Now with the quiet of the respectability and refinement here represented," began the chairman once more, "we will proceed to work. Let the Poeticals present themselves."

There was a slight movement in the galleries above. A faint odor of delightful perfumes, and sound of rustling silks filled the hall as the Poeticals moved gracefully to the front. It was generally considered that the largest delegation would be sent from this class. The hall was perfectly still as the chairman rose and said,

"Each Poetical has the chance of speaking for himself—a few words from each one of you—then the casting of votes by the general assembly."

As the chairman ceased speaking, a sweet voice said,

"I came from the heart of a child. My mother's name was Joy."

"And I from the heart of a beautiful spring far up on the mountains. The trees cast deep shadows around, and the ferns hung in fringes on the bank. I am never free from longing for my wild wood home."

Voices followed in quick succession, like the notes of a sweet symphony, some soft and sweet, others strong and beautiful.

"All I can remember," came in a bird-like voice, "is the blue of the sky, and the green of the trees, but this memory keeps me always young."

"I came forth," said another, "one summer morning, called by the echoes of a bird-song, mingled with the murmur of rustling leaves."

"And I awoke one starlight night to see the moon rise over a mountain. I have been dreaming of it ever since."

"I was awakened by sweet strains of music whose sounds have never died away."

The Poeticals had some secret power over the other Words, for the latter sat listening in silent admiration. Still another

Poetical rose to speak. Her queenly bearing and radiant smile filled all with adoration. Her voice was like music.

"I was born of Love," she began. But at that moment the chairman arose and cried,

"In vain, in vain, is all our work! An evening paper has just been received, and this is the news it brings, 'Marcus Hollandus' new book was published to-day. The diction is more or less faulty, and gives an impression of scarcity of words at the author's command, but it is an up-to-date work, and deserves the attention of all."

"I move that we adjourn," said one of the Verbs. And all the Words cried, "We second the motion." C. M. A.

NOT HOMESICK

My folks have sent me here to school, and I am only ten,
I've got to wait for eight long weeks 'fore I go home again;
But I'm not homesick,—I shall be my mother's "dear brave boy."
(She told me, when I came away, I was her pride and joy.)

I'm not the least bit homesick, but some things I'd like to see—
I'd like to see my family just settin' down to tea,
I'd like to see my brother when he's hunting for his hat.
I'd like to see our kitten play beside the tabby cat.

I'd like to watch my mother makin' golden pumpkin pies,
I'd like to see old Dinah settin' out the bread to rise.
I'd like to see my chickens—O! I do hope they've been fed.
I'd like to see my bed-room with its nice white downy bed.

I'm not the least bit homesick, and I never have the dumps.
But right down in my throat there comes a frightful lot of lumps.
My eyes feel kinder watery, still I'm bound that I won't cry;
But O! I shall be awfly glad when this long term's gone by.

S. W. S.

One bright, warm Sunday morning, Jamie walked slowly down the back piazza steps. He wore a fresh white dress, the little jacket of which had two pockets; and it was because Jamie had a chubby fist in each pocket, and could not hold the railing that he went so slowly.

"Remember, Jamie dear," called Aunt Mary, "to keep 'clean for Sunday School. It is almost time."

"Yes, Auntie," answered Jamie, "I'll wemember." Very slowly and gravely the little boy walked down the gravel path until he heard a scramble and a scamper, and two funny little dogs came running as fast as they could.

"Good morning, good morning!" said Jamie, patting his little friends as they jumped about, wagging their tiny tails, and trying to kiss his rosy face.

"Down! down! your feet are muddy," cried Jamie. "I'm weady for Sunday-school." But already the muddy paws had left many marks on the white suit. Jamie did not seem to notice these, for he contentedly put his hands in his pockets again, and went to the corner of the garden where the raspberries grew, the two dogs, Tip and Top, following him.

"Auntie would like some berwies to-day, I think. They are verwy nice."

Tip and Top seemed to think so too, for they wagged their tails and then laid themselves down on the path to watch Jamie pick the berries. Some of the berries he put in his pockets—those were for Auntie; some he put in his mouth—those I am sure were for Jamie; but some went on his face and on his clean white dress—those were meant for some unknown little boy, perhaps.

Suddenly Jamie happened to see a can of paint, and stopped picking berries. Tip and Top must see too, and Jamie lifted the brush to let them smell it.

"It's most black," said Jamie. "I guess I'd better black my shoes for Sunday-school."

Somehow the shoes looked greener than he expected. He was too busy to see that the paint splashed up on his dress, and when a fly flew in his face and tickled his nose, he only made a dab for it with his brush, and went on painting his shoes, and did not know that his nose was green too.

Pretty soon Aunt Mary came.

"I'm all weady, Auntie," cried Jamie, running to meet her, "and I've picked some berwies for you."

"Why, Jamie, what have you been doing?" Auntie May could not help laughing, though she was very sorry, for it was time to go to Sunday-school, but of course a little boy with a green nose and green shoes, and red berry stains and brown mud spots on his dress, could not go with her. So she told him to go

in to have Annie change his dress. Then she went on, leaving a very sorrowful little boy.

Annie was not in the nursery when Jamie went in ; but there was a bowlful of water, and Jamie stood on his toes and splashed and splashed with his chubby hands, and then rubbed both his little wet hands on his face, polished off with a towel, mixing green paint and red berry stains, and trudged downstairs.

Tip and Top were waiting in the hall ; his best hat seemed to be waiting, too, on the hall table.

"You do want to go to Sunday-school, verwy much, don't you?" to Tip and Top. "Well," said Jamie, putting on the best hat, "you may. I'm all weady now. I did wemember to keep clean, but things happened," he murmured.

Auntie May was teaching her class of pretty, clean, little girls, when, to her astonishment, she saw Jamie gravely walking up the aisle, Tip and Top following. His face was dirtier than before, his suit soiled, and his shoes green, but with an air of pride, he remarked, "I'm all clean now, and Tip and Top wanted to come verwy much."

Of course the children laughed, and when Jamie realized that they were laughing at him, and that Auntie May was displeased because he came, great big tears came into his eyes and rolled down his dingy little face.

"I did wemember, Auntie," he sobbed. Here the tears choked the little fellow's voice.

Auntie May took Jamie home, and when the paint was washed off his face and he was himself again, he asked, "Was I verwy naughty, Auntie? I did wemember."

"Yes," Auntie said, "but I told you to remember so you would keep those little hands out of mischief. It is no use to remember and then not mind."

"Yes, I see," said Jamie, thoughtfully, "I must've put my wemember 'way in my pocket, I guess, and I didn't use it; but," brightening, "I had it, Auntie, and I'll use it next time."

H. R. S.

EDITORIAL

The number of organizations carried by us as a college and the consequent necessity for systematic and orderly action when assembled in any official capacity, makes peculiarly noticeable our lack of what would be termed, if we approached the subject seriously, parliamentary form. When we consider how imperatively necessary some distinct code must be, that we should have mastered the crudest forms of gaining the opinion of the majority and arranging for a semblance of order by the immediate appointment of a chairman is only what might have been expected. Nor is it denied for a moment that the ordinary methods of putting a question, of electing officers, ordering committees, etc., are sufficiently well followed. Even the sanctity of the quorum, a value supposedly impossible of comprehension to the feminine mind, has been for the most part maintained.

But beyond these elements of order it is to be feared that we do not progress. The number of presidents, vice-presidents and chairmen who have conscientiously studied the subject of conducting their meetings in any higher text book than the program of their predecessors, is only too small. The referring of any vexed question to the chair is so rarely successful in the result as to cause a mild surprise at any evidence of superior information from that source. The number of officers who are thoroughly acquainted with the constitution of the body they represent is, if we may judge by the frequent hurried consultations of that too little used document, greatly in the minority. At the slightest evidence of dissatisfaction with the procedure of the moment on the part of any possibly critical member, the society or class-meeting is promptly thrown into confusion. Precedents are apparently unknown, or if cited, very doubtfully valuable. A strong body of conservatism is always, of course, present, but it is often utterly unintelligent, based on pure inertia, and has been found frequently, to the surprise of the rad-

ical party, quite unconstitutional in some respects, owing to a complete misinterpretation of a somewhat noncommittal letter of the law.

This is, of course, a small matter. We are not here to study parliamentary law, and inasmuch as the business before us is usually accomplished with success and certainly with more ceremony than we employ in ordinary informal argument, we are, on the whole, rather impressed with our executive ability than otherwise.

But this is a totally inadequate standard of comparison. Beside the meetings of a fairly well trained body of women we should suffer immensely as an organization. We should realize that no amount of personal force, no number of able workers, no individual strong willed enough to force the adoption of what may perfectly well be the best course, can compensate for essential lack of form. There will always be a certain amount of ability to deal with situations, but we cannot always count on having it with us at precisely the proper moment, and then it is that a matter-of-fact certainty of the thing to do, in the usual order, saves from chaos and adds greatly to the self-respect of any number of people.

It is to be questioned if this lack of form is not of a piece with the lack of an existing code of etiquette in almost all of our relations, social and official. To a certain extent this is the policy of the college, and it has its pleasant side. Over emphasized, the presence of such a code is a weariness to the flesh : utterly ignored, we must certainly expect severe criticism.

And in its narrower connection with the organizations of the students it is not such an impractical matter, after all. The slightest missionary meeting, the most unpretending club, must have some order in its conduct, and we shall probably never have a better opportunity to put ourselves into practice along these lines than in a place and under conditions where organization is imperatively the order of the day. The ability to manage such situations is, moreover, thoroughly expected of the college woman by the world at large, and as has been shown, with the best of reason. For the honor of our college we should endeavor—and the endeavor would need to be but slight—to more than meet such expectation.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In judging the work done by college magazines, it is necessary to take into account two things. First, we are young, and make no pretensions to a full comprehension of life and its motives. Second, writing is not our all-absorbing work, but only one phase of our life. We are too much inclined to place in one scale, the average college paper, in the other, the good work of professional writers, and then draw unassailable conclusions from the tipping of the scale. This method of criticism is as indiscriminating as it is unfair, because it is never allowable to compare two things which are fundamentally different, and in circumstances of production, in purpose and in methods, the amateur paper is totally different from the professional one. This is no apology for the month's work, for there is none needed.

The very large proportion of the work consists of stories. Most of them, of course, pipe on the good, old theme, some in optimistic strains, a good many in less cheerful tones. "The Ex-Banshee" (*Yale Courant*), is a story so entirely different from the usual magazine tale, that it would be attractive on that score alone. It does not have to depend on its novelty, however, for it has some inherent good qualities to recommend it. It is well written, has some unexpected little turns of humor in it, and is really funny without a trace of affectation. "A Son of Shem" (*Nassau Lit*), is a good character sketch of a Turkish servant.

The *Cornell Magazine* and the *Inlander* (University of Michigan), make a new departure in the form of serial stories. College magazines have always been a little afraid of long stories, because they require so much more vitality to sustain the interest, and are in danger of being somewhat "thin" reading. One of these, "Casper Hauser," in its opening chapter, at least, is apparently running clear of these quicksands. If its author can only sustain his pitch, and develop a plot, strong enough to

remove the hero from the realm of the fantastic into relations with our life and its sympathies, it will be a success very interesting to those who favor the long story.

In the *Brown Magazine* is a long serious paper on "The Scientific Study of Temperament." The subject is unhackneyed, and is treated with a sincere earnestness which is refreshing. Its author really seems anxious to present his points forcibly, and, what is very unusual in our purely essay work, the style is subordinate to the thought, though it is clear and well suited to the subject.

The *Dartmouth Monthly* has a paper on the Moral Degeneracy of Modern English Literature, and the *Vassar Miscellany* rejoices in the new spirit of joyousness which is putting to flight the hosts of pessimism, sordidness and every other indication of degeneracy. Both speak with loving enthusiasm of Stevenson, but one looks upon him as the master of a school that has died out, and the other as the shining light in the new school which is just beginning to bless us with its healthy, cheery life. It is interesting to observe the opposite conclusions at which people possessing the same material, can arrive.

There is no remarkable verse for the month, the best comes from Williams and Yale.

BOOK REVIEWS

*“A SIMPLE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH NOW IN USE,” by John Earle, M. A. The author of this book is known as the Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford and as the writer of a number of other books connected with the structure and the use of the English language. The publishers have come to be known as a firm willing to depart from the beaten paths in art and in literature and in education—willing, in short, to try experiments. A history of the dealings of this house with the representatives of theory before it became received doctrine would be interesting reading and a much needed contribution to the psychology of trade. Interpreted by a competent reader, the journal of the Putnams’ would be quite as important to the romance of trade as to the political economy of a branch of labor. This book is not orthodox. A glance through the table of contents and through the general index confronts the reader with the fact that he has not a specimen of what is ordinarily called grammar nor yet any familiar aspect of simplicity in his hands.

The *Three Books* of this *Simple Grammar of English Now in Use* treat of The Parts of Speech; of Syntax, plain and graphic; of Prosody. The most obvious deviation from the usual treatment of so-called English Grammar is in Division II. of Book II. and in the scope given to Book III. In these most of the material supposed to belong to the subject of Rhetoric is presented. Under Graphic Syntax, for instance, are set forth with more or less completeness and suggestiveness: I. Ellipse (pleonasm). II. Idiom. III. Poetic Diction. IV. Figures of Speech. V. Allegory and Fable. Prosody, or Music in Speech is made to cover:

- I. Of Rhythm and Accent.
- II. The Technique of English Poetry.
- III. The chief English Metres.
- IV. Of Reading Aloud, In Prose, In Poetry.
- V. Of Public Speaking.
- VI. Of Prose Composition; or How to Write Well. Lucidity, Propriety, Some Practical Suggestions.

Then there is an appendix, if so incidental a term may be made to cover matter so obstreperous. Under six innocent looking letters of the alphabet are ranged Punctuation and other kinds of Notation, Exercises in Parsing, Concerning Analysis of Sentences, Exercises in Grammatical Criticism, Restoration of Oblique to Direct Speech, Passages to Modernize. When the reader collects his somewhat amazed senses after this enumeration and further

* G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

notices that the whole contract is disposed of in 297 duodecimo pages, he may be pardoned if he wonders where this book is to find a public. Is it intended as text book, compendium or guide? The reader turns to the preface and finds that "The frequent recognition of this historical principle conduces to a satisfactory treatment of English grammar, even for children." Still further the inquirer learns: "This is a book not of Philosophy, but of Grammar. In other words, it treats language not in its physical aspect, as sound or syllable, but in its mental aspect, as discourse of thought. The aim is not scientific, but educational; not the mechanism of the mother tongue but its mental action in practical use." The reader probably feels that "even children" would make pretty hard work of these distinctions and finds a growing curiosity in his mind about the import of the simplicity qualifying this liberally interpreted grammar. The author justifies himself. "We will accordingly begin with the Parts of Speech, which are functions of thought, and from these we will proceed to the structure of the language in composition of prose and verse. Such is the office of Grammar properly so called: all other uses of the term Grammar are secondary and derivative.

Herein lies the point of my title, *A Simple Grammar*; which is to signify that it is grammar unmixed with philology. * * * In short, I avoid analytic philology as not belonging to the proper office of this treatise, of which the fundamental idea is to make the mind consciously acquainted with the spontaneous processes of its own constructive thought. * * * For Grammar (properly so called) is not a laboratory of induction and generalization and demonstration, it does not seek to establish absolute laws, it only proposes some tentative rules subject to general approval, not concealing their liability to exception, but rather displaying this infirmity as of their very nature and interest and attraction; it has not the exactness of the physical sciences, and would lose all its value if it had: it rests upon the level of our simplest apprehensions, and in its growth it develops the likeness, not of Science, but of Art." The process by which in avoiding Philology, the investigator of Grammar commits himself to all this may be desirable, reasonable or even imperative, but no ordinary construction of words can make it seem simple.

And yet the book is a good book and open to admirable use. In the hands of a competent teacher who would interpret, expand, illustrate and in short teach every position reached by the author and embodied in his statements, the book might go far to revolutionize the tedious and tasteless, the stale, flat and unprofitable bungling that goes on under the names of Grammar, Rhetoric, and English Composition in school rooms throughout the English speaking world. One most admirable feature of the work is the introduction of the earlier forms of the parts of speech, thus familiarizing the students with some of the elements of historical Grammar in English. If the *Simple Grammar* should accomplish no more than the conviction of the teachers of English forms that the best way to teach the present usage is against a background of earlier and transitional forms; and if the book in even a few instances makes clear the fact that "even children" are entirely competent to understand these things and indeed are inevitably interested in them, it will have had a reason for being.

But in the hands of a raw or dull student or without the emphasis and perspective supplied by the skill of a well prepared and interested teacher, the book is likely to be misleading and confusing.

M. A. JORDAN (of the English Department).

* "MODERN FRANCE (1789-1895)," by André Lebon, Member of the Chamber of Deputies. M. André Lebon's volume is in every sense an addition to "The Story of the Nations," though differing greatly in treatment from the previous "Stories" of the series.

The author states in his preface that he makes "no attempt at giving any portrait of the personages whose acts are narrated in their results alone." The volume might be entitled: "A Guide Book to the Tendencies and Problems of a Century," and regarded in this light the work is interesting and suggestive. The last quality is especially noticeable, as M. Lebon, in his double position of writer and politician, refrains generally from pronouncing judgment. Despite this discretion, however, he touches on all problems in the new spirit, with a desire to show "obvious defects" rather than "hidden virtues" where systems have failed. The work is animated by that sincere progressiveness which, in spite of obstacles, is abroad in France to-day. In whatever concerns the position of the present Republic the author suggests what Edmond Demolins so loudly proclaims in "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons;" "Il faut regarder la situation en hommes qui veulent s'égaliser."

The volume has one characteristic of marked originality: it emphasizes the important point that political history is inseparable from literary and artistic history in the growth of a people. Three chapters—nearly a third of the printed matter—are given to a rapid survey of the development of Letters, Arts and Sciences.

Under Literature the rise of the various schools and the tendencies of the different periods are considered in their several manifestations,—on the stage, in poetry, fiction, criticism, history, polemics and oratory.

The subject of Art is divided according to the materials used in its expression, and is followed by Music, the chapters closing with a review of achievements in the various branches of Science. The volume is furnished with well-selected illustrations. The frontispiece, reproduced from an old engraving of the Bastille, is of especial interest.

The bibliography, the chronological tables of writers, artists and scientists and the list of governments and ministries in France from 1789 to 1895, together with a clear index, make the work especially valuable as a book of reference.

H. I. WILLIAMS (of the French Department).

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES

Any question as to the opportunities open to women for the exercise of a college training has sometime since died a natural death. Its usefulness in opening wide the doors of high endeavor in any sphere, whether of the home or of the professions, has brought its own recognition. Yet there is still some question as to the advisability of certain lines of study which seem to offer little scope either in the practical life of home and housekeeping, or in the teachers' sphere. In this category, I have many times found Economics and Sociology placed. "What possible use," I have been asked, "is all this theory of values, and of production and consumption, going to be to you?" To which I reply, "If I go no further than the housekeeper, I find myself already better equipped for the practice of her detailed economy through some knowledge, limited though it be, of the general principles of the system in which she is an important factor."

But there are also other opportunities where such knowledge of economic laws and social conditions may prove its value in a practical way, if time, money, or capacity do not lead to a more complete study of theory. Factory inspection is now an opening requiring some training in the philosophy of economic life, and the relation of labor to capital. College Settlement life, besides other requisites, needs this fundamental training of the mind. Of this necessity for trained workers, Miss Isabel Eaton has already written in this same department for April and May 1897, and what she has so well said, I need not repeat, but only ask you to re-read with a somewhat different work in mind.

The Settlement is but one form of the philanthropic zeal of the day; whether or not it is the best, depends upon how fully it realizes its ideal. Miss Eaton has said that the work to be successful, must be scientific, and must be undertaken as a labor. The same is true of other forms of philanthropy more specifically known as charity, and in the administration of this scientific charity, there is also an opening for college women with the training of economics and social studies. It may offer as a paid labor, or as a volunteer labor when less study and information is necessary; in either case it must be a labor of love for humanity.

Charity organization came from London some twenty years ago. From New York, Buffalo and Boston it has spread throughout our large cities fairly well. Whether known as "Associated Charities," or "Charity Organization Society," its principles are the same: to provide a bureau of information for

all the charitable work done in a city, to promote co-operation and similarity of method among charitable societies and individuals by enunciating forever clearly the doctrine of helping the unfortunate to help themselves, and to bring to their aid the moral uplift of friendly contact with those more fortunate and stronger than themselves. To forward the practice of these principles, there must be a force of unpaid and paid workers; the former direct, advise, and give a portion of their time to the work of visiting and knowing the unfortunate poor in their homes, the latter attend to the duties of secretary, registration and investigation. Those doing the latter are called agents, and they are appointed according to the extent of the work, to different districts of a city. Each one has as her advisors or "conference" a number of men and women who do the voluntary work in her district. When the misfortunes of a person or of a family come to their attention, the agent goes immediately to the home and tries to discover in as kindly and careful a manner as possible, the cause of distress. This being ascertained, she submits to her conference the results of her visit in a prescribed form. Upon their judgment of the facts as she presents them, a method of alleviation is decided upon, they providing a wise and kind friend where such is needed, or asking some relief giving agency, where material assistance must be given.

Thus the position of the agent becomes one of much importance standing between those needing help, and those ready to give it. Her sympathy awakens the confidence of the one, her judgment, unbiased by sentimentalism presents a true story to the other. Tact makes the dealing with both easy and harmonious, while an understanding of social conditions preserves a sense of the relations between society and individual. There is abundant opportunity for the exercise of personal influence and responsibility, and the study of people has a practical outcome in fitting, so to speak, the two different conditions, visitor and visited, to each other.

The work is of course, among people along the border line of pauperism, and its endeavor is to lessen the burden to society of pauperism and its incipient crime, by awakening the individual to personal effort and responsibility. Almsgiving is therefore the *bête noir* of scientific charity, the service of man to man and the higher life, its ideal.

There are many cities in the land where the vigor of college women may do much to promote it, even if they do not enter it professionally. For it is a profession though still in its infancy, a kind of social surgery and an administering of moral physic to specific cases. There is yet to be discovered in available form the antitoxin of sloth and pauperism; our communities must be protected from moral inertia, and while the pulpits, the schools and colleges, are probing in their fields, the administration of a wise charity is a necessary activity.

All the light and aspiration of our college days came with fuller meaning to us for the comradeship they brought; gladly we rendered service to our friends, our class, our Alma Mater; now we are gone forth to a larger service for our fellows they claim us the more that we have tasted so sweetly of friendship. I have written of but one of many lines of life wherein our heritage of possession is the giving of ourselves to the life of the community.

ELEANOR H. BUSH, '96.

We wish to correct a mistake which appeared in our last issue. Mrs. Annie Russell Marble, '86, A. M. '95, has edited *Hero-Worship* not *Sartor Resartus*.

Last month the Smith College Club of Worcester was entertained at the home of the Misses Estabrook. Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst, addressed it on the subject of "The Greek of Antiquity, and the Greek of To-day."

All alumnae wishing to secure boarding places in Northampton (outside the Campus), for Commencement, can do so at the cost of a small commission, by applying immediately to Frances Bridges '98, Hatfield House.

90. The class of '90 has sent out its class letter in printed pamphlet form.

Anna S. Jenkins is studying this year at the American School of Classical Studies, Rome, Italy.

'96. Isabel Butler is acting as substitute teacher in the Brooklyn High School.

ABOUT COLLEGE

"Salt Marshes," by D. W. Tryon, recently placed in our collection of paintings, brings with it proofs of the many honors that have been conferred upon it. Not only in his own country, but in Europe, Mr. Tryon is acknowledged one of the greatest painters of landscape. Almost numberless are the prizes and medals which his work has received; perhaps the most important is the First Prize given to his "Rising Moon" at the Munich International Exhibition in 1893,—the world's prize. This picture is now owned by Mr. Charles Freer, of Detroit, and is being reproduced by Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, of Hadley, the famous engraver who has most successfully rendered in wood-engravings a number of Mr. Tryon's pictures. These engravings are in the collection now shown in one of the rooms at the Forbes Library.

Mr. Tryon is much more than a painter of landscapes; he is above all a poet of nature, and sings her moods with brush and color. All his life a most earnest student of nature, his breadth of painting is based upon most accurate knowledge. His creed like Corot's is; Truth: The first thing in Art, and the second, and the third. He studies nature unceasingly; his winter studio overlooks New York's great Park, and from May to December he is out of doors at South Dartmouth, much of the time on the sea. One of his most notable pictures is a marine, "New Bedford Harbor," owned by Mr. N. E. Mon-tross, of New York.

Has the art critic who once declared with assurance that Mr. Tryon's trees were too flat, ever realized that the man who studies nature out-of-doors, may know her better than the man who studies her in art galleries?

With great breadth of execution, Mr. Tryon combines a masterful selection from the great mass of nature's truth, to bring into focus the one great truth for which he is striving. This is impressionism in its broadest and truest sense, and the highest art: "The expression of an emotion felt in the presence of nature."

The seven pictures by Mr. Tryon in our collection represent his work from the time of his return from study in Paris. The latest of these pictures, the "Moon Rise," painted in 1894, represents most completely his characteristics; subtlety of feeling for form and color, poetic interpretation, and breadth of execution. In a masterly way the feeling of form and solidity is expressed, while there is a distinct subordination of all form to the one desired effect, namely, the mystery of the transition time from day to night in early summer. Only the most serious and untiring study of nature can give the power to select truths which blend so harmoniously into a perfect whole. The dignified and impressively simple composition is sustained throughout the whole pic-

ture ; the use of horizontal lines producing a feeling of quietness and repose. Painted on a much higher key than the autumn "Evening" on the other side of the same room, the cool silvery tones lend themselves to the sympathetic rendering of the misty coolness of an early summer evening. Surely we find here the four things which Corot set forth as necessary for a painter. "These are : Form, which he gets through drawing ; color, which results from truth to values ; sentiment, which is born of received impression ; and finally, execution, the rendering of the whole."

MARY R. WILLIAMS (of the Art School).

The exact relation of the College Settlements Association to the college and to the college settlement, does not seem to be definitely understood by the students here at Smith. The work of the settlement scarcely needs explanation here, for its methods are well known ; it consists of a number of cultivated persons who voluntarily take up their residence in the tenement districts of a city, and endeavor by the two-fold process of actual class-work and the subtler influence of simple, neighborly contact, to assist the intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual development of the people about them.

But it does not seem to be well known here that the three college settlements proper, Denison House in Boston, Rivington Street Settlement in New York, and the Philadelphia settlement, are directly dependent for their support upon the College Settlements Association. This is an organization of ten women's colleges, each represented by two electors, one graduate and one undergraduate, who with the head workers of the three settlements and two non-collegiate electors, form the Electoral Board of the Association, which meets twice a year. The annual membership fee of the Association is five dollars, but as this sum proved too great for any large portion of undergraduates to give, a system of "partial memberships" was established, whereby those who paid one dollar or over, and under five, were entered on the annual report as partial members of the Association for one year. The money so raised goes directly to meet the expenses of settlement work, classes, kindergarten, etc. ; it does not go to the support of the residents, who are boarders in the settlement.

The annual donation of Smith has always been large, but this year in consequence of the absence of a Christmas concert it will fall of the \$150 which the Association owed last year to the generosity of the clubs. It is earnestly hoped that the students will remember this when asked to give this year, and feel, in spite of the many calls which are continually being made upon our pocket-books, that to us as college students there is a very special appeal in a cause so peculiarly devoted to educational interests as the College Settlement.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS '99.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Wilder, there has been a temporary change in the Zoölogy Department, by which Miss Wallace and Prof. Tyler of Amherst take the lecture work, and Miss Anne Barrows '97, assists in the laboratory work.

The play presented by the Washburn House on March 2, was the Scrap of Paper. Very good interpretations were given of the various characters, and the stage setting was unusually pretty.

At the open meeting of the Philosophical Society, March 7, Prof. Wm. G. Harris of Washington gave a lecture on Hegel.

The members of the Basket Ball Teams are as follows: Nineteen Hundred: homes—Julia Carolyn Weston, captain; Dorcas Leese, Edith Dale Monson; guards—Alida King Leese, Agnes Patton, Harriette Mumford Ross; centers—Katharine Louise Barton, Anna Jaffray Smith, Mary Tate Lord, Alice Morton.

Nineteen Hundred and One: homes—Margaret Guild Wilder, Helen West Kitchel, Agnes Chamberlain Childs; guards—Mary Bell Lewis, captain; Alice Kimball, Louise Bleecker Kimball; centers—Mary Ainslie, Fanny Garrison, Ellen Tucker Emerson, Mary Franklin Barrett.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

ALHHA SOCIETY:—President, Cornelia Sherman Harter '98; Vice-President, Grace Walcott Hazard '99; Recording Secretary, Bertha Butler Reeves '99; Corresponding Secretary, Elizabeth Porter Meier 1900; Treasurer, Caroline Marmon 1900; Editor, Mary Helen Lathrop '98; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Helen Gray Cornell '98.

PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY:—President, Adeline Flint Wing '98; Vice-President, Harriet Chalmers Bliss '99; Secretary, Ruth Strickland '99; Treasurer, Katharine Brigham 1900; Editor, Marion Pugh Read '98; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Frances Antoinette Bridges '98; Historian, Lucy Lefingwell Cable '98.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—President, Alice Jackson '98; Vice-President, Mabel Agnes Rice '98; Executive Officer, Elizabeth Parker Hammond '98; Treasurer, Helen Eva Makepeace '99; Secretary, Gertrude Holbrook Churchill '99.

STUDENTS' BUILDING COMMITTEE:—Chairman, Winnifred Knight '98.

CALENDAR

- March 16, Concert by the Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs.
- 19, Open meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by
Mr. Perceval Chubb.
- 21, Open Meeting of the Biological Society.
- 22, Lecture by Prof. Knight.
- 23, Dickinson House Play.
- 26, Basket Ball Game. Nineteen Hundred vs. Nineteen
Hundred and One.
- 26, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 31, Beginning of the Spring Vacation.
- April 14, College opens.

The
Smith College
Monthly

April = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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APPLIQUÉ WORK IN LITERATURE

“Does anyone believe that the passion of the American people for learning and for antiquity is a slight and accidental thing? Does anyone believe that the taste for imitation old furniture is a pose? It creates an eddy in the Maelstrom of Commerce. It is a power like Niagara, and represents the sincere appreciation of half-educated people for secondrate things. There is here nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, there is everything to be proud of in this progress of the arts, this importation of culture by the carload. The state of mind it shows is a definite and typical state of mind which each individual passes through, and which precedes the discovery that real things are better than sham. When the latest Palace Hotel orders a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Louis XV. furniture to be made—and most well made—in Buffalo, and when the American public gives Stevenson an order for *Pulvis et Umbra*—the same forces are at work in each case. It is Chicago making culture hum.”

So far John Jay Chapman: and I must at once deny any intention of trying to refute his main contention. With the insight and appreciation of this characterization one must accept its unflinching rebuke, and its estimate, none the less odious for

being in the form of an ideal rating instead of a concrete comparison. Granted then, that as a representative of Chicago I admit that I am half-educated, and that I show my crudity by fancying that culture may hum and still be culture, I wish to justify the interest Mr. Chapman has shown in me by laying his lesson to heart, taking a leaf out of his own *Études pour mes Élèves*, and applying his method a little further. I find that, however it may be in the matter of the sham antique in furniture, Chicago is far from setting the pace in the literary interests referred to. Nor do I find that Chicago affords so constant and strong a market for literature of any particular sort that it may be considered to have created the supply or even, to any marked extent, maintained it.

Mr. Chapman has hit on some superficial aspects of one of the most interesting developments of modern literature. He has himself called attention to the fact that we are now passing through the age of the Distribution of Knowledge, but the fact has a vastly more important meaning than he attaches to it and is of much more general application. He mentions 1850 as a date of significance for English speaking hunters of culture, but why ignore dates and institutions that Carlyle was promptly responsive to a good twenty years earlier? If it is matter of fair comment that Chicago's culture is not home spun, it is just to notice that it is cut off the English piece and that the looms of England are insular only in point of geography. The work of the Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the labors of the editors and of the corps of writers for Penny Cyclopaedias, and the publications of Camden Societies and the annotations and reprints of historical clubs have brought forth their manifold at last. In the general movement Chicago, as standing for the writers or the readers of the United States, does no more than keep up a respectable average. Mr. Howells was not the first to notice that the stock of entirely new stories is running low and that most plots, in the illumination supplied by reprints, are likely to seem retold tales. This knowledge, or at all events, this conviction, has lain cold on the pen of more than one European writer, stiffening his invention and chilling his artistic self-respect. The talent and the genius of the age have had a hard struggle in the toils of the machinery for making everybody well informed. And the talent and the genius of the age have found their way out. They have at least died hard

and for a time have managed to keep up a stir in even a failing existence, by scientifically adjusted exercise of their powers. To meet the inroads of paralysis, men sometimes undertake a course of treatment in a Lift cure.

Literary art is struggling against the weight of unassimilated erudition. It must be admitted that the struggle has been energetic and persistent, as well as grotesque. There have been the usual types of mind displayed in all the well-known forms of logical and real fallacy. There has been an effort to deny the facts, to ignore the facts, to juggle the facts. The discerners of the literary heavens have heralded every cloud no bigger than a man's hand and celebrated every rainbow as portents. There has been a Know Nothing, a Do Nothing and a Perpetual Motion literature. Each has had its creed and its high priests, but while the ritual of these has occupied public attention, the quiet movement and growth of another very different order of literature has escaped notice. There is nothing new in principle about it. It is as old as art and its appeal to men. It springs from the curious paradox of human nature that makes the prime of any organism carry the seeds of its decline. The principle of this literature, now fairly placed on our markets, and for longer than we know a recipient of our interested attention, is the definite, though unconscious, substitution of art for life, as the stuff of literature. The method is that of a deliberate transfer of motive, material and suggestion from one author or period to another. The University Extension Movement thus justifies itself by continual illustration on the part of its students that originality is the use of well-known images in new combinations. After a thorough enough course of training, and in complete accord with the supposed scientific temper of such influences, is the tendency to look on individual life as a corrupt text interesting for its glosses, omissions, interpolations and emendations. In this connection the making of literature comes to be the supplying of the foot notes. The value of the literature is dependent upon the complex pleasure gained in the chase after the connection, often remote and subtle, between the text and the commentary.

This form of art like every other has its repulsions, its preferences and its indifferences, as well as its conventions. The convention in this case is an inordinate use of the *deus ex*—of machinery, in short, at the expense of relations of cause and effect. The art of transferred, applied, decalcomanied literature is, in

the main, indifferent to what Aristotle used to call the beginning, the middle and the end. It prefers to hold fiction by its allegiance to the laws of the epic rather than to those of the drama, and it dislikes all aspects of reality not obviously paradoxical. For it, the really truthful man is the conscious liar, and the hero sees himself always through his valet's eyes. The most genuine nature is the most conscious of artifice, while artifice interests because it can so easily be turned inside out. Such interest has intermittently appeared in the world as far back as habit asserts itself, and the customary disappoints, but in modern experience this expression of it in our own day promises to be most significant. It began unobtrusively, with due subordination of its methods to the interests of conventional plots dealing with conventional aspects of love or of adventure.

In my own personal experience one of its first appearances was in a German novel written by a man of some hold on the popular interest. He transferred the influence exerted by the usual educational processes to which a hero is subjected, from a position of unquestioned, undisturbed insignificance to one of capital importance. The interest did not rest or move about in the happy days, or in the merry pranks of school life; there were no appeals to personal sympathy, enduring romance of common experience; nothing of the sort. The art was made to find its motive in the re-embodiment of Franklin's Autobiography. Ultimately the hero, Franklin, and the book became inextricably mixed up. It was lamentably uncertain in my mind whether Franklin was being educated, or the hero being chronicled, or an autobiography being criticized. Thus I made my first acquaintance with the type of character whose life depends on his pocket Bible—my first acquaintance, of course, outside the Sunday School library or the moral tale. I soon learned, however, that the preferred form of Bible was not the King James version, translated out of the original tongues, but certain ancient or modern, or still better, certain mediæval classics just inaccessible enough to afford a pleasing sense of superiority in making the necessary identifications. Bayard Taylor introduced me to men and women who insensibly merged into a background of Dante or of Sir Thomas Browne and never recollected themselves again. The romances of Augusta M. Evans were a kinetoscopic arrangement of passions, dreams, remorse, ambitions, allusions, quotations and adaptations of real and invented literatures.

Early Greek moralists were unduly anxious to display their knowledge of geography and so pressed their principal characters to the point of nervous prostration, but these later studies of the soul's progress from Philistia to Culture show the way strewn with material for prize examination papers in things not generally known. There was a time when even the austere spirit of Emerson fell under the spell and his titmice were convicted of the venial sin of orientalizing. Mr. Shorthouse must bear the responsibility of introducing most of us to the men and women, the young men and maidens who move lame and lovely across his pages, reincarnations of the actors in Sir Thomas Malory's pageantry, or of the exercises in Loyola's Institutes or of some vellum-bound, illustrated Book of Hours, or of some particularly blurred or crowded page of history. Writers as far apart otherwise as *The Duchess* and Mr. Mallock have in common their extraordinary acquaintance with Shakspeare and their skill in securing his shaping power for their otherwise impossible creations. But both of them go too far and we suspect the truth—that the situation has a locus and a name but no actuality. We have taken the literary turn once too often and find ourselves in a no-thoroughfare instead of in the free moving crowd of life.

In a general way, therefore, it was not surprising when Professor Royce announced that he was sending out blanks to collect information in regard to the amount of influence exercised by books, and their recognized types of human portraiture, upon the lives and settled behavior of their readers. Nor were the replies he received matter for surprise. Staid spinsters and conventional mammas confessed that they had consciously played the parts as far as they could, and thought the thoughts of influential heroines like Jane Eyre or Dorothea Brooke. The human mind, it seems, has pockets far more safe and capacious than the little baskets carried about by the Lady Bountifuls in the Tract Society's employ, or the inexhaustible pocket of the Mother in the Swiss Family Robinson. But this influence is in the highest degree a conscious indulgence. It belongs to the general department of recreation, along with summer vacations, camping out, and riding a wheel. It is the accompaniment of treats, theatre parties and afternoon teas, but rarely appears in business hours or in time of pain or sickness. Suspense puts an end to this form of private theatricals, and

even long indulgence would hardly interpose any very formidable barriers between the individual and his real self.

It is far otherwise, however, with the literary artist. As the big Bible used to be chained beside the church door so that it might be consulted for refutation, as well as for admonition and reproof, so if all the literature of the present day came with its Bible chained in clear sight, the authority would at least be more direct. Where there is so little open vision and so much borrowed inspiration, perhaps it is not altogether amiss that the sources and conditions of the borrowing should be an open secret between author and reader. Such, at all events, is the fast increasing custom on the part of authors. The number of those who, like Miss Howard, supply the principal character with a pretty legend, a neat and appropriate volume or a few terse proverbs, or, like certain painstaking chroniclers, keep a Rousseau, a Rabelais or a Corrupt Dramatist safe at hand for the refreshment of certain well drawn characters and their literary recuperation after hard service, is increased by those who frankly avow their allegiance at the outset. In this connection it may not be out of place to suggest that at present the Morte d'Arthur is in danger of being overworked. Its fitness for all forms of treatment from illustration up to theme and background is hardly demonstrative enough to keep it from seeming likely to degenerate into a fad. What Hafiz was to an earlier generation of poets and essayists, honest Sir Thomas seems likely to be for our poets and novelists. And when allegiance is professed, as in one case, to the author of the Choir Invisible and to the gallant Knights and their adventurous code at once, a pitch of paradox is reached, as uncommon as it is apparently successful. At present, however, adventure is used only in the interests of a reservation on the part of one or more of the actors in this sort of art, and by degrees the reader learns that the adventure was not undertaken in any obvious spirit, but with some motive that will deprive it of all its customary value. Death does not dramatically unite nor separate any longer. This is the office reserved for bits of verse, remembered proverbs, and family crests, or religious scruples. Geography and history are subordinated, not to anything so trivial and vulgar as the hero's love story, but to what may in all fairness be called the hero's idea of himself. If this can be permanently squared up with anything in the hero's favorite book or epoch, then the hero feels as much

reassured as is permitted him in a world where the very stones and blades of grass are self-conscious with agnosticism ; and he rests as the mediaeval knight did in the pause between his adventure with the green dragon and the next one with the unknown champion.

But on these terms there is no end to a story ; for a man is simply an episode in his own history. His views are far more important than his happiness, and a moment of decision is abundantly able to take the sting from death. As to the literary form, it is consistently free from climax. When the meaning of life is thus inverted, emphasis on outward events easily drops away. The most sacred associations may gather about the vilest life and the reader must manage to accept the situation without any sense of shock, if he is to get the proper message of this art. In this sort Mr. Mallock and Mr. Meredith are past masters ; Mr. Mallock commonly using a satiric application of the King James Version of the Bible and Mr. Meredith a sort of breviary of his own contrivance. All this reminds one of what musicians would call an arrangement. The method has also much in common with the old preacher's use of the *Gesta Romanorum*. In the interests of the public upbringing and morality the story was told with fidelity to the needs of sleepy, inattentive human nature, with shameless mendacity as far as names, dates and places were concerned, care being taken only to secure associations, setting, of sufficient impressiveness. When the story had been told, and well told, came the moment for which it had all been planned and carried through. One imagines the shrewd old churchman turning with mingled sympathy and apprehension to his hearers as he says, "The Emperor Justinian, my hearers, is the human soul," etc. The modern novelist reverses the processes and the emphasis. Instead of elaborating the story and offering the application with diffidence and brief adroitness, he makes the story a mere occasion for exhausting the stores of his literary sampler book in the way of decoration. Single-stitch, cross-stitch, cat-stitch, satin-stitch, long and short, outline, Kensington, they all appear singly and in intricate combination until the wise foresight of providing a basis for all this display must appear to everyone. M. Huysmanns finds the *Acta Sanctorum* indispensable to his recent work. One episode in the development of his hero Durtal will illustrate : "He felt himself emptied, injured, cheated, reduced

to a state of fibre, a state of pulp. His body, crushed by the nightmares of the night, enervated by the scene of the morning, needed entire rest, and if his soul had not still that infatuation which had broken it in tears at the monk's feet, it was sad and restless, and it asked for silence, repose and sleep. 'Let us see,' said Durtal, 'I must not give way, let me bestir myself.' He read the Penitential Psalms and the Litanies of the Saints; then he hesitated between two volumes of Saint Bonaventure and Saint Angela. He decided on the Blessed Angela. She had sinned and had been converted, and she seemed less far from him, more intelligible, more helpful than the Seraphic Doctor, than a Saint who had always remained pure, sheltered from falls. For she, too, had been a carnal sinner; she, too, had reached the Saviour from afar." Then follows a detailed and sympathetic account of her experience and claims to sainthood, ending with a eulogy of her book. "Ah," said Durtal to himself, in turning over these pages, "it was indeed the Christ of Saint Francis, the God of mercy who spoke to this Franciscan!" and he went on: "That ought to give me courage, for Angela of Foligno was as great a sinner as I am, but all her sins were remitted! Yes, but then what a soul she had, while mine is good for nothing; instead of loving, I reason; nevertheless, it is right to remember that the conditions of the Blessed Angela were more favorable than mine. Living in the thirteenth century she had a shorter journey to make to approach God, for since the Middle Ages, each century takes us further from Him! She lived in a time full of miracles, which overflowed with Saints. For me, I live in Paris in an age when miracles are rare and Saints scarcely abound. And once away from here, what a vista is before me of falling away, of soaking myself in a stew of infamy, in a bath of the sins of great cities!" This is powerful portraiture of a soul stripped bare of all conventional disguises from itself, but such experience has no mark of crisis left it. The author justifies his title, *En Route*, and leaves his tortured hero at the point where he exchanges the rack for the thumb-screw.

It is no wonder that such stories tend to agglutination. Whether they take the form of purpose novels, neo-romances or psychological analyses, they easily fall into trilogies and series. It is certainly simpler not to vary the setting outwardly if it is to undergo no internal change. Mr. Merriman has shown us at

some expense, which I regret, that it makes very little difference whether the scene is in Russia, England, or Spain if the problems and the personality do not vary. Why not adopt or collect a literary cast and let them travel from age to age and clime to clime? The experiment was promising as far as it went in *Phra the Phoenician*. But even with the obvious waste of force involved in getting up a new-old-legend and varied-though-truthful historical setting, there is still much gain in having the story well done before it is begun. The writer has everything in his favor by this means. Familiar scenes, old associations, the safe because laborious past are at his disposal. One cannot help remembering his Saint Augustine in this connection. As the *Confessions* pour along page after page, the paradox, the eloquence, the joy of words suddenly recoils upon itself in the chastened imagination of the Christian Father and he makes haste to justify himself by the words of Psalmist or Historian. Again, the method is the reverse of the one we are studying, though it serves as a hint for more than one of the doubt-sick souls whose diseased communings we moderns follow. In the face of evidence like this brief extract, it would be futile to maintain that the Saint was dead to the satisfactions of the beggarly elements as represented in the cunning workmanship of words. "Oh! that I might repose on Thee! Oh! that Thou wouldn't enter into my heart and inebriate it, that I may forget my ills, and embrace Thee, my sole good! What art Thou to me? In Thy pity, teach me to utter it. Or what am I to Thee that Thou demandest my love, and, if I give it not, art wroth with me, and threatenest me with grievous woes? Is it then a slight woe to love Thee not? Oh! for Thy mercies' sake, tell me, O Lord my God, what Thou art unto me. *Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation*. So speak, that I may hear. Behold, Lord, my heart is before Thee; open Thou the ears thereof, and *say unto my soul, I am thy salvation*. After this voice let me haste, and take hold on Thee. Hide not Thy face from me. Let me die—lest I die—only let me see Thy face." The modern writer makes no profession of death to the beggarly elements. On the contrary, he rejoices in them. He chooses words and joins them together cunningly. The epigram and paradox that Saint Augustine allowed himself only with the protest of a reference to Holy Scripture, are the stock in trade of our Masters of the Revels. One of the most recent of these, Mrs. Craigie, in *A School*

for *Saints* has given illustration of her gentle breeding in literature on every page. And there are 405 pages. Her hero is inspired by Homer, Amadis of Gaul, and Le Morte d'Arthur. He is represented as feeling himself strange and a fool, and as being recognized by the elect as a poet and by everybody else as something very desirable, though unclassified. In a spirit of deep introspection, represented usually by heavy, fine, black type, the rapidly maturing youth carries through adventures suitable to large capitals, but limited to the ordinary types of polite printing by great self-control on the part of the writer, one is driven to think. The literary resources of the author are quite equal to the demands she makes upon them. There are quotations enough for all the characters, rich and poor, high and low, noble and vulgar. Even the dreams of the truly gifted hero quote, and the usually thin medium through which stories move is heavy with reference, suggestion and apologue except at the points where the action for the moment requires coupling or uncoupling, a process purely mechanical and accomplished in plain view of the reader and often with the help of his memory or foot notes. The hint of association with archives, state papers, merriment rooms, and sources is certainly worked for all it is worth in this complex of varied sorts, and degrees, of interests. A faint, very faint, flavor of brass-bound chests and dusty, worm-eaten leather, and parchment, and paper, and printers' ink may be supposed to percolate through the story of Robert's schooling, as the bottled narrative in Jules Verne's remarkable tales gives a tonic, briny air to otherwise limp construction. And there is nothing flabby in the style of *A School for Saints*. A recent critic has called attention to the fact that Mrs. Craigie has at last found her style. On the contrary; she has found the styles of a lot of other people. Saint Theresa and Dante serve for poignant sentiment, Walpole and Meredith for the burdens of insight, laboriously shouldered and rhetorically discharged, Disraeli, and Dumas, and Voltaire for a combination of literary ingredients comparable to nothing but that product of a mixer's art known as a cocktail. The flavor is strong and distinct, the resulting exhilaration to be depended on where the taste of the public has been educated to the proper point, but the appeal to a less sophisticated palate may be open to doubt. For instance, the ordinary reader does not altogether relish the idea of a world in which lace makers talk applied Candide, and priests appear as

indolent scene shifters who won't take the trouble to keep the flies in position, and so destroy the illusion without explaining it; where there is a perfectly uniform control of epigram, distributed impartially through all grades of society, and the only difference lies in the presence or absence of purpose in its employment; where the characters are most impenetrable when they explain themselves, and where the most practical appeal for interpretation is made to the reader himself as being in possession of a sturdy common sense that has probably resisted the temptations of more errant individualities.

The scenery is almost exhaustingly reminiscent. There is the Spain of Mr. Merriman, the England of Thomas Hardy, and the London of Trollope and of Mrs. Ward. But this complexity exists obviously only for the reader of books; the real question is, what impression does it make on the bookless? How will *The School for Saints* hold its own with the searcher into—not the complexities of style, not the strange fashions men and women have of occupying themselves—not the strange kinships that work may show to pleasure—but into the real workings of real hearts, into real experiences of real persons? Is it altogether unreasonable if the plain reader obviously resents the substitution of anthologies for men and women? Is he altogether Philistine if he sturdily prefer the most uncritical text of Shakspeare to the effort to put the whole of the Furness Variorum of Hamlet on the stage? And as for the bookmen, their highest approbation belongs with the originals whose lasting charm is proof against all the vicissitudes of popularization and whose abounding vitality endures even the hard usage of an educational scheme that attains the commonplace by way of the classics.

MARY A. JORDAN.

SONGS OF MY LADY

I

I love my lady e'en to the sweet tips
Of her dear fingers—love her rosy lips,
Eyes brown and laughing—love her dusky hair
And love to watch the shadows linger there.
I love her cheeks, the tint that in them lies,
And e'en her faults are precious in my eyes.

II

My lady frowned to-day. The world is sad,
And overhead the clouds hang, chill and gray.
My lady frowned. The joy which once I had
Has left me now. I mourn as best I may.
My heart is lead. My lady frowned to-day.

My lady smiled to-day. The world is bright.
The clouds from these fair skies have fled away.
My lady smiled. My heart is all delight.
The birds sing loud, and everything is gay.
Naught can be wrong. My lady smiled to-day.

III

Beside her grave stood Love and I. We wept;
Love, that he loved her, I, that she was dead.
Till, weary grown of weeping, Cupid said,
"Come, let's away. It is as if she slept."
I shook my head. "Thou'rt fickle, Love," said I.
"She sleeps forever. Prithee, Cupid go.
I fain would stay here, quiet, with my woe
And, if I might, I fain would near her die."
"Nay, nay," quoth Love, "Clarissa lives no more.
Come, find another. Be she half as fair
She'll please." Said I, "Dost think that I could care
For any other, with a heart so sore!"
"Oh, say you so!" said Love. "Then I'll away."
So by her grave I mourn alone to-day.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE.

HOW MISTRESS POLLY WAS AS GOOD AS HER WORD

The sun was shining gaily down the Prince Edward County turnpike, and along the shady footpath at the side, chattering like magpies, tripped the three Mistress Parker, while black Em'ly, panting in the rear, had much ado to keep her young mistresses in sight. They had been to tea-drinking at Pyncheon Hall, the next plantation to Redway, and their tongues, loosened under the genial influence of the tea and the company, flew right merrily as they hastened homewards.

"Persis," said Mistress Penelope, tipping her sunshade lower over her shoulder, "did you mark Hannah Jarvis's fichu? 'Twas of India mull, and her Aunt Montague sent it her from London by the Jamestown packet. Christopher Seymour brought it from Jamestown a se'n-night since."

"A se'n-night," cried Mistress Persis excitedly, "then our cousin Roger has already landed in Virginia, and must be even now on his way to us."

"Why, truly, Persis," said little Mistress Polly, pausing to brush a speck of dust from the toe of her satin slipper, "Our father has been in Charlottesville five days gone, and Cassius met him there yesterday with the coach, to bring him and our cousin home."

"Oh," cried Mistress Penelope quickly, "perchance they may arrive to-night. Let us hurry home, that we may make ready to receive them. I shall wear my plum-colored satin, with the brocaded girdle. Faith!" she murmured, blushing and dimpling prettily, "I shall be proper glad to see my English cousin again."

"And our honored father," added little Mistress Polly, with a reproving look. "For my part, I care not a whit for this Roger Parke, who has come to Redway to inspect his uncle's daughters, and if so be they please his worship, to choose one of them for a wife. What do we Virginia folk care for a manor in Devon and a house in London? Ah, well, thank fortune I am but fifteen and no beauty. I fancy Roger Parke will not elect to marry me."

"Tut, Polly," said Mistress Persis, gently. "He is your cousin, child, and it is not seemly that gentlefolk should have aught of ill-will against their kinsmen. I doubt not our cousin Roger Parke is a most worthy and fine young gentleman, and we owe him our most courteous hospitality."

"Ay, and he does the minuet most excellently. Belike he will think us countrified, Persis," sighed Mistress Penelope. "Alack, 'tis so long since I have been at London, or even at Richmond, I fear me I have forgot the proper way to courtesy."

"Countrified, indeed!" cried Mistress Polly in a huff. "Has not Persis just said we are gentlefolk?" Here Mistress Polly gave her head an angry shake, which set her yellow curls a-bobbing over her shoulders like a field of dancing daffodils. "I, for one, shall put on no Sunday manners for this Roger Parke, and if he expects to find me a veritable daughter of my Indian ancestress Pocahontas Rolfe, he shall not be disappointed."

Just here black Em'ly, who had been jogging comfortably along the highway behind her young charges, called to them to stop. "Laws a-massy, young missuses," she cried, pointing down the dusty turnpike, "'spec' we sholy gwine had a sprinklin' 'for' we gits home." And indeed, even as she spoke the clouds began to drift rapidly across the patch of sky between the rugged oaks, and a few warning drops splashed into the red dust of the road.

"Ugh!" murmured Mistress Penelope, disgustedly. "What shall we do, Persis? I have no mind for a wetting. Indeed, I would we had the coach." And she gathered up her ruffled dimity skirts with a little shudder.

"Fie, Penelope!" broke in little Mistress Polly, scornfully. "You know father has the coach, and the rain cannot hurt us." Nevertheless, she could not forbear casting an anxious look at her dainty, high-heeled satin slippers. They were her very first pair, and they marked her graduation from pinafores and the nursery, into the rights of young-ladyhood. 'Twould be too bad to spoil them so soon, she thought, ruefully. "If we ran we might reach Redway before the shower," she suggested.

"It's a good qua'ter mile to de front gate," said black Em'ly, doubtfully, "an' de road gettin' muddy now. We better stop at One-eyed Torm's cabin twell de shower done pass' by. 'Tain't on'y a sun-shower, nohow, young missuses." It was plain that black Em'ly did not crave a long run through the woods, and

she cast longing glances at the shanty, set invitingly on the outskirts of the "niggers' quarters."

But another look at the red clay road, becoming stickier every minute, decided Mistress Polly. Spoil her new slippers! Never! "Sisters," she cried, "let us run for it!"

"Not I," answered Mistress Penelope promptly, raising her sunshade for protection against the flying drops.

"Not I," echoed Mistress Persis, drawing off her long silk mits.

"Goodby, then," remarked Mistress Polly laconically, seating herself on a stone by the roadside. Before her astonished sisters could speak, she had whipped off the precious shoes and silk stockings and wrapped them tenderly in her petticoat, and in a moment she was pattering down the turnpike, her pink heels sinking deep in its red clay dust.

"Law bless my soul!" ejaculated black Em'ly as she watched the flying figure. "Ef dat chile don' beat all!"

Mistress Polly pattered serenely on. The drops came thick and fast by spells, with patches of sun in between, as if the weather clerk were ashamed of having played such a sorry trick upon three forlorn damsels. Mistress Polly ran briskly, and before long she came to the great front gate of Redway, and darted up the gravelled avenue of oaks that led to the house. Finally she reached it, and scrambled up the steps and onto the broad, stone portico. With a little bound she rushed through the doorway, plump into the arms of a tall fellow who was standing in the shadow.

"By my soul, but this is a warmer greeting than I had hoped for," cried the young man as he stood back and gazed at the little figure. Mistress Polly stood barefooted, her gown dripping wet and splashed with red clay, her huge poke-bonnet hanging round her neck by wilted lawn ties, showing the damp curls clinging about her forehead. In each hand she carried a little, white satin slipper, and from one arm dangled a pair of long silk stockings. She was far too astonished to speak, but stood gazing at the stranger with flaming cheeks and wide, shining eyes.

The young man threw back his head and laughed gaily, in no wise daunted by her silence. "Troth," he said merrily, "this is a Virginia custom I knew not of, but I swear I like it right well. I fancy I have the honor of addressing one of my fair cousins," he went on, bowing gravely but with a twinkle in his

eye. "Mistress Penelope—no ; Mistress Persis—nay. I am sure 'tis Mistress Polly !"

By this time poor Mistress Polly had collected her wits, and without vouchsafing a reply she flew across the hall and up the staircase to her own bedchamber, while the young man gazed after her in amazed admiration. "Truly," he whispered to himself, "she's a young savage, but on my life she's a beauty."

Not long afterward Mistress Polly Parke walked with much dignity and a fine color into the black walnut parlor at Redway, and, affecting not to see the stranger, greeted her father with effusion. She was clad demurely in a mouse-colored satin gown which came quite to the ankles and gave but a hint of clocked stockings and coquettish mouse-colored slippers beneath. Her rebellious yellow curls were powdered a beautiful white and done most properly into a towering chignon. Thus panoplied she felt that she could present a bold front to the enemy, and when she was gravely presented to her cousin Roger Parke of Parke Manor, Devon, she courtesied coldly, and graciously allowed him her pink fingertips to kiss. But her eyes gleamed dangerously under her cast-down lids when the stranger remarked daringly that her face was wondrous familiar ; indeed, he could almost swear that he had had the felicity of greeting his cousin Polly in the hall-way a half-hour since.

Such was the spectacle that met the astonished eyes of Mistress Penelope and Mistress Persis, when they appeared, much bedraggled and out of temper, at the parlor doorways. Their chagrin was great at being brought thus face to face with their long-expected guest, but they rallied bravely, and Mistress Penelope favored him with her best London courtesy, unmindful of the red stream, dyed by her sun-shade, that trickled down her nose ; while Mistress Persis dimpled and smiled engagingly, happily unconscious that the gay paradise bird which decked her bonnet was ingloriously wrecked.

And so it came to pass that Mistress Polly Parke was as good as her word, and put on no Sunday feathers nor manners to greet her cousin Roger ; and since all proper stories should have sequels, this tale explains how Roger Parke forgot all about Mistress Penelope, whom he had come to woo, and straightway set his affections upon Mistress Polly. For he declared that the little pink-heeled sprite who rushed into his arms that rainy afternoon rushed into his heart as well. Mistress Polly was haughty and obstinate at first, but after all she was no story-

book heroine but a tender-hearted, loving little Virginia maiden; and indeed, what lass's heart would not have been moved to tenderness and pity by so handsome and ardent a lover! Moreover, she was not above appreciating what a feather in her cap it was to win the palm, so to speak, from her two elder sisters.

So the English and Virginian branches of the Parke family were united in the year of our Lord 1756, by the marriage of Roger Parke, son of Sir William Percival Beverly Parke, of Parke Manor, Devon, and Polly, third daughter of Thomas Parke, of Redway, Prince Edward County, Virginia. The account of the nuptials is set forth in an old family record, and my great-great-grandmother, Monroe, who was Harriet Parke-Parke, told the story to my grandmother, who told it to me.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

PERSONALITY IN MEREDITH'S ART

Meredith is to me at once a literary enigma and a spiritual stimulus. Until I made his acquaintance I had never supposed it possible for such keen delight to come out of such intellectual confusion. If, as we have been taught, the test of true art is its power of enhancing the value of life, then my own experience during the three or four months when the "Amazing Marriage" was my one absorbing literary interest, is sufficient to prove it, to my mind, a work of high art.

To feel this is easy—inevitable, it would seem, for some; for the lovers of Meredith seem to be fore-ordained such, by a *peculiar Literary Predestination*. But to establish his claims to this distinction is quite another matter—a task far too great for me. If I can here point out a few of those characteristics of manner and method which go to make up his charm, and thus suggest some reasons for his strong appeal to those who feel it, I shall be satisfied.

The central fact about which I would group Meredith's characteristics of style and thought, and in which many of them find their explanation, is his supreme interest in personality. To describe his method of character-delineation involves an analysis of his whole style—descriptive, narrative, and conversational.

And contrariwise, a study of any one of these phases leads inevitably back to the supreme interest.

Taking up these phases in turn, we find, first of all, that Meredith has no such thing as orderly and consecutive narration. Every action is reflected for us in some personality. Where the movement is naturally less rapid, in the intermediate periods between the critical situations, he is fond of showing us the story as it strikes the outside world—flashing in our eyes a score of images of the same event, variously distorted by as many delicately differentiated characters. The extreme of this tendency of his style he has personified as Dame Gossip. Doubtless her's is a name fraught with a horror of confusion to any reader who has not quite lost himself under the author's spell. Even in my own experience there have been moments when I have longed to throw the Dame, with her whole variegated following of social butterflies, overboard. Yet no lover of Meredith would, if the issue were forced upon him, be willing to give her up, any more than a devotee of Thackeray would consent to the sacrifice of his satiric monologue to any French critic's requirement of unity of action.

In striking contrast to the meanderings of the Dame is the vivid conciseness of Meredith's treatment of a critical situation. Here his method is two-fold. The thread of the action, on which all the rest hangs, is the conversation—vigorous, brief, pointed, every word vital and essential, standing on its own merits without introductory formalities, elliptical, yet so perfectly differentiated, despite the author's own mannerisms, that it is impossible to misattribute a single remark. It carries us along with a rush of emotion which rides with supreme disregard over the necessity of elucidation of obscurities—as a man possessed of a demon of unreasoning terror does not feel, in his mad flight, the jars and bruises of a dozen headlong falls, which at another time would quite exhaust him.

Such conversation is seldom long maintained. Scattered through it, where any other author would give us comment or description, are vigorous, close-knit phrases, gathering up and revealing to us in a flash the whole situation reflected in the emotions of the actors. Not content with these brief glimpses, our author leads us through tortuous passages into the hidden recesses of personality, revealing to us secret mainsprings of action, showing us the conflicting play of emotion and reason—the

action and reaction, the attraction and repulsion, of inarticulate, half-realized forces and instincts.

All this is shown us, not by analysis and dissection from without, but by taking us into the very heart of the man, and making us live his life. We yield ourselves entirely to his personality, following now the dull plodding of his thought, now the wild rush of his emotions, now the breathless leaps of his imagination, now the playful or cynical wanderings of his fancy. So perfect is the reality of it all, that we forget even our author, quite losing consciousness of his charms and peculiarities in the illusion which he creates. For ourselves, we were left entirely out of sight at the beginning.

He does not, indeed, keep us always in the depths. The surface also has charms for him. No passive description is here. All is color and motion. When he would paint for us his heroine, he gives her "a panting look," "a look as of beaten flame," "the look of one who runs and at last perceives." Or again, "From minute to minute she is the rock that looses the sun at night to redden in the morning." Outward form is beautiful to him only as a revelation of inner life. It is his supreme interest in personality, which he conceives and interprets as character in motion, which sets Meredith apart among writers, and makes him as supreme in his own field.

In the words of Gower Woodsen, "the philosopher of nature," (who, we may guess, is more often the author's mouthpiece than any other character in the "Amazing Marriage"), we find certain revelations of a standard of beauty for the human face which we may perhaps take as indications of Meredith's ideal for his own style. "People talk," he says, "of perfect beauty; suitable for paintings and statues. Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. . . . Repose has never such splendid reach of animation." Does not this express to us, better than any words of our own, the peculiar charm of Meredith's art? "The supremacy of irregular lines," he phrases it elsewhere. It is thus that he shows himself a romanticist of the most pronounced type. "Repose," classic regularity of outline, has no attraction for him. "Only Nature," he says, "can express the uttermost beauty in her gathering and tuning of discords. "It is this beauty of nature which he seeks to embody in his art; that he does it, in a marvelous way, for some of us, our devotion to him will attest.

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

SNOW AT SUN-DOWN

Along the winter hills low voices sigh
From tree to tree,—now near, now far away,—
And sinking to the merest dream of sound
Vanish in stillness born of the still day,
And are no longer found.
And lo! soft-footed clouds, that journey by,
Linger among the tree-tops, bending low
To shake down lapfuls of the fleece-white snow
From out their robes of gray.

Bow low your heads, O pines, in reverence,
While the white benediction silently
On all the world is falling, and the day
Fares lingeringly across the shadow sea
That stretches far away
Unto the land of yesterdays, and thence
Sweeps back no tidings—Hush! the veiled night
Rides forth on white-winged snow-flakes in their flight,
From the dark gates set free.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WHEEL OF TIME

Elaine, the Saxon maid, in days of old,
Wove tapestry with threads of silk and gold ;
Or made a braided case with gladsome toil
To save her true knight's shield from rust and soil.

Then Arabella, with a lesser art,
Worked on a sampler gay a "wounded heart."

But nowadays, nor do we think it shocking,
Fair Doris knits for Jack a brown golf stocking !

A. E. F.

The first time I ever saw Peter, he was ringing the bell for prayer-meeting. Ringing the church bell in Cramersville was no belfry climbing, bat startling process. The bell **Peter** was a recent acquisition, and in the church vestibule the early comers might see Peter grasp the new yellow rope hanging there, drag it down until he was bent double, and then allow it to carry him off his feet with a jerk. The sawing of the rope through the hole in the ceiling, and the creaking and thumping of Peter's shoes served instead of an organ prelude so far as it gave some interest to the fifteen minutes before service ; for prayer-meeting was always late.

After the last shrill clang of the bell had quivered into silence, Peter shuffled into one of the front seats, where I had a good view of him. He was noticeable for his wild, yellow hair and his tieless and collarless, but by no means spotless flannel shirt. He sat with his head up and his hands in his pockets, his knees together and his toes turned in. His expression was one of pleasant anticipation. I knew that he was going to speak in meeting and I was not mistaken.

When remarks were called for, Peter arose. A minute of

silence in which he arranged one hand on the back of his pew, and the other where it would have been "buried in his waistcoat" if waistcoat there had been, a few impressive glances into the eyes of his audience, and he began :—

"My dear friends, my dear old friends, my dear young friends; now, when the unwearied sun has sank into his golden chamber of the West and the sky has flowered into a thousand daz-
zlin' blossoms; now as we hear the night wind hushin' the sleepy bird-twitters, as we hear the insects chantin' their world-old stories, as we hear far away the gloomy ocean, like a lonely miser, pickin' at the pebbles with his frothy fingers; now in this time of holy peace, we have gathered here, we have gathered here weary from toil, we have gathered here from homes of joy, of sorrow, of sickness, from deeds of beauty or deeds of wickedness, we have gathered here, each and everyone of us in this house of prayer, to find ourselves once more face to face with two old, old friends, Jonah and the whale."

Before Peter, who was never discouraged at the failure of his climaxes and who dearly loved the sound of his ever deepening inflections, had reluctantly taken his seat, I resolved to know more about him. He was certainly not a native of Cramersville, I was sure of that. And indeed, the Cramersville natives regarded him not only as an alien, but as "half foolish," as I found later.

A day or two after, a voice floated in through my open window from the direction of the woodshed. It was deliberate and continuous except for an occasional pause, followed by the blow of an ax.

"Yes, I'm a Baptist by denomination, but I'm sexton to the other church, so I stay to meetings there. I tried at first getting to my own church after I'd rung the bell, but it was too fast walkin' on a hot mornin', though I believe in clingin' to the church of your infancy."

I wandered round by the woodshed. Peter's audience, whoever it was, had disappeared. Peter was sadly regarding his ax, buried in a log of wood, as he wiped his face with a bandanna. He greeted me with a most joyful smile and was quite ready to respond to a few commonplace observations on the weather with long discourses, which greatly impeded the growth of the wood pile. Entertainment at the rate of a dollar a day, however, was cheap, so I listened to him.

"You must have read some," I said, after a volley of figures evidently gathered from some of the well-known poets.

"I have read," began Peter, vacantly staring at an imaginary large audience, and repeating each word with great distinctness, "When I was a lad I received a good education at school, and noble friends helped me through college so I could study for the ministry. But, my friend, I lost my belief. Like an eager pilgrim lets go his hold as he reaches the purple peak of some sacred mountain, I dropped into a deep abyss. And then I farmed in Kansas, and then I was situated on a steamboat, spending dark and dreary days slowly gliding up and down the Mississippi, that wide and shimmering honor badge of America's industry worn upon the bosom of our glorious country, and then I came East and handed over my talents to the devil by pickin' hops in Central New York, and then I got converted by the Salvation Army. My friend, the Salvation Army is a glorious army of noble saints, but the Baptists are better. I j'ined the Baptist Church again. Now I am waitin' for fall to come so I can teach school. I live on odd jobs and the sexton's salary, which is fifty cents a week, so I manage to walk the path of life with happiness."

Here Peter's breath gave out and he chopped once or twice in silence, then remarked,

"This 'ere tree was once a towerin' son of the green pine forest. The summer breeze is mournin' over his empty home and the sun is gazin' down in solemn wonder on the broken-hearted, brown earth that used to caress his roots."

That evening I watched Peter with interest as he shamled up the street. It was a wonder to me how he stood on his legs and why his dangling arms did not drop off. I always have the feeling in looking at Peter that he must be hanging from the end of an invisible string like a loose-jointed jumping-jack without the jump.

I know him well now. Although in our most commonplace talk, he has never adopted a conversational tone, yet underneath his high-flown language, it seems to me I can discover a truly poetical language. "Half foolish" he may be, as the Cramersville folk declare. If he is I do not pity him. If the state of "half foolishness" makes life such a state of passive bliss as he seems to find it, it would certainly be the height of folly to regain one's full understanding.

The last time I saw Peter was in the early fall. His chin was propped up by a starched collar and his hair was parted. His blue eyes were gleaming with even more than their usual joyousness, and his hand was buried in a new black vest.

Some day I hope to visit his school. It is a little district school away off in the pines. I can easily imagine the white-haired children eating their luncheons in the sun along the sandy road, while Peter sits in the doorway enjoying the "glories of nature."

G. E. K.

Miss Martha Rogers was cutting out cookies at the table by the kitchen door. Suddenly she paused with the cookie cutter uplifted: "Hark, Mother," she said to

"Jim," a Tale of the little old lady who sat quietly by, Pathos and Bathos paring apples. "Isn't there a disturbance out in the hen house? There certainly is! I do believe that child is out in the barn with that setting hen. Becky!" she called imperatively, "Becky Rogers! Come here!"

A little girl came reluctantly from the barn and slowly approached the house. Her eyes were wide with apprehension, for it was the second time she had been caught in the barn that morning. She attempted to dissemble: "O Aunt Martha," she said with a sweet smile, "there's two little chickens out already, and the hen's pecking the shell off'n another."

Aunt Martha was proof against all beguiling. "Rebecca Rogers," she said sternly, "didn't I tell you not to go near that barn?"

Becky looked around, desperately seeking to evade those searching eyes. "I—I—" she stammered, "I—Aunt Martha, can I have a cookie?"

Aunt Martha took Becky by the shoulder and gave her a little shake. "Answer me," she said, "didn't I tell you not to go out there?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Becky, fairly brought to bay.

Aunt Martha did not loosen her grasp. "Are you going to let me catch you out there again to-day?" she demanded.

This time Becky lifted her eyes and looked solemnly into her aunt's with a righteous expression on her small, round face. "No, ma'am," she said, and shook her head persuasively.

"Well, you'd better not," said Aunt Martha, letting Becky go, and hurrying in to take a pan of cookies from the oven. Becky stood and looked longingly at the barn, but she dared not disobey again.

At last the old hen came off, and in spite of Aunt Martha's predictions, Becky's visits had done no harm, for every one of the thirteen eggs had hatched, though, as it afterwards appeared, every one had hatched a rooster.

Becky's delight in the little chickens knew no bounds. She was greatly distressed when the old hen took a dislike to one of the little chickens, pecking it viciously whenever it tried to get under her wings. Becky rescued it, half dead, and made a nest for it in a barrel under the shed. She tended it carefully and was fully rewarded, for the chicken thrived. Before long it followed her devotedly wherever she went. Long after the hen had deserted the rest of the brood, this chicken, named Jim, went hunting around at dusk, squawking dismally until he found his young mistress, who put him to bed in his barrel each night and covered him tenderly with a piece of old carpet.

Becky loved all the chickens, but Jim was the favorite. Headed by Jim, who frequently perched himself on her shoulder, they would follow her in a troop about the yard.

Now that Becky had the chickens, poor Belinda Ann lay packed away in a wooden box under the bed and Belinda Ann's dresses were used for Jim. Jim made no objections to the dresses, but he utterly refused to lie on his back, and when she carried him right side up, his long, stiff arms were in the way. She soon learned, however, to manage her ungainly baby very skillfully, and many were the visits which she and her son paid to imaginary friends in the barn.

Meanwhile, thirteen great roosters were eating, day by day, an astonishing amount of grain, while Aunt Martha was forced to buy her eggs.

One day Aunt Martha discovered Jim and two of his companions perched on the kitchen table, eating the green corn that had been picked for dinner. Her angry expostulations as she drove them out brought Grandma and Becky to the scene.

"I declare!" said Aunt Martha, angrily, "I won't have those roosters around any longer!" Becky held her breath. "I shall begin to kill them off right away! We'll have one for dinner to-morrow!"

"O Aunt Martha!" cried Becky in distress, "You're not going to kill my dear little chickens!"

"Your dear little chickens" said Aunt Martha scornfully, "My great, greedy roosters, I should say! You didn't think I was going to keep on feeding those thirteen roosters forever, for you to play with, did you? I think," she continued, "that I will take that Plymouth Rock one first." Now that Plymouth Rock one was Jim. Becky's low crying broke out into loud sobs of anguish. "O Aunt Martha," she wailed, "Not my Jim! Please, please don't kill my dear, dear Jim!"

"Martha," began Grandma, deprecatingly, "couldn't you—" but a glance from Aunt Martha silenced her and she hastily began a trembling search in her pocket to see if she could find a piece of licorice for Becky.

"Now Becky," said Aunt Martha, decidedly, "I don't want to hear any more of this nonsense. That Plymouth Rock one has got to go sometime, and it might just as well be first as last. A good deal better, for he's the largest one."

Becky stopped crying a moment, and tentatively raised a pair of brown eyes above the arm where she had hidden her face. "My Jim has been growing real thin lately," she said hopefully, "He isn't near as fat as he used to be."

Aunt Martha's reply sent the eyes down behind the arm again and redoubled the sobs. "If that's the case," she said shortly, "I'd better kill him as soon as I can, before he grows any thinner. Now, to-morrow morning," she continued, "I want you to carry him around and ask Tom to cut his head off."

Very tenderly Becky put Jim to bed that night, and as she covered him up, many tears fell on Belinda Ann's best blanket.

Over and over again Becky crept back to lift the blanket and look at him in loving grief, until Jim protested angrily at the repeated disturbance. Then she left him.

Even Aunt Martha felt a pang of regret the next morning, as she saw the little girl go out of the yard, hiding her face behind one arm and carrying under the other a great rooster whose long legs dangled below.

"I declare," said Aunt Martha, as Grandma wiped away a tear, "anyone would think I had sent a baby to be killed, and you're just as bad as any child, yourself, Mother Rogers. There won't be any more tame chickens on this place—not if I know it."

A few minutes later, Becky returned and said that Tom would

bring the chicken back. She hurried up-stairs to her own little room. She drew a box from under the bed and unpacked Belinda Ann. Then she sat down in her little chair and rocked violently back and forth, hugging Belinda Ann close in her arms. "O Belinda Ann!" she sobbed, "do you know that my poor, poor Jimmy is dead? Oh don't smile so, Belinda Ann! My Jimmy is dead! My Jimmy is dead! O Belinda Ann! Belinda Ann!"

Belinda Ann smiled on. Gradually Becky's sobs ceased. At last she stopped rocking. "You poor Belinda Ann!" she said, "You haven't any dress to wear." Her voice broke as she thought who had worn the dresses out. "I must go right to Grandma," she continued, "and get some cloth to make you a new one."

A few minutes later Becky was stitching away for Belinda Ann on a beautiful dress of buff-colored cambric, sprinkled with green and red sprigs.

Noon came. Becky put the last stitch in the hem of the dress and raised her head with a long breath of relief. She was very tired and hungry. As Aunt Martha called her to dinner, the savory odor of roasted chicken floated up. She sniffed the air hungrily, then she thought of Jim and her face grew solemn. She went slowly down-stairs and took her place at the table. Her breast was torn by conflicting emotions; grief for Jim, fondness for roast chicken, and an utter inability to connect in her mind her own beautiful, Plymouth Rock Jim and the delicious roast before her.

Aunt Martha served Grandma and then turned to Becky in the most matter-of-fact manner—a manner which covered considerable apprehension. "Becky," she said, "what part shall I give you?"

Grandma hastily hid her feelings behind her cup of tea. Becky hesitated a moment more and then said weakly, as she wiped away a tear, "I think I'd like a wing." H. G. M.

THE STORY OF THE ROSE

Once, long ago, when all roses were white,
One nestled fair
In the night-dusky hair,
Of a nymph whose face was light.

A youth, watching, saw from its resting-place sweet—
 Its wavy repose—
 Reluctant the rose,
 Like a wounded heart, fall at his feet.

His love was unknown, as the rose fell unmissed;
 He lifted it where
 It lay, wounded and fair,
 And the rose's white heart he kissed.

Then, following the nymph as she moved thro' the green,
 He gave back the rose,
 Whose petals enclose
 The kiss throbbing warm and unseen.

And her heart's-love for him which she dared not disclose
 She softly confessed,
 In the kiss that she pressed
 To the fluttering heart of the rose.

When her lips met the kiss that was lingering concealed
 By each still unguessed,
 Their love unconfessed
 That moment to each was revealed;

While the heart of the flower grew warm, that was dead,
 A love-light glows
 In the leaves of the rose,
 And the quivering flower blushed red.

So it happened that roses grew red like this;
 For, ah, who knows
 The heart of a rose
 Or the power of a kiss.

M. H. L.

Mr. Solomon Russell, fifty, lonely and desperate, looked sadly at his reflection in the long mirror, which graced the upper half of his home.

A Successful Siege "There won't be much left of me if she don't have me pretty soon," he soliloquized.

"Here I am wearin' a wig and false teeth now. My clothes are all padded and still I don't look 's thick as a griddle-cake. I'm just wastin' away, that's all."

He stretched his thin neck around and surveyed his long back with comparative ease.

"Look like a giraffe every which way," he commented.

"There ain't any sense to it! Me livin' here with mother for twenty years, and she so old she aint fit to run a house, anyway."

He smoothed down his brown wig anxiously. "I'm plain and I ain't a native of this place but I come of good Vermont stock and I made my own money. I can keep her comfortable and she knows it."

Mr. Solomon Russell looked fiercely at his reflected wrinkles.

"Lord, she ain't very young, herself. Forty-six! I'll be jiggered, time does fly! I'll have it settled to-night."

"I ain't a man of courage, naturally, but when I *am* started I ain't afraid of anything in petticoats."

"I won't philander one jot. I'll say—Ellen—yes—I'll say—Ellen, it's time you made up your mind. I'm old, so are you. Once again and the last time I ask you: Yes or no."

"Lord, she'll say no—she always does."

"Fact is, she's been brought up so nice in this dinged old town, where nobody has married for years, that she thinks there ain't any propriety in marryin'. Then, because I wasn't born here, the whole town thinks I'm to be tried for the rest of my natural life like a new patent."

He retied his red yellow tie with a jerk.

"My grief! ain't bein' a good citizen for twenty years enough to make people trust a man, even if he ain't a native?"

"Well, I'll have it out!" He gave a last glance at himself and turned away. "If she knew how I was made up, I guess she wouldn't wait much longer."

Miss Ellen Kellogg sat in the "front room" crocheting a lamp mat. The curtains were pulled down close to the window-sills; it was chilly outside and a little fire in the wide fireplace made the room cozy and warm. The lamp on the marble-top table shone full upon her.

She was neither thin nor stout, her thin, fair hair was neatly parted and put back from her delicate, little face. As she sat straight and prim, she looked like one of the tinted figures which decorate old dresden china.

It was Solomon's evening and she was waiting for him. He always came at quarter of eight and left at quarter of ten.

She glanced up at the old clock in the corner which had measured his calls for so many years. It was time for him. Even as she looked the bell rang.

Hannah, the despotic old servant, let him in as usual. With a mere good evening, he marched past her and straight into the parlor, not taking off his overcoat or leaving his hat in the hall. Hannah was expecting the usual little exchange of civilities, her mouth was open in a friendly smile, but it closed with an astonished mumble of "somethin's up," as he disappeared through the hall doorway.

"I'll be within call," she added, and took up her station in the hall.

As Mr. Solomon Russell entered the room, Miss Ellen rose and bowed low, as usual.

"Why, Solomon," she said with some surprise, "aren't you going to lay off your overcoat?"

"No, I can't stop long," he answered. His overcoat was buttoned tightly around him, and he looked as straight and slim as a ramrod.

Miss Ellen sat down again and crocheted nervously.

"It's real cold out, isn't it?" she volunteered.

"Yes, pretty chilly for October, Ellen."

"How is your mother?"

"She's failin' pretty rapid." He glared at her almost fiercely in his attempt to screw up his courage.

"She can't get around as much as she used to, can she? She used to be real spry," commented Miss Ellen, innocently, wondering what was the matter with Solomon.

Solomon balanced himself on the edge of his chair and dove wildly in.

"No, she can't get around, Ellen, and can't be expected to, seein' she's eighty-two. That's what I've come about. I've told you again, and again, how I admired you:—and—and—you've always put me off.—I'm old, Ellen, bless you, I want you now:—yes or no, Ellen?"

He stood up and unbuttoned his overcoat. Miss Ellen had stopped crocheting, now she began again.

"Solomon, I've told you enough that I don't want to marry—not yet." She glanced up at him and the red crept into the delicate pink of her cheeks.

Solomon, looking at her with eyes full of desperation, snatched off his overcoat and threw it recklessly on the floor.

"Ellen, I've got to settle it to-night. Life is short: we're old, me and you. Why, I'm fifty and you ain't fur from it."

The red mounted even into the white parting of Miss Ellen's hair. She had never thought of herself as old, really old.

"Solomon," she said with dignity, "you forget yourself. You don't look more than thirty-five, and I don't look very—very—fur along."

He felt that he had got to convince her; he cast about for a way.

"Ellen, there ain't any youth left in me. Look at me, girl, I'm old! You don't see me as I am, I'm older than I look. Let's get married, Ellen, and have it over. I need you an' you need me."

Despair made him eloquent.

"I'm trusty, though I ain't a native. I came by my money honest and I've worked hard. I've made myself, but I did it honest. It's the town that puts you against marryin' me, nothing ever changes in it."

Miss Ellen straightened herself. "I am a native of this town," she said proudly.

Solomon Russell took a deep breath and came a step nearer.

"Ellen, Ellen, look at me!" He raised both hands to his head, took off his luxuriant, brown wig, and exposed his shining, bald head.

"Look at that, Ellen, then you can see how old I am." His face was purple with embarrassment, but he did not flinch.

Miss Ellen covered her face with her hands. In back of them Hannah's astonished eyes peeped through the hall doorway.

"You see that, Ellen, I'm bald, old and bald; will you say yes now, Ellen?"

His spare back bent over her in a thin arch. He heard a muffled sound which he thought was a no. Slowly he laid down the wig on a chair and took off his padded coat. Miss Ellen, looking through her fingers, gave a little shriek and tightly shut her eyes.

"Yes, I am pretty thin," he said loudly: his hands shook.

"Ellen, must I take out my false teeth, too?"

She rose, red and trembling, not looking up at his anxious, embarrassed face. The lamp mat dropped in a crumpled heap on the floor.

"Solomon Russell, you are old and I am old. I wear a switch in my back hair, myself. It's made from combings of my own hair, but—still—it's a switch," she owned with a gasp.

"I don't care if you ain't a native. You're good, and honest, and need me ; and I'll,—I'll—" she stopped breathlessly.

"You'll marry me, Ellen." Mr. Solomon Russell wound his thin arms around her, and the soft light shone on his bald head and on his white shirt sleeves.

Out in the hall sounded a hollow groan and Hannah crept away.

F. W. H.

TO SALLY

Young Cupid, flying out one day,
Got caught in Sally's tresses ;
And as he could not get away,
His love he now confesses.

The naughty maiden, for her sport,
Keeps him in bondage there,
And laughs to think of having Love
Entangled in her hair.

O Cupid, break your golden bars !
She keeps you for a toy,
She's waiting for a man, my dear,
You're nothing but a boy ! W. C. L.

Oct. 15.—We had a house meeting to-day, and decided to give a play. The girls say that we are too slow and that we need something to liven us up. Hence

<p>A House Play Extracts from the Journal of a House President</p>	<p>a play. They say that a play is very easy to arrange, and that if I appoint a committee to choose one and assign the parts, we can</p>
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have it ready in a month. So I appointed a committee of five and it is to have its first meeting to-morrow.

Oct. 16.—The girls on the committee said that of course I had to attend the meetings—that I was on it just as much as they were. I had not counted on this and it gives me a great deal of work to do. The meeting was held at seven, and we tried first to select a play. It was rather hard work, for the girls would not agree at all. Two wanted Howells' "Mouse Trap," and the other three objected to Howells, yet could suggest nothing else.

We ended by selecting two of the committee to go to the library to-morrow and look up something. The meeting lasted an hour. I shall have to get up early to-morrow morning to study my German.

Oct. 17.—I have spent all the afternoon in the library, and I am completely worn out. Edith, who was on the committee of two, could not go because a friend from Amherst sent word that he was coming over to call, so I offered to go in her place. We looked over all the old Harper's Magazines, but could not find anything which suited us. Finally we asked the Librarian if she could help us, and she told us to send to "Walter Baker & Co." in Boston. They would send us a catalogue. When I got back I found that I had had a caller—a cousin whom I had not seen for several years. I was very sorry to miss him, but wrote the letter to Boston instead of lamenting. I flunked in German to-day.

Oct. 20.—The catalogue came to-day and I spent about an hour and a half looking over it. We finally decided on "Class Day," a little play in two acts.

Oct. 23.—The plays came this morning and we had a committee meeting to assign the parts. We did not have very much difficulty in deciding, but when we told the girls what parts we wanted them to take, two of them flatly refused. They said they did not have time. Finally I found two who consented to do it, as a great favor to me! Then I could not find any one to take the part of one of the minor characters, so I had to do it myself. The first rehearsal is to take place to-morrow.

Oct. 24.—We had the first rehearsal to-day. The girls did not know their lines, and had to read from their books. It was rather slow, but we have at least made a beginning.

Oct. 25.—One of the girls was invited to a house dance at the last minute, so we had to give up the rehearsal for this evening.

Oct. 29.—The girls will not learn their parts and I don't know what we are going to do; I simply have to drive them to rehearsals. They say they have no time.

Nov. 1.—At the rehearsal to-day things went better, but the girl who takes the part of Lottie will not learn her lines. She is incorrigible.

Nov. 10.—We have not been able to rehearse lately because the girls have been too busy with some little "test-examinations." I called a house meeting to-day to see about postponing

the play. The other girls grumbled a good deal, and said they had already invited their guests, but I don't see anything else to do. We hardly know our lines, and it is impossible to give it until we do.

Nov. 13.—I have finally set the date of the play at November twenty-first. That will be just before Thanksgiving. The girls must be ready.

Nov. 20.—To-day Edith and I went on a long and weary search in the rain for the key of the property-box. We started out with no idea as to who had it, but as we were wandering aimlessly around the Campus, we met a girl who directed us to the Morris. She gave us the name of a girl who, she said, would either have it, or know where it was. So we splashed down to the Morris House—and the girl was not at home. This was at eleven o'clock. We came back, waited until twelve, and went again. She was at home this time and said she was so sorry, but she didn't have it. She had it last year, but not this. Didn't know who had it now. Very sorry—awfully sorry. We thought she ought to be, but departed without saying so. As we left the house, she called from the window, "Try Miss Brown, in the Wallace." When we had paddled our way to the Wallace, Miss Brown directed us to the Tenney, and there we finally discovered the key.

Then we went to the Gymnasium, overhauled the various dilapidated suits of clothing, came back here for two dress-suit cases to carry them in, went over again to get the clothes, took back the key to the Tenney, and finally returned—all in a pouring rain. Then all the girls came into my room to try on the clothes, and we had a dress rehearsal which went very badly. They say that dress rehearsals always go badly. We couldn't find the vest that belonged to the hero's father's dress-suit, so he had to go around without any. And the hero's trousers have so large a patch on them that he, or rather she, won't wear them. We shall have to rent a suit down town and divide it between them.

I am so very tired now that I can't study, and I have three recitations to-morrow.

Nov. 21.—The play is over and it was quite a success, although the hero's trousers were too big, and his father's mustache came off. At the last minute we found that the fishing rod which is used in the second act had been forgotten, so we had to tie a

string to a broomstick. It was not a very good substitution, but we could do nothing else.

I had to do most of the work of arranging the stage, and the little details, because the others did not know how things should go. As a consequence, I was late in dressing, and kept everyone waiting. I am thankful that it is all safely over, but I shall never undertake to run another—never! If people expect it or ask it of me, I shall say what Huckleberry Finn said, “I bin there before.”

H. G.

A DAISY ORACLE

“Rich man, poor man,” she murmurs slowly,
Watching the white petals fall.
I count them over her shoulder,
Through “lawyer,” and “doctor,” and all.

‘Suppose the lot falls to the “poor man,”
Whose heart even is not his own?’
Just one roguish glance for an answer,
As the leaf from her fingers is blown.

Which one will the daisy decide for?
Ah! there goes “merchant and chief.”
Once more, “Rich man, poor man, beggar,”
Good heavens! the last one—“thief!”

F. G. P.

When I saw Janet going toward her car with her arms full of bundles I knew better than to try to overtake her. From her determined look and somewhat preoccupied air I

Six Themes knew that she had some idea that she would not thank me for interrupting, even if I helped her with her bundles. As Janet crossed Washington street she slipped on the icy pavement and fell. I hurried forward and helped her collect her bundles. When we had crossed the street I said, “Have you everything?”

“Yes, thank you; no, I’ve lost my hair pin—my silver one,” and Janet looked back hopelessly at the street.

Now I knew that that hairpin looked well in Janet’s brown hair (I do notice some things about girls, though my sisters con-

sider me worse than useless in describing girls' clothes) so I felt quite badly and was much surprised when Janet said, "Oh, well, never mind about that, I don't care if I have lost it."

As we proceeded to the electric I said by way of starting the conversation, "Well, how did you happen to fall? I saw you ahead of me, but knowing from your manner that you were turning over some kind of a project, I forbore to interrupt you. I shall not be so considerate again. I know that you were trying to keep this bundle (referring to a somewhat wedgy brown paper affair under my arm) from slipping out behind your arm while you prevented your book from sliding out in front."

"I confess," said Janet, "but really I don't care for that, I was looking for a theme."

"A what?" said I, getting rude as my curiosity overcame my manners.

"A theme, a daily theme. We have to write one every day. I thought all of mine out as I came and went on the electrics. There are so many delightful things which happen on them that I had no difficulty in finding subjects until Mr. Davis remarked in class that he was utterly sick of "electric car episodes," and that after this he would not accept anything written about an electric."

"Poor man, do you blame him?"

"No, but then I can't find subjects now. I am six themes behind, and as I was coming out of Jones' this afternoon I saw the most interesting couple right ahead of me who looked like excellent theme subjects, so I followed them. Then I fell and lost sight of them, and lost my hairpin, too."

The car came along just then and I handed Janet in, saying as I did so, "Too bad, I hope that you will get the themes made up successfully."

A fortnight later I saw Janet and asked her about the six themes. Janet fairly beamed as she said, "I worked it all out in the car going home, and when I got home I wrote my six themes on that one incident."

"Delightful," said I, "what a fertile brain!"

"First," said Janet, ignoring all irrelevant remarks, "I wrote one on the cruelty of not permitting us to use electric car incidents. That was easy, for I used as padding several little things I had noticed in the cars lately, describing them and saying what a pity it was that I could not use them. Then, second,

my unsuccessful search for a subject for a theme. The third theme I wrote on the interesting people whom I saw disappear as I tumbled. The fourth was on my tumble and the evil results—loss of my hairpin and the disappearance of the couple, you know. The fifth was your coming to the rescue.”

“Much obliged, I’m sure!”

“Oh, you need not be sarcastic! It was really very complimentary. Then the sixth was my return and planning my themes out of nothing at all.”

“Well, and what did Mr. Davis say?”

“At the bottom of the sixth theme was written, ‘Display of great ingenuity, lack of subject matter.’”

E. A. D.

EDITORIAL

It is an interesting observation that educational institutions in all countries, democratic or monarchical, take voluntarily upon themselves the responsibilities and annoyances, the privileges and perquisites of a more or less strictly defined caste system. The smallest girls' boarding-school, the most unimportant boys' preparatory school, the ordinary high school preserve gravely their codes of inter-class etiquette. In the higher educational centres, the colleges and universities, it is to be noticed that the older and more dignified the institution, the more complex and incomprehensible to the uninitiated are the regulations governing the unofficial conduct of the undergraduate.

These codes may be called unofficial with perfect propriety, and yet in their best and most finished development they merge very nearly into the recognized body of social law. If at any time official restraint is to be imposed it can be impressed most easily and agreeably through a mechanism already in working order.

It would seem as if the colleges, unconsciously realizing that separated by their abnormal life from the aims and order of the world at large, they run the danger of losing all sense of form, of social obligation, of differences of degree, of the propriety of observing times and seasons, deliberately constructed a set of limitations for themselves, to observe them with the tenacity that only the forms of religion and etiquette can count on for their support.

There are countless relations in the world other than those contained in the words *pupil, teacher, class-mate*, but they are all that an educational institution *qua* educational can logically claim.

It is to supply this limited social world with a greater and more livable complexity that the "student etiquette" has sought, since the first Seniors donned the cap and gown.

It may be easily imagined that the young American, particularly, will wait more patiently for his honors and privileges in the Great World, will bow more prettily to circumstances, will hear more quietly the restraining phrase, *It is the rule*, if he has waited till his Sophomore year for his tall hat, denied himself the pleasure of marbles on the campus till he is a Junior, and spun no tops until he represents the all-privileged Senior of his college!

We have never as an organization felt the need of any very pressing system of etiquette. We have not the years of Yale and Harvard, who gather customs as stones gather moss: we have not the isolation of Vassar and Wellesley which forces the students into a world entirely their own, and makes necessary an entire mechanism of hospitality, which brings its education with it. Situated as we are in the heart of a New England town, with access to the outer world so thoroughly easy, it has been the distinct policy of the college to be not different but like everybody else: to be, as it were, a contingent from *le beau monde*, whose pleasure it was for the moment to render even erudition one of the commonplaces of society: a collection of families adorning the hearth with culture: successive relays of charming guests who decline *lares* and classically define the *penates* as they dust them!

This is a very pleasant ideal, and it has doubtless saved us very effectually from the extreme helplessness and lack of manner of people who suddenly find that the all-sufficient localisms of their little technical world do not obtain in the world at large, and that their high estate at home is only an amusing foible abroad. We are very much like the not too blatantly patriotic American who gets on all the better in Europe.

But it is possible that we have overshot the mark, and like this same American may find that we do not carry so much weight at home as our narrower-minded neighbor, who may amuse us by his provincialism, but somehow gets ahead of us at election time.

As a matter of fact, a college, however connected with a town, stands apart and of itself. The ordinary rules of society cannot suffice to govern what is, after all, a somewhat extraordinary social state. A simplicity which does without tradition, which knows scarcely a precedent, which relies entirely on individual clearness and personal force to save the day socially, is, after all,

sophisticated, because not natural. And this has resulted, and the results are growing yearly more apparent, in a certain social disintegration. The students and the members of the Faculty who have from personal force and talent gained recognition have gained it overwhelmingly : but it is to be feared that our democratic ideals are in a fair way to make us forget the value and necessity of a strict and formal appreciation of position as such, apart from personality.

This is by no means an alarming state. The college is, as a whole, ladylike and sensible. People stand very much on their own valuation, and it is certainly true, here as everywhere, that virtues will out and that those who lack consideration doubtless do not deserve it. It is also true that after all we are very much alike, and have, from the point of view of vast learning, about the same amount of intellectual importance. It is, perhaps, a very sensible state of mind that considers the Yale, Harvard and Princeton rulings as to the position of freshmen, the responsibility of juniors, the dignity of seniors, the observance of the faculty officially, and not as a matter of personal preference on the part of the student or strong personality on the part of the instructor, unnecessary barriers between the loving intimacy of an already sufficiently amalgamated family-circle.

It may be that as a college we should not be able to take seriously anything like the famous Wellesley "elevator etiquette," which causes a crowd of miscellaneous people to wait before the elevator till the head of a department enters, followed by an assistant, followed by the Seniors, and so on in regular order.

It may be that the authority of a Senior to stop a noisy demonstration of under-class girls, irrespective of her strength of character personally, but in virtue of her position in the college, would not be the pride of the Smith alumnae as it is the glory of the Princeton chronicler.

But it would be interesting to note the effect of a few years of the cap and gown; of the working of a distinct social code which should regulate a society where at present a polite adaptation of the general manners of New York, Boston and Chicago forms a somewhat uncertain whole; of an arrangement which should not force the college to throw its guests on their own devices unless they have the advantage of friends at court; of a training which should make every Senior mistress of any ordinary collegiate occasion, and the two upper classes a school of instruction to the somewhat heterogeneous mixture lately entered.

We should at least make a more dignified and desirable resort for the *alumnæ*; we should offer less field for intercollegiate criticism; we should be able to present to the faculty a distinct basis for social and official relations, which would instead of stiffening, immensely facilitate the situation for those on both sides whose glory is not branded on their brows, and would prevent much unconscious and irritating rudeness.

The college is too large and too prominent to manage itself as if it were a cloistered boarding-school, dependent for its tone on the parents of the students. One thousand people of different aims, intentions, characteristics and training cannot live a simple home life and let the situation take care of itself. To do as we should do at home is hardly a sufficient rule for conduct. The broader questions of morality are possibly universal; the question as to whether the freshman is justified in formally entertaining the faculty is extremely local and included in the social training of few homes.

Experience has shown us that it is for us to arrange these matters ourselves. A more definite system of self imposed discipline, far from being childish, would do much toward preventing the degeneration of the "Smith manner" from its already enviable self-possession to a far less admirable estate.

The Editorial Board of '98 takes pleasure in announcing the following elections to the Board of '99: Editor-in-Chief, Rita Creighton Smith; Literary Editor, Harriet Goodrich Martin; Contributors' Club, Gertrude Craven; *Alumnæ* Editor, Ruth Shepard Phelps; About College, Virginia Woodson Frame; Editor's Table and Book Reviews, Clarace Goldner Eaton; Managing Editor, Louise Barber; Business Manager, Mabelle Morris Ufford.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The short story as a feature of the College paper grows—in numbers if not in excellence. The crudities in treatment and expression still are present, but there is much suggestive material in these attempts, which argues well for the future. Another growing tendency, to bring up more practical matters of college life before the students by means of the college paper, cannot be too much commended; for in the open and considerate discussion obtained there, much friction can be avoided, and the truth,—so likely to be misinterpreted in a college community—clearly set forth.

The Cornell Magazine continues its serial stories successfully. The "Casper Hauser" promises to be a study of great interest—describing the revival of a man imprisoned till his senses were useless; the present number lacks spirit, but holds the attention, nevertheless. "A Talk on Collins" is noticeable as being rare defense and praise of a writer of that stamp, the writer evidently being unhampered by conventional criticism. "A March Tale" is the best article in the *Bowdoin Quill*, and the psychological question it suggests is deserving of much thought.

From the *Yale Courant* is this verse :

THE AFTER-GLOW

"When sunlight fades from vale and wooded hill,
Ere earth's imperious lord wends his bright way,
Fearful lest she grow desperate of the dawn,
He leaves his promise in the western sky
In hues beyond all mortal imager—
Faint, fitful, tremulous with opal-gleam,
Transcending prophet's vision, poet's dream,
So my rapt heart discerns thy presence still,
As earth discerns the presence of the day
After its immanent radiance is withdrawn."

In the *Vassar Miscellany* are two very interesting articles. The author of "Pickwick Memorabilia" works up well-known material concerning Dickens and his writing in a fresh and attractive manner, and "The Gearys" shows a keen sympathy with human nature allied with truth in the interpretation of character and faithfulness in its representation.

"Religio Medici" in the *Red and Blue* reveals a real admiration and appreciation of Thomas Browne, which is infrequent in the young student; the writer, while giving true estimate of his literary qualities, sees to the heart of the man and does homage to his simplicity and piety.

The current number of the *Amherst Literary Magazine* is exceptionally good. "Heroes and Villains," in its criticism of the college writers, alike administers a rebuke to the thoughtless and brings encouragement to one struggling for pure expression of worthy thoughts. By a careful analysis and comparison of "Manfred and Faust," the aims and methods of the men Byron and Goethe are contrasted, and the difference is referred back to the vital opposition of the "suicide of genius" in Byron to the balance of the calmer man. The article is full of second insight, and cool though pessimistic judgment. The most artistic verse by far is from Amherst also:—

A LULLABY

Lie still, my little one, shadows are falling,
Closing thy wide, open, wondering eyes;
Hark how the voices of dreamland are calling—
Sweet to my little one, here where she lies.

Hushaby, baby mine, shadows grow deep;
Shut those blue eyes of thine, be still and sleep.
Naught is affrighting, dreams are inviting thee,
Mother is near to thee,—sleep, darling, sleep.

What dost thou see in thy far away gazing?
What dost thou say in that cooing of thine?
In thy strange tongue is it wisdom amazing,
Wise little visitor, baby of mine?

Rain-drops are pattering, lull thee to rest;
Birds are all scattering, each to its nest,
Darkness enfolding thee, mother is holding thee,
Angels are guarding thee,—rest, darling, rest.

Drowsy, my little one? Twilight is darkening,
Birds are all twittering sweetly, good-night;
Whisper thy dreams to me, mother is hearkening,
Listening over thee, clasping thee tight.

Lullaby, little one, sweet be thy sleep,
Hushaby, pretty one, slumbering deep.
Darkness may cover thee.—angels watch over thee,
Mother is near to thee,—sleep, darling, sleep.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Association of College Alumnæ to encourage College Women gives five hundred dollars every year to some woman for study in a foreign university. Scholarships are given in Mathematics, Greek, Latin, History, Psychology, Philosophy, Botany, Biology, Physics, Chemistry, English and Literature. Graduate work is done by the holders of the fellowships at the American School at Athens, Rome, Heidelberg, Göttingen, Berlin, Freiburg, Leipzig, Strasbourg, Zurich, Berne, Basle, Cambridge, Oxford, Harvard, Yale, Michigan, Cornell, Chicago, Kansas, Syracuse, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Institute of Technology and Bryn Manor.

The Association has earned thirteen Ph. D's.—two from Göttingen, one from Zurich, one from Heidelberg, three from Bryn Manor, two from Cornell, one from Yale, one from Michigan, one from Boston and one from Syracuse. There has been an American Scholarship since 1891 but it is not maintained now.

There are no competitive examinations for obtaining the scholarships, but they are awarded from specimens of work done along the line of original research as far as possible and from recommendations. The scholarships are held for one year only. There were twenty-three applicants this year—seven from Vassar, four from Smith, three from Michigan University, two from Cornell, two from Northwestern, two from Wellesley, one from Kansas, one from Wisconsin, one from Syracuse. The American fellowship is held this year by Miss Ethel Puffer, Smith '91. Her Doctorate Thesis with Professor Munsterberg is *Symmetry*, a study in Psychology.

Three hundred dollars was added to the five hundred dollars of the European fellowship and divided between two candidates—Mary Gilmore Williams, Michigan '95, and Fanny Cook Gates, Northwestern '94. Miss Williams received her Ph. D. in '97 and Miss Gates her M. A. in '95.

Applications for fellowships must be sent to Miss Bessie Bradwell Helmer, 1428 Michigan Ave., Chicago; Miss Helen Hiseock Backus, 57 Livingston St., Brooklyn; Mrs. Christine Franklin, 1507 Park Ave., Baltimore.

The Annual Breakfast of the Smith College Alumnæ of New York was held at Hotel Windsor, Fifth Ave. and 47th Street on Saturday, April 2nd, at 12.30 o'clock. Addresses were made by President Seelye, Miss Jordan and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. An impromptu Glee Club had been improvised for the occasion, led by Maud Phillips Speir '90. Isabel Eaton '88, Jane Cushing '89, Virginia Lyman '93, Florence Corliss La Monte '93, Dorothy Watters '96, Susan E. Foote '96 and Clara Phillips '97, were some of the members of this Glee Club.

On Friday, March 4th, Mr. G. Hopkinson Smith gave a reading at the home of Charlotte Stone '93, under the auspices of the Syracuse Branch of the Smith College Alumnæ Association, for the benefit of the Library fund. Eighty-five dollars was raised as a result of the entertainment.

On Friday, February 5th, a play entitled "Masques" was given at the home of Louise Rogers '97 for the New York Branch. Louise Rogers '97, Clara Phillips '97, Isabel Butler '96, and Alice Blair '96, took part in it.

'83. Sue E. Daniels sailed on March twelfth for a six months' trip in Spain and Northern Africa.

'90. Adaline W. Allen was married in October to Mr. Frank F. Davidson of Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Florence N. Presbrey sailed February fifth in the "Aller" for a Mediterranean cruise. The "Aller" stops at Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, etc.

Among the Radcliffe Monographs published this fall is one by Pauline G. Wiggin, who took her M. A. at Radcliffe in '95.

'92. Susan D. Tew, Ph. D. Yale '95, is teaching in Stanton College, Natchez Miss.

Eliza W. M. Bridges is studying law in Boston.

'94. Alice D. Ward is teaching in a private day school in Allegheny, Pa.

Mary B. Fuller and Mabel Seelye spent the summer traveling in Europe with a small party. Miss Fuller is now taking courses at the University of Oxford.

Alice E. Robbins is teaching in the Normal School at Plattsburg, N. Y.

Clara W. Greenough's address is 624 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

'95. Eleanor Nichols sailed January 22nd with her father for Naples.

'96. Clara Bates was married on Feb. 10th to Mr. Howard Clarke of Brooklyn.

'97. Anne Barrows is Assistant in Zoölogy at Smith.

Alice K. Fallows is doing literary work in New York. She has written an article on Smith College for Scribner's, which will appear shortly with full illustrations.

Lola Maverick is living in San Antonio, Tex.

Julia Irene Goodrich is teaching General History, English Literature and Music, in the Orange Park, Fla., Normal and Industrial School, a school under the charge of the American Missionary Association.

Eleven of the '97 Alumnæ returned to Smith for the Glee Club Concert, March 16th.

BIRTHS

Katherine Hungerford '92 (Mrs. J. J. Herman), a daughter, born January 5th.

M. L. Phillips '91 (Mrs. E. Russell Houghton), a son born in January.

Constance McCalmont '96 (Mrs. H. S. Humphrey), a daughter born February 15th.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The third international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement was held in Cleveland from Feb. 23 until Feb. 27. This movement, whose purpose is to awaken and maintain an active interest in foreign missions among Christian students, was organized in 1888, and has grown until its influence is already far reaching. It seeks not only to enroll a sufficient number of properly qualified student volunteers to meet the demands of the various missionary boards, but also to help these prepare for their work, and to lay an equal burden of responsibility on all who are to remain at home.

The watchword of the movement is "The evangelization of the world in this generation." This does not mean the Christianizing of the world, but that all may at least hear of the religion of Christ. The students of North America, of Europe, Asia, and Africa, are banded together for this purpose, and those in Christian and mission countries have joined hands. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall said that, in his estimation, this movement is the greatest in the history of the church, not forgetting the Reformation and the Crusades; that, while they were confined to a comparatively small area, this is a world wide movement of educated youth—those destined to be the leaders of thought and action. It is a significant fact that while not long ago religious life in the colleges was at its lowest ebb, we now find the student body leading the way in an undertaking of such marvellous extent.

Nearly two thousand delegates were present in Cleveland from the colleges and universities of America, together with missionaries, ministers, leaders of young peoples' organizations, and delegates from other countries. Four hundred and fifty-eight institutions of learning were represented, of which three hundred and thirty-one were collegiate, and the others either theological or medical. Delegations came from one end of the United States to the other. Smith sent two representatives, Holyoke and Wellesley six each, Boston University ten, Yale twenty-seven, and so on throughout the list. The wonderful power of such an audience may well be imagined, and the deep earnestness and prayerfulness of all the meetings was very marked. The convention was regarded as a council of war preparing for a world campaign. Special emphasis was placed on the need of co-operation, that the young peoples' organizations, the churches, and those sent into foreign fields, may work together with one aim. It was urged that as far as possible the colleges and churches endeavor to support at least one missionary of their own. Many are doing this now, and we hope that in the near future Smith will also support a representative in the mission field who will bring the college into closer and more vital touch with the work.

It is impossible in so small a space to give an adequate impression of the enthusiasm and purpose that was manifested at Cleveland. A mighty force was present, and it was an educated force—two thousand young men and women filled with a zeal to spread the knowledge of Christ to all nations, and to do each what lay in his power, that the prayer written over the great world-map at the back of the platform might be answered, “Thy Kingdom Come.”

CARROLLE BARBER '99

Most of the students have felt the need at one time or another, of some place at which they could apply for general information. The registrar's office is at present the only source of such information, and while this has seemed sufficient in the past, there are some drawbacks which are very obvious. Many hesitate to speak of trifling matters, which yet are not trifling to them, for fear that it would be an imposition on the registrar's valuable time; while the number of those who are not so considerate is large enough to add very materially to her many duties.

But it is not only to the students and the registrar that this is inconvenient. Visitors, especially out-of-town visitors, often wish to learn the addresses of their friends in the college; or they may need to see some of the Faculty on business, and do not know where they may be found. Strangers, who are passing through Northampton, may wish to go over the college, to be shown through the various buildings, and hear something of the customs and traditions. But there is no one whose duty it is to attend to these needs. On Wednesday or Saturday afternoons, and these are the very times that a large proportion choose for their calls, they find the registrar's office closed. There is absolutely no one to whom they can apply. They must wander aimlessly about the campus, possibly getting some random information from a passer. This has often been a serious inconvenience, and it seems as if there must be some way to remedy it.

To meet the need of those who wish to find friends' addresses, it would be a very simple thing to have a book containing the name and address of every student of the college, kept in the reading-room. Visitors could thus have access to it at any time. This was done at the beginning of the year by the Smith College Association for Christian Work in the case of the Freshman class only. It could with little trouble be extended to include the whole college, and would without doubt be a help to many.

But some remedy must be found for the other cases mentioned. The establishment of a bureau of information would satisfy every want. If some one were officially placed in charge of this department, students would be greatly accommodated, the registrar relieved from attending to matters outside of her province, and strangers hospitably entertained. Let us hope that before another year it will be found possible to do this.

MATTIE IRESON BROWN '98

The catalogue says the aim of Smith College is “to perfect every characteristic of a perfect womanhood.” There is one aspect of our life which retards rather than assists the accomplishment of that aim. That is our form of speech. It betrays a restlessness, a spirit of thoughtless imitation, and a lack of balance, which is to be regretted.

We never laugh, we always "howl" or "roar," and sometimes we "shriek." We never do anything so commonplace as hurrying or delaying, we "simply tear," or "crawl;" we "tumble all over ourselves" and are "on the jump" all day long, and we use a hundred and one other expressions which have not even the charm of novelty, and loose all force through constant misuse. When we first hear a conversation plentifully besprinkled with such expressions, we think it is bright and amusing, and straightway choose out for our own use such of them as we think will best adorn our speech. In this way speech, whose great feature is its exaggeration, and whose wit consists wholly in glaring misuse of words, becomes the rule. And then, how utterly tired we become of it. We long for the plain, substantial bread-and-butter of speech, which never seemed so admirable and desirable as now, when it requires an effort to use it. For the effect of this most pernicious habit is that it decreases a vocabulary which needs increasing.

Repose is an essential attribute of "perfect womanhood." But, since the speech betrays the nature to a great extent, who would credit that virtue to a girl whose whole conversation is carried on in a jargon of superlatives which is almost unintelligible to the uninitiated? FRANCES OSGOOD '98

On March 23rd, "The Wheel of Love, a Comedy of Courtship," by Anthony Hope, was given by the Dickinson House. The story was dramatized for this presentation by the Dickinson House, and was very cleverly presented.

Mr. Cressy, of the Unitarian church of this city, spoke at the Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society, March 21st.

Arnold Hall, in connection with the Arnold Houses on and near West street, was opened in February. It consists of one large and two small dining rooms, a hall for dancing, fitted up with a stage, and dressing rooms at one end; and will eventually have a bowling alley. It is the first thing of the kind for the use of the students outside of the College buildings, and will doubtless prove a great convenience for small dinners and dances.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|-------|-----|--|
| April | 19, | Lecture by Dr. Ward. |
| | 20, | Sophomore-Senior Entertainment. |
| | 22, | Lecture for the benefit of the Students' Building,
by Prof. Hadley. |
| | 23, | Regular Meeting of the Alpha Society. |
| | 27, | Snow House Dance. |
| | 30, | Regular Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. |
| May | 11, | Junior Promenade. |
| | 14, | Regular Meeting of the Alpha Society. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

May - 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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No. 8.

MODERN THOUGHT IN MODERN PROSE

As, by the "eternal law of change," countries and peoples alter with successive centuries, so does literature, the expression of the most important thoughts and characteristics of the people, change with each age. From the days which brought forth "Beowulf," through the succeeding phases of history, we trace in literature the evolutions and revolutions of mind and emotion. We have passed the ancient, the mediæval, and have arrived at the modern—the nineteenth century. A century so replete with discoveries, with inventions, with wonders of many kinds, that it is no surprise to find a literature almost bewildering in its novelty, variety and depth. It is influenced not only by art and passion but by the greatest, the most influential movements of the time.

Among these, sociology ranks in the first. In the early part of this century England was evidently in need of reform, and the Socialistic Movement was started and supported by a number of intellectual and enthusiastic men. It is true that this first attempt practically failed in attaining its own ends, but it is equally certain that it opened the eyes of those who had long been asleep to the faults, the suffering, the misery, in England, and that it prepared the way for the ensuing movement called

Christian Socialism. The immense importance of this cause in the life of the nineteenth century is scarcely open to doubt, but the fact that it has been espoused by men of deep intellectuality and strong principles is good proof of its strength and nobility. Among its most devoted advocates we find the chief names of our modern literature, those of Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley and others. Carlyle, especially, bursts forth again and again into striking invectives against the self-consciousness of his age, pleads powerfully for reform and indicates stern and lofty methods for obtaining it. Very differently from the fierce, yet tender, author of "*Sartor Resartus*," and "*Past and Present*," did Ruskin express his devotion to the purification of his country, though certainly with no less sincerity, since he sacrificed for it his innate tastes and desires, his real life, and lent himself to writing treatises on social reform and to embodying, heroically if ineffectively, in his own efforts his own ideas. Kingsley and Maurice, equally in earnest, were again unlike him in their methods of putting into their work the facts and principles which they so fervently upheld. Nor, indeed, with the death of its earlier exponents, did this sociological movement cease to leave its impress on our literature; down to the present hour its influence pervades the pages of our prose and plays a principal part in the so-called novel of purpose.

Almost parallel with the entrance of sociology into literature, and equal to it in importance, is that of science. Immediately at the word, two names rise in our minds, those of the great scientists Darwin and Huxley. Not only, however, did they stand forth pre-eminent as wonderful discoverers and deep thinkers, but as authors. Nor are their own writings on scientific subjects their sole records, for chiefly through them science has invaded literature, lending it clearness and accuracy as well as a fresh interest. The scientific novel, even, is now a class by itself and one of no small note. It is indeed impossible to tell in a few words of the great influence which all these deep interests of our century exercise, because it is indirect as well as direct, and though everywhere present, yet everywhere eludes our grasp.

The most difficult, perchance, to express concretely, are the many alterations, the constant, if sometimes imperceptible, changes made by the gradual advance into literature of the religious opinions and revolutions of the day. So frequent and

universal are these in modern times that we have grown accustomed to hearing words, such as scepticism and agnosticism, the mere mention of which surprised our ancestors, and moreover we are forced in spite of ourselves to admire some of their staunchest supporters. Their names are, in fact, often among the most eminent in the world of letters, as for instance John Stuart Mill and Amiel. It is hard, nevertheless, to realize that agnosticism was the belief of either of these two, who though differing widely in character, the one aggressive, the other passive, seem equally unfitted by nature for the profession of such a creed. We learn of Mill, aside from his philosophy, depths of tenderness, sensitiveness, and natural reverence, and we are persuaded that had he not been brought up as an agnostic, had not his whole life been saturated with the uncomfortable disbelieve, he of his own accord would not have accepted it. We turn to Amiel's delicate, dreamy writings, to his "*Pensées*", so gentle, so sweet and pure, and we say with him that he had "a Christian heart," while we can scarcely agree with his following words "and a pagan head."

Strongly opposed to these men in faith against unfaith, in Christianity against unbelief, but like them in literary excellence comes Newman, one of the leaders in the Oxford Movement. Foremost was he in the band of high-minded men who were striving to purify the English Church, to purge out the worldliness, to escape from the present to the past, and many and valuable were his tracts and treatises on the subject. In them his strong, noble personality is evident as well as in his "*Apologia*," and not only his personality but the greatest ideas and plans of his time influenced each page that fell from his master hand.

In another sphere, yet not altogether apart from that Tractarian Movement, was the so-called Aesthetic Movement, "an effort to find the thing which makes life worth living, in beauty and art." In a limited space, however, to describe such a movement whose effects were unlimited, is not possible; there is only opportunity to mention a few of the men who are connected with it and by whom not only is it concretely expressed, but its power is evidenced. We are not surprised to find among these, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Scott, Coleridge, and Keats, for each seems to be fitted for the place in one way or another, to present some phase of the movement: Scott, its picturesque aspect;

Coleridge, its spirituality; and Keats, its sense of beauty. Added to them we find the names of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which comprised many of the most famous artists and authors of its time; among them, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Millais and Hunt, while Vernon Lee, Pater and Oscar Wilde, although not directly belonging to the Brotherhood, were sympathetic with many of its aims and theories. It is easily seen from this list, incomplete as it is, of the supporters of the Aesthetic Movement what power it has exercised, what widespread influence it commands, and what benefit it has afforded this century's prose as well as art. Color, strength, melody and beauty, are all prominent characteristics of the aesthetic prose, and overbalance the tinge of affectation and narrowness which also creeps in.

Again, in almost bewildering variety, the Liberal Movement comes to the fore, upheld firmly by such eloquent supporters as Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Frederick Maurice. Coleridge, indeed, was its originator in England, finding able followers in many broad-minded men, including Dean Stanley, Phillips Brooks, Browning and Tennyson. The term "Liberal" speaks for itself and implies the creed. Intense faith in the spiritual world, the combination of reason and entire belief, the investigation of facts, the trust in truth, whether comprehended or not, such are its tenets as we find them given and acted upon in the writings of its advocates.

This same desire for truth that characterizes the Liberal Movement, the prevalent freedom of thought and of the press, and the scientific impulses have all worked together, as well as separately, to promote the growth of criticism, so prominent a feature of the literature of the latter half of our century. For beside the general spirit of criticism which fills the air, we find on every side those who are professedly critics. In fact the majority of our authors are critics, although not all of our critics are authors in other fields. Carlyle is one of the best-known as a critic on his own time and generation, pointing out the flaws, seeking for the higher light, yet believing withal, as he shows us in "*Sartor Resartus*," in the virtue of mankind. Macaulay, also, assumes the judicial standpoint. Matthew Arnold is famous in criticism, and innumerable other writers, including Dowden, Lowell, Coleridge, Hunt and Lanier, display to us in invaluable works their powers of analysis and criticism.

These brief words on the chief movements and central interests of our times fall far short of adequately describing the sway they have held over the modern prose to which they have often given birth, and of which we are justly proud. Proud, because it embodies for us the everlasting thoughts and actions of our best and noblest men and women, of those who have helped to make our present fulness of life and civilization.

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

MARBLEHEAD

Beside the placid harbor, smooth and deep,
Moved only by the pulsing of the sea,
Strong as the march of God's eternity,
Calm as the breathing of a child asleep,
Rises the dear, quaint town of Marblehead,
Which, like a fragment of an old, sweet strain,
Calls up a picture of a time long fled
And tranquil days that will not come again.
There winds the path of Skipper Ireson's ride;
There lie the prim, square gardens, with their phlox,
And lavender, and stately hollyhocks.
And walks where ghosts of bygone summers bide.
The days go by, serene and calm and slow.
The only bustle in the quiet streets
Is at the coming of the fishing-fleets,
Or when the sails are lifted, and they go.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

ENTER: A GIRL

There are secret societies and secret societies. And they differ from one another as the heavens from the earth, or a Senior from a Freshman, or Harvard from Amherst. This tale concerns one of the upper orders.

There is in a certain male university—let it be nameless—a secret society which is considered by others one of the most desirable, and which considers itself *the* most desirable, in that university. It is most select and considerably more than secret. Its members are not allowed to be seen together in public, and

deny their membership when accused of it. In consequence, every Sophomore has a full and exact list of those members in his desk. They take in Sophomores. The meeting for election of new members is held the first week in April, and it is the wildest ambition of every Sophomore to be present thereat. The place where it is held is changed every year, as the society is too small to have a building of its own; and these meeting-places vary from the stable of an amiable Professor to any obscure corner of one of the old college buildings. Moreover, the pin of this society is very costly and handsome; and the rules against lending it are so many that the girls who wear it are few, and much envied of their less fascinating sisters. And thereby hangs a tale. This is the tale.

One pleasant afternoon in early April, Miss Katharine Barkwill stood in her brother Jim's college room, surveying the effect of his favorite necktie in the glass. He had not offered to lend it to her, he had not even consented to lend it to her, but that is not to the point.

"That goes very well with this shirt-waist," she announced, approvingly. "I've had such a time finding one that did. Now I'm ready to go. By the way, how do you like this suit?"

Jim looked at her with the eye of a connoisseur. The manish walking-hat and box coat were certainly very becoming to her somewhat large though well-cut features and athletic figure. "I like it well enough," he said, patronizingly, "that masculine sort of rig suits you. You'd make quite a good-looking boy. Look out there, sauce-box," he added quickly, dodging the blow she aimed at him.

"You impertinent thing," she cried gaily. "As if I weren't good-looking now."

"Oh, come now," he remonstrated, "you're too vain to live. You seem to think you've got all the good looks in the family," and he tapped himself significantly on the chest.

"Speaking of vanity," returned his sister. "Well, you do look something like me. But come along now, or we sha'n't see everything this afternoon."

It was her first visit, although Jim was now in his Sophomore year, and she was bound to see every inch of the grounds, as she declared emphatically. Jim had a little errand at the Dean's office, so they went over to the old building in which it is, first. Katharine was left to herself while her brother went into the

office. Being an energetic young person, she was soon tired of sitting still, and set out to explore the building by herself.

In a few minutes she had lost her bearings completely in the twisting, dusky halls, but confident of Jim's ability to find her, she wandered on, turning down mysterious looking corridors, peering up at dusty old portraits, and peeping timidly into big empty lecture-rooms. After about ten minutes of this, she suddenly found herself brought to a stop in a dusty little office, long closed apparently, that seemed to have but the one door by which she entered. It was full of queer, yellowing engravings and she began to go around the walls looking at them. Presently she discovered the outlines of a door behind an old desk, and pushing that aside, moved by a sudden whim, began fumbling at the knob. The door had evidently not been used for a long time, and yielded with considerable difficulty. At last, it swung suddenly open, and Katharine found herself at the entrance of a room full of young men, who all sprang to their feet and began yelling at her.

Powerless with astonishment, she stood gazing at them a moment, when she was seized by strong and not particularly gentle hands, and thrust back into the office. The men came pouring after her, and the little chamber was immediately filled with angry youths, who rent the air with objurgations of those sneaking, only they didn't say just sneaking, Sophomores. Katharine felt as though she had set off a gunpowder mine under her own feet. She clung to a chair, and tremblingly begged to know what she had done.

"'Done' is good," echoed one of them sardonically. "You needn't try that game on us, young chap. We're on to you. It was a very clever scheme, and how you ever happened to find that door is more than I know, for I didn't know it was there myself. But you would have been a good deal wiser if you'd contented yourself with listening at the key-hole. We've got you now, and you won't get away in a hurry."

"You're the first fellow that ever got into one of our meetings," added another, "and if we don't make you an example and a warning to future generations,"—

"But I didn't mean to do it," cried Katharine, piteously, "indeed, I didn't. I was only exploring a little, while my brother was seeing the Dean."

"That's a little too thin," still a third broke in. "Didn't

mean to! Just an accident, and I suppose you didn't get all dressed up as a girl for anything, either. Just for fun, perhaps. Didn't have anything to do with the third of April, did it? By the way, did you hire those at Meagin's or Hollinger's?"

"I didn't hire them," replied Katharine, indignantly. "They're my own. I bought them in New York. And I don't know what you mean by 'dressing up as a girl'; what else am I?"

A great roar of laughter went up at this. A little fat man stepped out from the crowd and addressed the frightened girl.

"I'll tell you what you are," he said, impressively. "You're the cheekiest, sneakingest, meanest fellow in the Sophomore class. And for all your clever little scheme, and your mighty good acting, for they're both that, I confess, you won't get us to forget it, and I guess," he added grimly, "you won't forget it either very soon when we're done with you."

Here another man, who seemed the leader, spoke up. "Come, no more fooling, fellows," he said, "this young brute has gotten into one of our meetings, and what we've got to decide now is how to make him hold his tongue about what he's seen."

"But I haven't seen anything," wailed Katharine, clinging desperately to the chair back.

"You've seen us," retorted the leader, "isn't that enough? It's more than any other man in college has."

"I wish I hadn't, either," cried Katharine. "I'm sure I didn't want to. And I never want to again. And I'm *not* a man."

"Oh, quit that bluff," retorted the leader. "It's no use keeping that up any longer. We know you! By the way," he added, turning to the others, "Who is he?"

"It's Jim Barkwill," answered one of the crowd. "I'd know that necktie anywhere."

"He's my brother," Katharine began, but her voice was drowned by the leader's, who said imperatively, "All but Blake go back into the society room, and we will decide what to do. Blake, see that he doesn't get away." With that the men all poured back into the room from which they had come, and Katharine was left alone with a stalwart youth, who seated himself resolutely before the entrance and regarded her with mingled admiration and contempt.

"Well," he began, "you *are* a clever young rascal. I never saw such a make-up in my life. If we hadn't been prepared for al-

most anything under the sun, I believe we should have been taken in. And how on earth did you contrive to find that door?"

"I didn't," said Katharine. "I just stumbled on it. And this isn't a make-up. I'm Jim Barkwill's sister. He's seeing the Dean, and if you'll just go and find him, you'll find out that I am."

He looked at her scornfully. "Haven't you given up that bluff yet?" he asked. "You do it very well, and your voice is simply out of sight. You'd have made your fortune in the Dramatic Club, if you'd just kept out of this. But you didn't, and you're done for now, and you might as well make up your mind to it. And now, would you be kind enough to tell me where you got that wig? It's the best-looking one I've seen in an age."

A sudden inspiration flashed into Katharine's mind. She was quite desperate.

"If I prove to you that it isn't a wig," she said, "will you believe me?"

Her jailor grinned. "Yes, if—" he said, mockingly.

Katharine took off her hat and began taking out her hair-pins. Blake watched her curiously as the long, shining braid unwound and fell heavily over her shoulders. "That doesn't prove—" he began, but Katharine interrupted him.

"You can see for yourself that it isn't fastened down," she said. "Now," offering him the soft, yellow rope, "pull!"

He pulled. Katharine screamed faintly, but her cry of pain was nothing to his exclamation. He fell back into his chair and stared at her with a countenance of utter surprise and horror. Then he, as suddenly, sprang from the chair, and rushed into the next room. She heard his despairing cry of "Fellows, we're done for. It is a girl!" and the answering exclamation of "*A girl!*" and then she fled. Guided by instinct and terror, she rushed on, until she ran square into the arms of the distracted Jim, who was just on the point of calling the whole college to search for her.

Two weeks later, the mail brought to Miss Katharine Barkwill a sealed note and a small box, both addressed in the same strange handwriting. The note contained the humblest apologies of the — society of — University for their conduct on

a certain occasion, and the box, "the only reparation in their power."

"Why, Katharine!" her chum exclaimed, entering the room a few minutes later. "Where did you get that gorgeous pin? I didn't know you knew any — man."

"Oh, yes," said Katharine, "I know the whole society. At least," she added, "I've met them."

"Really!" said her chum. "How perfectly lovely!"

"I don't know about that," said Katharine, with a reminiscent shudder.

"What," cried the other. "Aren't they nice?" Katharine fingered her pin. "I don't know about that either," she said.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

CHARLES LAMB

If one were asked to classify Charles Lamb, where would one place him? Is there any other writer like him, or must we not rather put him in a class by himself, as different from all others, with a peculiar charm nowhere else to be found? He is one of the few men in history or literature whom we love for himself, for his chivalry and tenderness, and the gentleness so often spoken of by his friends as the characteristic best describing him. We are interested in every event of his life, in every joke he made, and every sorrow he experienced; not out of curiosity, but because we feel as though he were a friend in whose life and interests we have a share. If one stops to think of it, there is scarcely another author whose first name is so often used in speaking of him as Charles Lamb's, and when, in the essay on "Mackery End," we read his words showing that he thought the use of the Christian name a mark of intimacy and affection — "So Christians should call each other," — it would seem as if his friends, both contemporary and in posterity, had taken up the use of it to show how dear he was to them.

One feels a deep sense of gratitude to Lamb for having given us so much of himself in his essays, and there is hardly any part of his life which he has not discussed with a charming egotism that makes one his friend at once. In so many essays we have "Elia's" preferences and dislikes, though we cannot always tell whether they were Lamb's own likes and dislikes, or

whether they were used impersonally, in the interests of the point in question. But there are at least a dozen of the essays which seem to be purely autobiographical. Take for example the essays on the theatres, or on books; surely it is Lamb himself who pleads that the drama is unmoral, if one may so call it, and asks that the business of the dramatic characters be not judged by the moral tests used in relation to affairs of the real world. It is Lamb who makes those clear, thoughtful criticisms on the acting of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines by the earlier actors, at the time of the Shakespeare revival. And if one knows anything of Lamb's life or of his interests, one must feel that Elia's tastes in books are Lamb's own.

When I spoke of his egotism, it was in no slighting spirit. We are apt to look upon the word as a term of reproach, and use it in a derogatory way, but why should not a man write of himself? Whom else does he understand so well, or what other man's idiosyncrasies and weaknesses could he ridicule without making an enemy? Do we not wish that Shakespeare had shown us more of himself in his dramas? And how eagerly do the worshippers at his shrine search his works for the smallest passage revealing himself in some way! One does not—or at least should not—criticise Montaigne's egotism, for as Emerson says, "He anticipates all censures by the bounty of his confessions," and those who are fond of Addison and Steele will find pure delight in this egotism of Lamb's, which has no fear of palling or annoying, but seems quite sure of being enjoyed.

Yet, with all his confidences to the reader, Lamb was shy and diffident, and his difficulties of speech probably did not put him more at his ease. Only with certain kinds of people could he be natural and "Lamb-like," and one can imagine the effect on him of such a man as Carlyle. Instead of being surprised that the two did not get on well together, one wonders what kept Lamb's quick wit or Carlyle's pungent sarcasms from breaking out in that first and last interview. Did Lamb write his essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," with the inimitable characterization of a "true Caledonian," after his meeting with Carlyle, I wonder?

Lamb's style is hard to analyze, for it is different from all others, and cannot be copied, as can Addison's, without having the copy appear mimicry. Canon Ainger says of it, "There is no mood, from almost reckless merriment to pathetic sweetness or religious awe, to which his style is not able to modulate, with

no felt sense of incongruity." Sometimes one feels as if the impediment of his speech had in some way gotten into his pen, and was exhibiting itself in those short, choppy sentences, with frequent pauses, as if to get breath. It was not because Lamb could not write sweet and smoothly flowing English, that he chose that kind of sentences at times; he used them from preference to give a certain conversational effect to his style, as if one thought had inspired another, and he had to pause a moment to formulate it.

Then, too, one envies Lamb his power of expressing clearly exactly what he meant to say, and of describing sensations so well, and one wonders why he himself has not thought of the same simile. His quotations are a source of great pleasure, for they are always *à propos* and never too long; and they not only illustrate, but "the passage cited itself receives illustration and gains a permanent and heightened value" (Ainger). His choice of subjects is more varied than one finds in the works of any other writer, unless possibly Swift. There is nothing too small or too unworthy to receive at least passing notice at his hands; and when he finds a topic more than usually congenial, how he revels in it, and looks at it from every side, trying to do it full justice!

One of Lamb's charms lies in the fact that he does not use a tape-line of conventionality with which to measure people and events. "Unconventional" does not express his attitude: it is rather one of originality, I should say. Who does not sympathize with his "yearnings," in the essay on "All Fools' Day," "towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand," and with the "kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins." In reading of his life, one is struck by this tenderness and kindliness towards the people who are different from others, or odd in some way, and he says of himself in the Preface to the second series of essays, that he "chose his companions for some individuality of character, and for the most part of uncertain fortune." Lamb's deep tenderness is shown in the "Elia" essays, in every reference to "my cousin Bridget,"—his dearly loved sister, Mary, whose sad infirmity brought out all the sweetness, nobility and chivalry in her brother's character. I shall never forget how deeply moved I was, when about eight years old, by reading for the first time the touching anecdote told of Lamb by Lloyd—how Lloyd met

Charles and Mary going through the fields, hand in hand, on their way to the asylum, with their faces bathed in tears.

What a lovely father Lamb would have made! What fascinating tales he would have told the little Alice and John, of "Dream Children," standing at his knee! A man who could write those stories from Shakespeare in such a way that for nearly a hundred years they have fascinated little people, and what is still better, have made them want to know Shakespeare in his own works, must have had the true father's appreciation of childish interests.

Wordsworth calls Lamb "the scorner of the fields," because Lamb loved the hurry and bustle of London, and especially the attractions of the theatres and old book-stalls; but Wordsworth does an injustice in suggesting that Lamb did not care for the country. His essays are full of quotations about nature and the country, and in the ones on "Blakesmoor" and "Mackery End", he shows the true poet's appreciation of the lovely rural scenery of England and the attractions of its rural life.

But though he could appreciate the country, he never wanted to be long away from the city. I mentioned his fondness for book-stalls, and any book-lover who has lived in a large city can understand the feeling of bliss that comes in poring over the books, laid out on tables in front of a side-street shop, and in turning over the leaves of old volumes, printed long before he was born, perhaps. How Lamb reveled in books! They were his one consolation when his sister was ill, and always they were his best friends. All those who feel as if their books were human can sympathize with Lamb on the subject of borrowers and lenders of books, but very few have the good fortune to know such a borrower as Coleridge, who "returned them, (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury, enriched with annotations tripling their value."

All of Lamb's friends come in for a share of his notice in the essays. Each one had some endearing trait, furnishing an unending source of material for illustration, and at times for sly take-off. But these were always in an affectionate spirit, and how much he was appreciated is shown by the many tender memorials to him in the works of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Cary, Lloyd, Manning, Talfourd and a host of others. And they all, with one accord, pronounce him the "gentlest" man they ever knew.

REJOYCE BALLANCE COLLINS.

“ISOLT OF THE WHITE HANDS”

She of the snow-white hands,—
Isolt of Brittany,—
Watching alone, she stands
There by the windy sea ;
Wringing her snow-white hands.
Weeping so bitterly.

Cries out in sore distress
Across the sounding sea ;—
“Tristram of Lyonesse,
My heart cries out for thee !
Cries in its loneliness.
Tristram, come back to me !

“I tended thee with care
When thou wast wounded sore ;
Then thou didst find me fair,
Am I then fair no more ?”
Thus wept the princess there
On the wild Breton shore.

Round her the sea-birds fly
As she waits there alone,—
Sadly the breezes sigh
Far o’er the ocean blown ;—
And the wild waves reply
With a low plaintive moan.

Low stretch the silvery sands
Down to the windy sea ;
But lonely, forever, stands
Isolt of Brittany,
Wringing her snow-white hands,
Weeping so bitterly.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

THE FREEDOM OF AN HOUR

It was one of those days of early March that fill the gutters with running water and the mind of the school-girl with longings for heaven and soda-water. The city squares were full of nurses with baby-carriages, and organ-grinders whose tunes had somehow a new, invigorating swing. The clear-cut, metallic sounds of winter had given place to the delicious blur of spring noises—the drip of melting snow, the cheerful whistle of the grocer's boy and the shrill call of the cat-fish woman.

A certain block on that part of Twentieth Street most marked for its tone of comfortable respectability, was especially forward in its signs of the season. The little bakery at the corner flaunted a brand-new sign in its windows, announcing that ices were to be had within. The door stood alluringly open and the fresh-cheeked woman inside, in hopes of a crowd of customers, had wiped off the three rickety tables in the dark little room back of the shop and set forth a tempting display of fresh lady-fingers. Along the street, maids in calico gowns were vigorously scrubbing the white marble steps and the water from their dripping mops flowed down in narrow streams to join the torrents in the gutters. The children,—and Twentieth Street boasts many children—had broken forth at last from the cleanly restraints of winter and were rioting once more in mud and sunshine. Skipping ropes and jack-stones had been dragged forth from the cobwebby recesses of hall closets and fished out of the corners of table drawers. Tommy Harris's velocipede, with the old blood-curdling squeak of last fall, was being ridden noisily the whole length of the block, Tommy sitting proudly in front and a small girl shrieking gleefully on the rear bar. Small congregations of children played house in the vestibules or squabbled over jacks on the steps, and a group of small boys were sacrificing their stockings to the annual claims of marbles.

But there was one house where none of these signs of life and spring were visible. No maid needed to scrub Mrs. Carter's glistening white steps, no children sullied the glory of her spot-

less vestibule. A Sabbath calm pervaded the place. The window shades were all drawn to exactly the same length, the lace curtains fell in the most approved lines, the bell was polished to a wondrous brightness. A small colored boy, distributing hand bills, had eyed the polished front with admiring scrutiny and had then run up the steps of the adjoining house and leaned carefully over to poke the bill into the vestibule. Any amount of bodily inconvenience was preferable to sullyng the awful whiteness of those steps. The mothers of the houses about could have told you that Mrs. Carter never sat on her steps of a June evening, discussing help and children in the neighborly fashion of the block; also—a fact most significant to their minds—that the sacred baked beans appeared regularly on her Sunday breakfast-table.

From this home of cleanliness and quiet, there came presently a neat and spotless maid, carrying a well-brushed mat. Back of her came Polly. There was not a child on the block whose Sunday clothes could compare with Polly's every-day ones, and all the boys and girls paused in their play a moment to gaze at that vision of loveliness. She stood quietly on the steps, her demure blue eyes flatly contradicting the tilt of her saucy snub nose. On her head was a little red hat trimmed with black ribbon and a real nodding plume. It was tied with red bows under her chin, but arranged to show some beautiful yellow curls, two on each side, right next to her face. She wore a new red spring jacket of jauntiest cut and below this showed the skirt of her white dress, as full and short as Fashion could demand,—so full that it stood out all around like a ballet dancer's, and Mrs. Harris's hired girl, shrewdly guessing the number of petticoats necessary to produce such an effect, decided that Mis' Carter's girls didn't have such an easy time, after all;—so short that as she stood on the steps, it barely reached to her round knees and revealed beneath a fascinating mass of white ruffled things, extending as far as the eye could reach. On her legs were the most immaculate of long white stockings, on her feet the daintiest of kid shoes and the shiniest of rubbers. In her arms she carried a wonderful doll, dressed all in light blue satin, with bonnet to match. It was for such a doll that all the little girls in the block sighed in their wildest dreams; it was for such a doll that Jenny Lewis prayed nightly, and was not to be put off with the base substitute of a new baby sister which her father tried to persuade her was just as good.

For one minute the children gazed admiringly at the pretty child across the way. Then they went on with the business of the hour. The spotless maid placed the mat on the upper step, and Polly seated herself on it, first smoothing out her brief skirts with a gesture so ladylike as to bring tears to any mother's eyes. The maid said a few words, evidently of direction, to which the little girl listened with docile attention. Then there was the click of a latch turned off and Polly was left alone. Pray, do not think the careful Mrs. Carter was in the habit of exposing her tender off-spring in this way to the croup-producing winds of March. The truth was, she believed at that moment that the little girl was being genteelly towed across Logan Square by the faithful Maggie. But Maggie had plans of her own for that afternoon. The present method had recommended itself to her as easy and economical. There her little charge could safely enjoy the air while she followed her own schemes. So it happened that Mrs. Carter sat placidly in the second-story front while below, her only daughter was suddenly exposed to a wicked world.

To Polly's eyes the sights of the block were something more than pleasantly interesting—they were absorbing, exciting. These active little girls who walked swinging the skirts of their open cloaks and dabbled unrestrainedly in the puddles—these eager small boys who yelled with such abandon and played with such intentness—these toddling babies whose independence was curtailed only by occasional “No, no’s” and slaps from their older sisters,—above all, that lovely red velocipede with the delightful squeak,—all these things were quite outside the pale of her experience. She was accustomed to gentle games of dolls in the nursery, to soothing stories read from pretty picture-books and to walks in the park and square, where she was sometimes joined by other well-curled little girls and tan-leggined Fauntleroy boys, while their nurses chatted together or flirted with the red-faced policeman. Never in all her pink and white life had she come near such warmth and vigor and excitement. And presently into her well-bred soul there began to creep strange, unholy longings. How stupid to sit here forever nursing a sawdust doll, when she might be hugging a live, fat baby. What a bore to be so clean when she might be playing with trickling water and nice soft mud.

And while she was thus musing and life with the light blue

doll was seeming most insipid, temptation suddenly came. To the children across the street, watching the solitary little figure on the steps, she had ceased to be an object of distant admiration. She was only a child like themselves who must be lonely away from her kind. For what would life be, even with a doll like that, with no one to play with? Then what more natural than to ask her to join them? It must be confessed it was not entirely unselfishness that prompted this. The movement was planned and managed by Jenny Lewis, in whose heart was an infinite longing for the blue doll; and strongly urged on by the owner of the velocipede, who thought the owner of the doll most attractive. So it happened that Jenny Lewis and another girl (Tommy's services had been refused because he was a boy) appeared before the longing Polly as sirens, and the temptation was strong. What they said was, "Won't you play with us?" and she needed no urging. Those neat white legs were fairly aching to carry her into the great world of action across the way. And in two minutes' time the well-bred child had turned her back on cleanliness and gentility, and Jenny Lewis was hugging the light blue doll to her heart.

In ten minutes she was proving the dangers of reaction. The other children played merrily enough: she romped with fierce joyousness. As for her manners, the others were soon models of decorum compared to her. It was she who instituted a dancing and high-kicking class, of most ungodly nature, in Ruth Elliott's vestibule. It was she who, not satisfied with the privileges of the rear bar, persuaded Tommy to let her straddle the velocipede and ride noisily up and down the block, covering her white skirt with wheel grease. In half an hour she had outgrown the tame pastimes of the girls and was riotously prancing with the boys and the two worst tomboys of Twentieth Street. The shiny rubbers were covered with mud, the white dress and stockings were splashed and streaked. The yellow curls hung in a tangled mass on her neck and the red hat was hanging down her back with the crown badly jammed. Her hands and face were grimy and hot and—oh! guardian angels blush for shame!—she was chewing gum! But there was a wildly joyful light in her eyes. Was not this freedom? She would give herself up to it with abandon. The last half-hour had been brimful of delicious experiences. She did not think of the past nor of the future. She felt that her time was short. For once she would be as dirty and as noisy and as bad as she pleased. She was

first in everything. She plunged into the complexities of jacks with positive fervor, she tore wildly from one end of the block to the other in the excitements of tag. She rang old Mrs. Pettibone's door bell and hid round the corner of the alley till danger was past. The little girls stood aghast at her audacity and wondered to see their pattern of good breeding thus demoralized. The little boys recognized in her a kindred spirit and lured her on to fresh mischief.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carter in the calm of the upper room was listening to the sounds of the children below with vague satisfaction. "Those children" often annoyed her, but with the annoyance came the blissful comparison of these small rioters with her own well-bred little daughter. It was almost time for Polly to come home. Presently she would come in, sweet and demure, and give her mother a mild little account of the afternoon's walk. But stop! These complacent thoughts were suddenly interrupted. From the grand hubbub below rose one voice, shriller than the others, which in spite of its boisterous tones sounded strangely familiar. Mrs. Carter looked out of the window. Who was that kneeling on the muddy sidewalk opposite, with all disregard for embroidered skirts and immaculate stockings, playing marbles with reckless enthusiasm?

Mrs. Carter leaned forward with sudden energy and pulled the bell.

A few minutes later there was a great sensation in the group opposite. It was occasioned by the sudden appearance of the spotless maid, who rushed wildly into their midst, seized the light blue doll from the unwilling arms of Jenny, tucked the astonished Polly under her other arm, and proceeded to retreat as swiftly as she had come. She dashed across the muddy street to the accompaniment of Polly's wild shrieks and frantic kicks of the white-stockinged legs. The children stood in amazement, divided in their minds between sympathy for their little companion and sheer sensational joy in such a circus-like spectacle. They continued to gaze until Mrs. Carter's front door closed and the screams grew fainter as Polly was borne to the rear of the house.

And now the street-car bells jangle merrily and the spring sparrows twitter hopefully, and the squeak of the red velocipede and the laughter of children tell of joys without in the sunshine. But Polly sobs in bed.

HELEN DOROTHY RICHARDS.

THE QUEST OF LUCIFER

Down aisles of giant forest trees,

Thro' splendid sweep of meadow land,

Over the sheltered, bosky leas,

'Cross miles of torturing yellow sand

I hasten, with my spirit band,

All seeking for the home we lost

Centuries, ages, eons past.

Each tree that's blown, each wave that's tossed

Could tell us where to rest at last.

But no—they'll not. And on we sweep

O'er purple hills, and shifting deep,

And I, their guilty leader, see

That our quest will last for Eternity.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IF—!

If moons were lamps to study by,
And stars were diamonds in my hands,
And winds were harps for me to play,
And rainbows but my silken bands;
If I could hold the dawn in arms,
Or walk upon the singing sea,
Or wind myself in sunset cloud,—
Ah, what a dull world this would be !
G. W. H.

Prince Tansy stood in the midst of a dense forest. He was leaning against a beech tree, idly kicking off pieces of the bark.

“Oh dear,” he exclaimed fretfully, “I wish—”

A Modern “What?” said an eager voice.

Fairy Tale The prince surprised, turned around to see who spoke; and then his surprise increased so, that he lost his balance and sat down suddenly. “Who are you?” he asked in an aggrieved tone, rubbing the sore spots.

“I am the last of the fairies, and a thousand times obliged to you, my dear,” said a grotesque looking figure approaching him briskly.

“Pshaw!” said the prince still rubbing himself.

“You see,” continued the wizened object in a voluble manner, “it has been two thousand years since any one has spoken to me. Once a fluffy looking, princessy thing leaned against that very beech tree; but all she said was, ‘Oh dear, my shoes are tight!’ It was a fearful disappointment. So when you began by saying, ‘Oh dear,’ I was afraid you would not make a wish.”

“What did the girl look like?” said the prince with languid interest. “Was she tall, not exactly pretty but awfully stunning looking, and dressed in cerise, and was her name Clara?”

“No, she was not that style at all,” replied the fairy. “She

was rather short, with big blue eyes and yellow hair, and she wore a pink dimity."

"She sounds pretty, what was her name?" asked the prince, with more interest than he had yet shown.

"I really do not remember her name," said the last of the fairies, yawning, "you see it was several years ago."

"Oh," said the prince, "would she be old now?"

"About two hundred, I should think," said the fairy. "But how about that little matter of your wish? What can I do for you?"

"Wish? Ah—oh, yes. I would like perfect happiness, thank you."

"Is that all?" said the fairy calmly. "That is very simple." Then she looked important and assumed a mysterious air. "Measure twenty paces in the direction of Arcturus," she said in a sepulchral tone, "then you will find two paths, one formed entirely of forget-me-nots, and the other, of forget-me-nots mingled with deadly night-shade and poisonous ivy. Beware of this—"

"Naturally," said the prince.

"You must follow the path of forget-me-nots and go on, and on, and on, and on, till you reach a hut covered with wild roses; and in the door-way will be the most beautiful princess that you ever saw—"

"That would not be saying much," interrupted the prince rudely. "Princesses are never pretty except in books. But go on," he said. "Where does the perfect happiness come in?"

"I was about to say when you interrupted me," said the last of the fairies with great dignity, "that her name will be *Violante*. She will wear a red sunbonnet, and a green gown, since you like such a hideous combination of colors and—"

"But where does the perfect happiness come in?" repeated the prince.

"Why, in marrying her, you singular young man!" said the fairy.

"Why—I had not thought of that," said Prince Tansy. "Marriage now-a-days does not constitute perfect happiness."

"But it would be quite otherwise with my *Violante*," the fairy assured him.

"She sounded awfully insipid as you described her," said the prince critically. "And I don't like a girl who wears a color just because a man likes it."

"No?" said the fairy.

"And then she ought not to have been on the porch to meet me, when we had not been introduced. Besides it takes a dark girl to wear cerise. A tall girl who can hold her head high, you know."

"Yes?" said the fairy.

"Seems to me you are getting very sarcastic," said the prince. "I am sorry that I cannot get up more of an interest in your Viola, but—"

"Violante, if you please," said the fairy haughtily.

The prince coughed. "It is not my fault," he said. "I hate to make any personal remarks, but as a child I always thought fairy tales were inane. There is always a king who has no children, and a princess shut up in a tower, and a prince who leaps on a jet black steed and rides on, and on, and on, and on, and on. It is an insult to any child to have him ride on indefinitely that way. Why can't he just ride *on*?" The prince paused for want of breath. There was a dead silence. He looked up. The fairy stood before him stiff with scorn.

"I decline to live in such a degenerate age," she screamed. "And as for you, you thankless wretch, since you scorn marriage, and my beautiful Violante, and me, last of the fairies, guardian entire of this forest, I shall curse you with due form!" She made some passes with her bony hand and chanted softly, "The eleventh house is on a combust; Saturn presides o'er the house of death; woe, woe, woe!" Her voice grew louder. "I will it that you shall marry—may Saturn guard your fate—a senseless, silly, flippant creature, with no beauty and no taste. She will not have the innocent questioning eyes of Violante nor her beautiful curls. Her hair will be as straight as yonder blade of grass and as black as a crow's foot. I see her before me now," she cried, with a burst of diabolical laughter, "tall and gaunt, with a rat in her hair!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Prince Tansy, horrified.

"It is worse than you think," said she maliciously, "for you have known her all your life, and with a nature like yours familiarity must breed contempt."

"Why—what?" stammered the prince.

"It is your cousin; the girl in cerise," said the last of the fairies and vanished.

And a smile wreathed the lips of Prince Tansy.

COME, SLEEP-FLOWERS

Come, sleep-flowers, lie on my lips,
O, cover my eyes with your leaves,
And drug me with sweet petal-tips.

Wild blooms of the far sleepy East,
Leave your essence of dreamland behind,—
I care for no dreams in my rest.

Bring me a dull, soulless sleep,
With senses dead with thy juice,
Drunken and heavy and deep.

Come, sleep-flowers, give me your dew,
I am tired of waking and work,
I weary of trying to be true.

H. C. B.

Caroline stepped off the train with a bound and pressed fifty cents into the hand of the porter as if she had been used to doing it all her life. She pulled down her

The White Parasol coat hastily, looked in the car window to see if her hat was on straight, took her bag from the hands of the patient porter, and wondered what she should do next. She commenced to have a gone feeling,—where was Uncle John? She looked about her helplessly and was about to consult a person in brass buttons when she heard behind her:

“Why Carrie, child, how you have grown, and how much you look like your mother! Let me take your bag.”

Caroline dropped her bag and threw herself into her Uncle's arms with such vim that she knocked her hat loose. That brought her to her senses, she realized that she was a young lady with intentions of making an impression on Chicago society.

“Oh, I'm so sorry I bumped,—I mean I'm so glad I'm here!” she said confusedly.

“The carriage is over this way, we'll go directly home so you can rest. You must be tired,” her Uncle said kindly.

“I am, a little,” she said as she settled back among the billowy cushions.

The dream of her life was realized. She was in Chicago. How many times she had planned this moment, and how many times

she had been forced to relinquish the idea of enacting it. She glanced furtively at her Uncle. He was not unlike her father. The fact surprised her, for she had always idealized him as a fairy Prince. He had sent her presents every since she was a child. About four years before, when she had first expected to visit him, he had brought her a parasol. Even though she was seventeen years old, the thought of that parasol gave her an odd sensation. It had become her standard of excellence the moment she had seen it. She was so engrossed with her thoughts that she did not hear her Uncle speak to her. She jumped as if she had been asleep when the carriage stopped.

When Caroline found herself washing in a bowl like the one in a sleeping car, her joy knew no bounds. But of all the furniture in the room she appreciated the pier glass most. What a comfort it was to see everything at once! Perhaps after all, it was not Caroline's fault that she appreciated her beauty. Her family and friends had spent seventeen years in appreciating it, unfortunately for her, in her presence. She certainly was pretty, her worst enemy would have to admit that.

After luncheon Caroline's Uncle told her that they would go to the theatre in the evening, and that Mrs. Gifford, his sister-in-law who kept house for him, would look out for her during the afternoon.

"I am going to a committee meeting now," Mrs. Gifford told Caroline. "You can drive there with me, then James can take you around the park while I am busy. Bring a parasol, for it is very sunny."

Caroline's heart gave a jump. That parasol, that parasol treasured for years was to be initiated! She ran to her room and nervously pulled the tissue paper from her idol. By the time she had her hat at the most becoming angle, Mrs. Gifford had sent a maid to call her. She approved of herself thoroughly as she stepped into the carriage, and shaking loose the shiny folds, she started to put up her parasol.

"I think mine will be enough, after all," Mrs. Gifford said, "it is quite large, you see. Will you hold it?"

Caroline glanced at it, and could not deny it. Ugly old black thing, how hideous it was! But she hid her discomfiture and listened attentively to Mrs. Gifford's plans for her entertainment. She was not sorry when she was left alone: Mrs. Gifford did not give her a chance to remark on anything.

As the carriage turned Caroline put up her parasol with a snap and settled back against the cushions prepared to enjoy herself. She pointed her parasol directly towards the sun and commenced to watch the people. What a crowd there was! She liked the city. As she neared the park she noticed people staring at her. She leaned back a little more and smoothed her skirt. They had made a tour of the park and still she was attracting attention. It certainly was gratifying to be appreciated. They had reached Michigan Avenue again and were rolling along the smooth asphalt pavement, the silver mountings of the harness jingling with every movement of the horses. Still people stared; some of them seemed to smile, the little newsboys even laughed out loud. Chicago people had queer methods of expressing their admiration, she thought.

The sun was streaming on her face. After all, her white parasol did not give as much shade as Mrs. Gifford's black one. She noticed a crowd coming out of a museum, they all looked at her and laughed among themselves. Really, admiration was becoming almost annoying. She sat upright, assuming her most dignified air, and incidentally looked at her parasol. She sank back, scarlet, and looked again. Then she reached up, un-snapped it, and let the silk drop back into the folds formed so long ago. The small boys shouted as she did it. She lowered her head to cover her embarrassment, her fingers even tingled under her new white gloves. Her parasol, her beautiful parasol was split! The white enameled ribs were peeping through, and the sun cast shadows like knife-blades through rents reaching from the tip to the ruffles. The contact with the sun had been too much for the time-worn silk. She had been carrying it so for miles, all the way down the Avenue! They were nearing her Uncle's house. She rapped with her parasol, and said timidly:

"James, let me out at Uncle John's, I do not want to drive for Mrs. Gifford."

The carriage stopped, and she stumbled out, with the shouts of the small boys ringing in her ears. As she waited for the door to be opened, she poked at the dirt in a palm pot with her white parasol, and thought of the text of the last sermon she had heard at home,—

"For pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

H. L. B.

Old Marm was going to die. Old Marm was poor, very poor. Once she had been helped by the town. But in some way or other, she had managed to pull along until now

Old Marm she was old and going to die. The town had sent Susie Brown to take care of her, because Old Marm really couldn't get on alone any longer. And then Susie was cheap.

Susie was young and pretty, and had a beau. She was very lonesome with nobody but Old Marm for company, and so she used to walk to the city pleasant afternoons to see her beau, and Old Marm used to stay all alone and think.

One day Old Marm called Susie to her. "There now, you set down there," she said. "I wanter tell ye about somethin', seein' as there ain't nobody else. I've been a thinkin' about dyin', an' about my funeral, an' I really ain't got nothin' decent to be laid out in. My cashmere's awful old an' that's all I got, so see here now."

She raised herself, put one hand under her thin little pillow, and drew out a small tin bank shaped like a drum. She held it high in the air and rattled it back and forth.

"Now look-a-here; you can have this after my funeral. It's awful strong and pretty, too—I had it more'n ten years. But see here"—she opened the bank and it was almost full of money. "Now I want yer to promise me somethin'. You see I ain't never had no nice dress an' now I'm agoin' to have one. There's ten dollars and eighty-six cents here an' now I'm going' to buy me a dress. I been a-waitin' and a-savin' long enough. Now you must promise me you'll buy just what I tell ye. It's goin' to be my layin'-out dress. It's goin' to be silk, pinky lavender. I thought some er havin' real rose-pink—it's my fav'rit color—but I guess maybe I'm too old for that. Now are you listenin'? Well—pinky lavender, an' I want white lace on it, fixed up kinder rumply round the neck— and big sleeves. You'll fix it real nice, won't yer? An' I want some roses, too, pink ones an'—oh! yes! you'll crimp my hair, won't yer, in front so's to cover the wrinkles. I do like to see folks look kinder dressed up when they're laid out. Goin' out now, be yer? Well, don't forget, *sure*, now— pinky lavender and roses, an' the money's right here. Sure now."

Old Marm was dead. She lay in her coffin. She was very

small and thin and weazened. She wore her black cashmere dress. It was very rusty, but then it matched Old Marm, for she was rusty, too.

H. O.

A ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE

She sat on the fence in her ravishing ruff,
A cat of high degree,
With a stylish bow
On her neck of snow.
A barnyard cat was he.

"O, my Persian queen in your ravishing ruff,"
In humble tone quoth he,
"I adore the bow
On your neck of snow!
Oh, *won't* you marry me?"

With a blasé look in her emerald eye,
"You're clever, Tom," said she.
"But oh, don't you know,
Should I stoop so low,
'Twould shock society."

In a week and a day she sat there again,
All shorn of fur was she;
For awful to tell,
In the tar she fell,
"Tom dear, I'm here." purred she.

Now someone had tied on Tom's commonplace neck
A dashing pea-green bow.
Not raising his head,
Politely he said—
"Propriety says 'No.'" B. B. R.

In almost every community there is at least one person who serves as newsmonger and gossip-savenger. Even Merrill's

Corner, although it has no church, no store
Obed Varney and no post-office, is not without this important personage. Obed Varney, by reason of his recognized ability in this particular direction, fills the office for this neighborhood by the general consent of those concerned, and most faithfully does he perform the duties incumbent upon his position.

Within the last thirty years nothing has happened in the vicinity of "The Corner" which has escaped his attention and consideration. There is no intricate and delicate point in a dispute about a pair of bars in the back pasture fence that he can-

not explain fully and satisfactorily—to himself at least,—with such personal reflections and opinions as he thinks necessary to ensure the just and unbiased decision of his listeners. Within a quarter of a century there has been no wedding that he has not predicted, no birth that he has not heralded, no funeral that he has not attended. Nor with these important matters upon his mind do more trivial circumstances escape him. He can tell you without a moment's hesitation, what day Charles Tripp plowed the lower field for corn, on what date Othniel Vickery finished haying in the salt marsh, and at what o'clock Henry Nutter starts teaming on cold December mornings. He can tell the exact weight of every pig butchered in the neighborhood in the last two years, and knows the height and girth of Ai Otis's new yoke of oxen. In fact, for Merrill's Corner, which boasts of no regular publication, Obed Varney is the daily paper with morning and evening edition and back numbers always on file for reference.

Yet with such a mass of facts always on hand, he presents by no means an encyclopedic appearance. His stooping, shiftless figure moves slowly with shuffling step along the dusty road. His hands are deep in the pockets of his patched trousers, his faded felt hat is pulled low upon his bent head, while from his big pipe a cloud of smoke rises in vanishing clouds. He is the very picture of indolence forced from the chimney corner by a cruel fate.

Perhaps this apparent lack of interest in life is accounted for by the fact that he is on his way to neighbor Vickery's to see about "changing work" for a few days in haying. For it is generally admitted that outside his particular line of work as gossip-express he shows a decided aversion to labor. Indeed the more outspoken members of the neighborhood, and especially his own family, declare openly that he is lazy. This however may be a slander and should not have too great importance attached to it. For however seriously he seems to object to the more conventional forms of work, he often shows surprising energy and recuperative power when a new development in the neighborhood requires his personal investigation. An attack of rheumatism so violent as to render him utterly unable to bring a pail of water from the well, would in no way interfere with his progress across the clover-patch should he hear that Mrs. Tripp had a new butter-worker. Although too busy to straighten the hoop upon the washtub, he could find time to mend a curling iron for

a summer boarder ; and to make with great care a fox-and-geese board for his young cousin. And when on account of "shooting pains" through the shoulders he felt that it would not be wise to stay out in the rain long enough to put a hasp on the chicken-house door, he would not think it to be flying in the face of Providence to walk a mile and a half through the partially melted snow, in a driving storm of sleet and rain, to see how much Isaac Bickford got for his eggs at "The Village" the day before. Should such a man be called lazy because he objects to sawing wood and "picking rocks"? For as poets are expected to write verses and not to hoe potatoes, and lawyers to plead cases and not to hold the plow, why should not the village gossip be allowed to perform his service to mankind in peace and good will without the malicious detraction of his neighbors?

On warm summer days he sits on the bench under the sweet apple-tree, smoking his pipe and meditating. A man of his profession must have sufficient time for meditation. His thoughts are occasionally interrupted by some passing neighbor, but since each interruption is sure to bring fresh material for consideration he has no cause to complain. When, however, he puts his pipe in his pocket and starts off at a pace which if not actually brisk, is at least animated, you may be sure that some conclusion has been reached and that it will soon be made public.

Obed Varney is no politician. At all elections he votes the straight Republican ticket, probably because the Varneys formed that habit and it requires less effort to follow the custom of his fathers than to institute an investigation concerning party politics. Nor is he interested in "meeting matters." To tell the truth, his attendance at church is restricted to funerals and weddings. He cannot be regarded as a wide or a deep reader, since he seldom ventures into more weighty subjects than are discussed in the pages of "Levitt's Farmer's Almanac," or in the "Locals" of the "Farmington News." It must be admitted that the field of his activity is limited.

Under such circumstances it might seem that subjects for reflection and circulation might sometimes be lacking. For of course it is strictly understood that Obed does not create material. Far from it. He desires to give an accurate and truthful interpretation to all that comes beneath his notice. But with the true instinct of a reporter or an editor, he realizes that a trifling circumstance when placed in its proper setting and in favorable light, assumes an importance otherwise lacking. And

when new material is absolutely wanting, the old is worked over again.

Such is Obed Varney, one of the landmarks of Merrill's Corner. He is not regarded by his neighbors as a prominent man and attracts but little attention among them. It is only when viewed in the light of his duties, his limitations and his success, that he becomes important and interesting. For as a professional gatherer and distributor of news he must be judged as a success.

G. R.

I am a very wretched little dog. I have a new spiked collar, a large juicy bone to gnaw and a whole street full of carriages to bark at. But I do not care for any of these

My Boss things, for I have done a luckless thing and Master Bob does not love me any more. That is why I am sitting here like this outside his door, with my paws crossed, saying my prayers the way he taught me.

Let me tell you what I did. "The Boss,"—I mean Bob, my master, but I call him the Boss mostly, because I am a disrespectful little bull-terrier,—well, Master Bob then, took me to call on Miss Ethel, telling me I must be good, and chew no lace curtains and worry no fur rugs. We walked gaily down the street, Bob looking tall and swell and I feeling proud of my new collar. All the way to Miss Ethel's house I followed closely at his heels: not a cat did I chase, although I saw two, and not a bone did I carry into the house to lay on the carpet.

There were two people already there, one a young lady who only stayed a few minutes after we came, the other a Mr. Bennett whom the Boss says he doesn't care for. Miss Ethel seemed pleased to see my Boss,—do you know, I think she likes him pretty well—and she said I was the cutest little beast she had ever seen; but she seemed to have more to say to Mr. Bennett than to the Boss, in spite of that. Of course I may have been wrong about that, for I was wondering just then how Miss Ethel's Angora cat could make her fur rise up so entertainingly whenever I pretended I was going to stroll over her way. All at once this rude cat spit in my face and ran out of the room. I started after her with a bound, but Bob looked at me and I lay down again. I think Bob doesn't always understand my motives. Now I began to think that the Boss did not seem to be enjoying himself very well, though no one but myself would

have noticed it. Still I am sure that Miss Ethel had said something which worried him, while Mr. Bennett on the other hand was in such good spirits that he became quite friendly towards me and even tried to pull my ears, but I paid no attention to him. I have no use for these familiar people with their stupid ways.

Then it was that something in the hall attracted my attention and I stole out, the Boss never noticing me. There on the floor lay Mr. Bennett's hat, black, glossy and shining, delicious sight! I took it gently in my mouth and glanced around. No one saw me. I ought to have dropped it then, but instead I seized it a little tighter, and my teeth went through it with a crunch. Ah! delightful hat! It was not to be resisted. I shook it and shook it: I shook it again and the brim came off. My sporting blood was up, and I dragged it about, tossed, tore, and demolished it, and at last, crouching on the rug, I chewed its remaining shreds in perfect bliss.

Presently that ill-omened cat came out of the library and spit at me again so that I growled, and Mr. Bennett looked around and saw me.

I have no words to tell you what he said, or how furious he was: how could a bull-terrier? The Boss tried to apologize for me as well as he could, but Mr. Bennett interrupted him, said something extremely unpleasant about the beastly bad form of bringing a puppy to call, and went away without a hat, right clearly in a huff.

Miss Ethel looked at Bob, he looked at me, and I—well, I looked at the floor. I was pretty sorry by that time, but I did not see what was to be done. Bob started to go, and as he opened the door I slipped out. He went back again, though; I think Miss Ethel said something to him, but I came straight home, and here I am waiting outside my Boss' door. Why doesn't he come home too?

What's this? My dear old Boss patting me and telling me I am the best dog that ever wagged a tail? Well, well! and he says Miss Ethel thinks it was a great joke on Mr. Bennett, that she thinks that he is very stupid, and that Bob is,— Well, I am a happy little dog again; and oh, what a real genuine comfort my good old Boss is, over so much better than anyone else. So I am truly, truly going to try to mend my ways, and—see here! Don't you think Miss Ethel must like the Boss just mighty well? I do.

E. H. K.

EDITORIAL

The present state of national excitement places in a new and interesting light the old question of the isolation of the college—especially of the woman's college. We have had the subject treated from every other point of view : isolation as unfitting us to cope with the conditions of actual life, as increasing nervous tension, as fostering morbidness and a priggish outlook on events; or on the other hand, the fascination, the completeness which it lends to our little world ; its adaptation to quiet study and reflection, and to the slow natural perfecting of character.

But now we are suddenly presented with an aspect of the matter new in the brief history of women's colleges : the effect upon this self-sufficing little community of a national war. At first sight, it must be owned, the result is somewhat humiliating. As a community—apart from the minority whose interest is immediate and personal—we feel a thrill when we march out of chapel to “The Star-Spangled Banner” ; we read the papers more regularly than usual, we ask eagerly for news at meal-time, and there it apparently ends. We do care for the success of our country's battles, but our interest seems to lead to nothing. Even those of us who live in small country towns, far from hourly newspaper extras, marching regiments, and patriotic demonstrations generally, miss in college the masculine note relating the whole matter to present and definite interests. Except in moments of excitement, we find the war vague, remote, impersonal ; and we reproach ourselves as if we had somehow failed in our duty to our country.

And yet it is not at all certain that this failure to relate the war to ourselves is an unmixed evil. The sense of personal responsibility to questions of general interest is doubtless the source of most of the world's progress, but it is also the cause of much morbidness and exaggerated feeling. As a matter of fact, after the first shock of a war which to us of the younger genera-

tion seemed almost an anachronism, came the still more surprising discovery that for the present at least things were to go on much as before. It is the old necessity which man always resents when it is forced on him in the presence of apparently larger interests—the necessity of cultivating one's garden. To by far the greater proportion of the nation war brought simply the responsibility of keeping quietly on in the accustomed way, and accepting with as little fuss as possible whatever evils, anxieties and griefs may result indirectly: of exercising but not of displaying patriotism. And we should be glad a thousand times that this is possible. If we should lose one battle, or a dozen, there would be no need of placing Washington under martial law for fear of the populace, as has been done in Madrid. The difference lies both in the national character and in the enormous reserve strength of this country, and on both heads it is a just cause for self-congratulation.

But if the war in its present stage at least need not convulse the nation, there is still less reason why it should exercise a disturbing influence on the quiet life of a woman's college. The fact that in this time of need, few if any of us can be of any direct service to the country we love, may be a source of regret; but it is a fact, and we should face it as such. If the future makes on us any demands for doing or for suffering, we must meet them as best we can. Meanwhile the simplest, the wisest and the strongest thing we can do is to keep quietly on our course, feeling grateful rather than aggrieved that the isolation of our life spares us much of the contagion of perpetual fruitless excitement.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"War! War!! War!!!" That is what Sagasta said, and what we have all been saying after him ever since with more exclamation points each time. We eat, drink, and sleep nothing else, and it is interesting to the Exchange Editor to observe that we are also beginning to write it. While of course it is yet too early in the game—to speak thus disrespectfully of a national crisis,—for the great majority of the college magazines to show the effect of this, its first war, on Young America, still this month's issues contain several editorials on the all-absorbing theme. *The Vassar Miscellany* touches on the matter in an appeal for aid for the Cuban Relief Committee, and the *Wellesley Magazine* voices the painful suspense of the first weeks in April, in the midst of which this issue went to press. *The Morningside* on the other hand assumes an attitude of disapproving calm, and exhorts the men of Columbia to remember their home-ties and not rush off and enlist in a body. A step which would undoubtedly have a most unpleasant effect on Columbia.

The difference between these positions suggests a comparison to which the late "war of the sexes," happily neglected in the excitement of a greater contest, lends something more than a fancied interest. I mean the comparison between the undergraduate writings of men and women. This is too deep a subject, I know, to be exhausted in a light treatment, but a few suggestions from present examples may not be amiss.

To take the order of the average magazine and begin with the heavy articles, I have been much struck with the opposite points of view in two articles on "The Letters of Mrs. Browning," in the *Wellesley Magazine* and the *Trinity Archive* respectively. Both rate the book very justly as an unusually interesting expression of an intense personality, but the girl sees in it principally the romance of Mrs. Browning's life; the man finds his chief interest in the new and intimate view of Browning's character thus revealed by his relations with his wife.

Yet men are not unromantic. They write too many love-poems for that. But their interest in men, merely as men, human beings, not great names only or grand sentiments, does I think exceed ours. There are this month a number of character-sketches and lives in the magazines, which illustrate this feeling. That on M. Casimir-Perier in the *Red and Blue* is particularly good. This monthly by the way contains also a very clever paper on the modern drama, while its fiction is unusually poor.

To return to our mutton—the men. Their historic and economic articles are also better and more frequent than ours, and their editorial work, especially where it comes into contact with the powers that be, has a boldness of sentiment and directness of style deplorably lacking in us milder maidens. In other words they are, as they have always been, more practical. However, that they are also less sensitive, and occasionally even cheap and vulgar in their humor, is equally certain. In literary criticism also we are equal, if not superior. There is an imaginative quality, a sympathetic appreciativeness, about feminine work of this kind, which more than compensates to my mind for a possible lack of scientific detail. Women catch more easily than their confrères the fine flavor, the intangible effect, the point in short of books, and after all what else matters?

In creative lines all college work seems fairly equal. The stories are in general of a style remarkably good,—considering. The subjects seem strained for want of actual experience. To the perpetual cry for the real college story, there returns the perpetual reply, “We can’t. We haven’t the perspective.” Nor, be it added, the precedent. Excellent books of college stories have appeared, but always written by alumni or -æ. Juniors and Seniors can not write about Juniors and Seniors while they are *being* them; nor much about Freshmen and Sophomores either. The results would be too subjective, personal, dangerous. Fancy meeting your most intimate friend after having served him up nice and hot in a character-sketch for the Lit! Therefore we write about love, and war, and psychology, according to the most approved methods of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Stephen Crane, or if we can, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and do it very well too. Extremely well, sometimes, especially when we happen to have a little method of our own in it besides.

The verse remains ever attractive and surprisingly good. It is some ages since the world agreed to leave the idea of sex out of the word poet, and we will not attempt to bring it back. Considering the season there are mercifully few love-poems and Songs of Spring. Two poems whose length forbids quotation deserve mention, although occasionally faulty in technique. They are, "A Mid-Sea Medley," in the *Brown Magazine*, and "On Being Asked to Write Some Verses," in the *Columbia Literary Monthly*. We clip the following stirring bit from the *Williams Literary Monthly*:—

A SONG OF SPORT

What ho, my boys, for the leafless woods,
On a crisp November day,
When the West wind sings through the moss-hung oaks
A merry roundelay.
The partridge whirrs and the quail lie close ;
Our dogs work fast and free.
Sing ho, my boys, for the cracking guns
And a day of jollity !

What ho, my boys, for a baying pack
And a coat of crimson hue,
With champing studs and fair, hard pulls,
With Reynard full in view.
The clear horn rings on the cool sweet air,
The fences fly below,
The brush shall swing at our belt to-night.
Sing ho, for the chase, sing ho !

What ho, my boys, for a narrow trail
That leads to a placid lake,
Where lilies float in quietude
And hares play in the brake.
The hounds give voice on the mountain side,
The woods reëcho again,
And we grasp the rifle with firm, strong hands.
Sing ho, for a stag of ten !

What ho, for sport, whatever it be,
Wherever our pleasure calls,
Be it gun, or horse, or field, or hounds,
Or rod 'neath the mist-hung falls.
Come, fill us a brimming bumper now,
And drain it deep and low.
A toast to sport, a toast to luck,
Sing ho, sing ho, sing ho !

BOOK REVIEWS

* "IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.—TALES OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS," by Ambrose Bierce. There are twenty-three tales in this small volume, and of these there are just three in which no man or woman comes to a tragic end. In every one of the other twenty tales, one finds the author engrossed with some horror, laying emphasis on agony, pointing out with assumed indifference and unnecessary care the most revolting physical details. One cannot expect battle-stories and no bloodshed; men must face the guns and fall, but why subject the dead soldiers to curious scrutiny of wounds, why put in print the lawful secrets of the battlefield? And surely the reader is unprepared for the kind of description which abounds in the "Tales of Civilians." He may have hoped to find peace here. He finds men dying of every kind of terror, and invariably attends the coroner's inquest. Mr. Bierce is particularly fond of showing corpses by candle-light. In one case the candle goes out, the corpse comes to life and the man who was looking at it dies of fright. When he who has returned from the dead discovers the effect he has produced, he goes insane.

Moreover, Mr. Bierce lacks discrimination. He does not know by what choice of detail to reveal the inevitable picture. Sometimes when the picture is clearly before the reader's eyes, he will still be talking. He does not construct ingenious plots, with some inevitable outcome. His "tales" are simply elaborated episodes. One reads, the scene is presented, some slight interest is aroused in the central figure or figures; it grows, and perceiving difficulties, one hopes for a solution of them. A page is turned, and one reads the words, "He was dead." This is discouraging. Mr. Bierce's heroes (civilians particularly) die under circumstances so peculiar, that no warning is given. The critical reader feels that something else might have happened. His style may be described as well-suited to his mode of treatment; in places it is painfully abrupt, and in others it is painfully prolix. Some of the tales contain good material, if it were differently treated.

The objections to this volume are not objections to harrowing tales in general. Some of the best modern writing is of this kind: witness "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But Stevenson and Poe knew when the setting of a story was complete, where detail was imperatively necessary or where it was out of place: they knew how to get the tale "travelling," and when it was under way neither death nor destruction prevented the satisfactory completion of their work. The feeling that Mr. Bierce's work is unfinished in quality prevails over other impressions, as one comes forth from his gallery of horrors.

* "SOME COMMON ERRORS OF SPEECH," Compton. We hear a great deal now-a-days about our use or rather misuse of our native tongue. The English ridicule and censure us for our "Americanisms" and lack of precision, and our transgressions in this line are constantly being exposed by our own countrymen. Our habit of mind is slovenly, so that we become guilty of inaccuracies in the use of words whose exact shades of meaning we should have known from childhood. It is a sad fact that the students of our colleges, instead of making the best of their opportunities to acquire clear and adequate expression of their thought, are among the most flagrant offenders against good English.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently published a little book by Alfred G. Compton, Professor in the College of the City of New York, called by the very long title of "Some Common Errors of Speech, Suggestions for the Avoiding of Certain Classes of Errors, Together with Examples of Bad and of Good Usage." Mr. Compton says in his preface, "The following pages were first contributed to the *College Mercury* in the hope that they might help to improve the English to which I was obliged to listen daily in the classroom." As these words indicate, the book is unpretentious. Mr. Compton has, as he says, no definite system, does not go into philological questions, but merely wishes to call the attention of his readers to a few of the most common errors of every-day speech, and to make them realize that the English language is a precious inheritance which it is our duty to guard and preserve in all its excellencies and shades of meaning.

He divides the book into three parts: Improproprieties, Metaphors, and Grammar. Under these heads are gathered for inspection the infelicities of speech, accompanied in many cases by examples of good and of bad usage chosen from standard literature and the newspapers and magazines of the day. At the end of the book is added an Index of the expressions criticised in the preceding pages and of others as worthy of condemnation. The purpose of this Index, as of the whole book, is to assist in the formation of a "habit of looking out constantly for false references and false agreements, for well-known improprieties, for vulgarisms and useless innovations," which "will enable the writer to avoid easily many an awkward turn which he at first deems inevitable or at least excusable." Most of us certainly need to acquire such a habit, and Mr. Compton's little book, founded as it is upon his personal experience and observation in a college class-room, cannot fail to be helpful and practical.

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL BREAKFAST OF THE NEW YORK ALUMNÆ

More than a hundred and twenty-five alumnæ gathered in the parlors of the Windsor Hotel for the annual breakfast on April 2. Classes were represented from '82 down to the present Senior class, a number of whom were in New York during the Easter holidays. The members of each class sat down together at tables beautifully decorated with flowers, which were afterward appropriately sent to the College Settlements. When the menu had been served and after the singing of "Fair Smith" by an impromptu Glee Club, the President of the Association, Mrs. Frederick T. Hill, rose to introduce as the first speaker, President Seelye, who received an enthusiastic greeting from the alumnæ. He remarked that if he were asked why so many girls go to Smith College he should answer, "Because of its alumnæ." It had been said, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and he was content to let the college be known by the women who had gone out from it. They were its only advertisement, and they were the best advertisement it could have.

In his address the President dwelt on the growth of the college, both material and intellectual. Starting with Sophia Smith's legacy of \$365,000, it had increased in property value to over \$1,200,000, and had more than doubled its area. Instead of two or three buildings it had now seventeen, a chemical laboratory would probably soon be erected, and, the President told the alumnæ, he had received propositions which led him to hope that the college might before very long possess a new academic building. This information met with great applause. President Seelye also said that the Faculty of Smith was stronger, and the class of students better, than ever before. The position of the college had been raised by the exclusion of all special students (except those pursuing art and music courses), and by making the standard of admission so much higher that he feared some of the older graduates would now find it difficult to enter! In reply to criticism of the policy of admitting students on certificate, he would urge that this privilege was given with caution, but that it would be unfair for the college to refuse it entirely. Many a girl could not possibly do herself justice in an examination, taken—perhaps after a long journey—at a fixed time, in a strange place, and under strange teachers. Some persons had advised that the requirements for admission be greatly raised, in fact be made almost equal to those at present demanded for the Sophomore year. But he thought this would change the original ideal of the college. It was now occupying its proper position, between the preparatory school on the one hand and the post-graduate institution on the other.

In the future might come the need for a University at Smith ; but it had not in his opinion come yet. Nor did he fear too great an increase in the number of students ; competition between the different colleges would check that.

Miss Jordan, speaking on "The Relation of the College to the Public School," also expressed the feeling that between school and university, the American college was being hard pushed for standing-room. She said among other things : "One feels that our people in going down from the Jerusalem of culture to the Jericho of democracy, have fallen among thieves. Despite the advanced work done in some of the secondary schools, there are still many students sent to Smith who cannot spell, and who are decidedly shaky on the multiplication table. Of course the problem for the schools is how to keep their students long enough. The aim of the college, in its four additional years of work, should be two-fold,—to enrich the course of study and to render it more disciplinary. Education in its highest sense means education not only of the intellect but of the will. True scholarship implies character. What we need is a body of students patient, industrious, honest, and filled with the love of work." Miss Jordan concluded by referring to the plea of a high-school principal, "Won't you please be patient with the tag end of the class, for after all, doesn't there have to be a tag end?"

The third speaker, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, beginning with a humorous allusion to the fact that President Seelye and he were the only men present, went on to answer in his own delightful fashion the question, "What makes a college?" He spoke first of associations, the traditions that are latent in the meaning of the word "Oxford," the memories that waken when we think of Harvard College. The four years' leisure, seclusion from the rush of the world's business, freedom from care and responsibility, constant reference to books, are valuable factors in the college life. "Then there is the natural environment, of which you at Northampton have so beautiful an example. I remember the remark of a distinguished visitor at Williamstown who, having been entertained at the college for several days, said, 'It is strange that you have not introduced me to the most important members of your Faculty ; no one has yet told me the names of the mountains.'" Mr. Mabie mentioned the effect of great teachers on the making of a college, but declared that even more influential than the teachers were the scholars. "If I should be obliged to choose between a college with an eminent Faculty and a poor set of students, and a college which had insignificant teachers, but in which the spirit of the student-body was scholarly and noble, I should unhesitatingly decide for the latter."

Several of the alumnae were then called on to respond to toasts. Miss Anna H. Branch '97, who has been teaching classes in the Young Women's Settlement, spoke on "The College Woman and the Working Woman ;" Miss Isabel Eaton '88, on "The College Woman as a Teacher ;" Mrs. Webb, of the Smith Students' Aid Society, begged the graduates to give their sympathy and support to that organization, saying that to fifteen hundred notices sent out, only one hundred responses had so far been received. All the alumnae were greatly interested in seeing and hearing Miss Harriet Boyd, who closed a few remarks by quoting the Greek saying, "Here's a health to our country !" Mrs. Theodore Hope (Winifred Ayres '92), talking about "Senior

Dramatics in Their Relation to the Stage," emphasized the value of the training received by those who take part in Commencement plays, and declared that most of the alumnae were strongly in favor of the Senior Dramatics. The last toast was to "The Most Important Members of the Faculty," as Mr. Mabie called them, namely "The Hills of Northampton," and was responded to by Miss Stella Bradford.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae gave its annual luncheon at the Vendome on Saturday, April 23. This luncheon, which is usually held earlier in the spring, was postponed this year in order that President Seelye might be the guest of the occasion. Miss Grace Weston '91, President of the Association, presided, and about seventy members were present, representing as a roll-call showed all the classes except '79 and '80. The delegation from '97 was particularly large.

At the close of the luncheon President Seelye addressed the Association on the growth of the college, first referring to the present national crisis as one in which every citizen, whatever his previous opinion as to the advisability of the war, must stand by his country, now that the important step is taken. The description of the present condition of the college, which was illustrated by maps of the campus showing the recent additions of land and buildings as well as the plan of the landscape gardening, was of great interest, especially to the older alumnae; and all were glad to hear that besides the new building soon to be erected for the Department of Chemistry, there was a possibility of having another academic building, through the generosity of a Chicago gentleman, unless the war should prevent it. President Seelye explained how greatly the laying out of the grounds on the plan of a botanic garden, together with the facilities offered by the new plant house, had added to the efficiency of the Botanical Department, and also mentioned the improvement in other departments. There is of course some difficulty in providing satisfactorily for a body of students which continues, in spite of the greater stringency in regard to the entrance requirements, to increase so rapidly in numbers; but President Seelye, nevertheless, feels satisfied that there is steady improvement in the equipment of the college and in the standard of work required. In this connection he spoke of the need for a College Library to include such technical books as the city libraries cannot be expected to buy, and commended and encouraged the alumnae in their work of raising a Library Fund for this purpose.

Miss Weston then introduced Miss Mary W. Calkins '85, now Associate Professor of Philosophy at Wellesley College, who spoke on the problem, "After college, what?" She briefly enumerated some of the lines of work now open to women, which could be pursued by them with advantage, and showed plainly that great injury was done to the profession of teaching by the large number of people who take it up as a makeshift without feeling any particular interest in it, and without having made any effort to fit themselves for its work. After making a plea for practical business work as an occupation for women, Miss Calkins ended by emphasizing strongly the need of what might be called a leisure class of college-bred women in society. The meeting closed with a few remarks by Miss Weston.

Alumnæ desiring tickets for Senior Dramatics can order them through Frances Parker '98, Morris House. The orders will be filed in order of application, and the tickets may be obtained here at Commencement.

'83. Eveline Dickinson has left Stanford University, and will probably teach next year somewhere in the East.

Sally Bush, of Salem, Oregon, will be for a month or two at 19 Franklin St., Westfield, Mass.

Clara L. Converse, who is at home for a year of rest from her missionary work in Japan, will remain in this country till after Commencement, and expects to attend her class reunion in June.

'88. Isabel Eaton, who took the Fiske scholarship at Barnard this year, is studying Economics and Sociology there, and is meantime living at Hartley House. The report of her investigation of conditions among the negroes of Philadelphia, made last year, will shortly be published by the University of Pennsylvania.

Alice M. Sykes was married to Dr. Frank S. Meara, Dec. 9, 1897. Their address is 758 West End Avenue, New York.

Harriet C. Duguid was married to Mr. George L. Amerman, April 25.

'89. Lucy E. Allen, who has twice been chosen Director of the Boston College Club, has been recently elected First Vice-President of the Club. Miss Coes, Secretary of Radcliffe, is Second Vice-President, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, President.

Mary S. Tilton has returned from a six months' trip in Europe.

'90. Mrs. Agnes Woodruff Holden has spent the winter in Italy.

'94. Olive Dunbar has left her position on the *New York World*, and has gone to Germany to teach.

Alice Atwood has been re-elected Director of the Boston College Club.

Jeanne Lockwood was married, April 6, to Mr. Amos Burt Thompson of Boston.

'95. Helen Tucker is teaching in the Hampton School, Virginia.

'97. Ellen F. Lormore was married April 12, to Mr. Le Roy P. Guion of Chicago.

Helen Woodward is in Europe.

Emma Porter is tutoring at her home in Newton.

Helen Tredick is studying at the Brooklyn Training School.

Grace Leighton is taking a special course in the Salem Normal School.

Mary Eleanor Barrows has recently edited the letters of travel written to the *Chicago Record* and *Interior* by her father, Dr. John Henry Barrows, under the title of "A World Pilgrimage."

BIRTH

Mrs. W. C. Eaton (Marion Dow '93) a daughter born in March.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Last year the officers of the Gymnasium and Field Association promised to improve the golf links, laid out in the fall, provided that enough enthusiasm for the game was shown. In order to have more money and therefore better links a club has been formed consisting of members of the college and townspeople, who have been approved of by the Membership Committee. The management of the club has been placed in the hands of a Board of Governors, five of whom have been elected from the Gymnasium and Field Association and five from the other members of the club.

This spring the links have been extended over forty acres more than they covered last fall, making a course of about a mile and a half. Turf teeing grounds have been made on places best suited for driving, and the ground around the holes has been leveled and rolled, forming putting-greens thirty feet square. Bushes, loose stones, long grass and all unnecessary "hazards" have been cleared away, and since the turf itself is well suited to golf, the land is now in much better condition than is usually found on so new a course. Constant use and proper care are all the links need, that they may be recognized as one of the finest courses in the state.

The Gymnasium and Field Association has done its share in starting good links, and it rests now with the members of the college, either to show interest enough in the game to improve the course, or to let the whole plan of having golf at Smith fall through, and thus to lose the great pleasure and advantages derived from one of the best sports in the country.

In addition to the work done in setting out golf links, other improvements have been made to increase interest in athletic sports. To the old tennis courts, which have been greatly improved by rolling and new back nets, have been added two new dirt courts, so that there are now seven in excellent condition. Great enthusiasm for tennis has already been shown this year, and it is hoped that it will increase enough to make the tournament at the end of the year the finest that has ever been at Smith. Instead of the old arrangement of having two or three small tournaments, the committee have arranged for one inter-class contest consisting of singles and doubles. They hope in this way to concentrate enthusiasm for the finals which will be played the fourth of June.

Through the efforts of the Boat Committee more advantages in rowing are offered the students this year. The old boats have been put in order and are ready for use, and in addition to these three new easy-rowing boats have been bought. The rocks at the upper end of Paradise have not yet been taken out, and until this is done it is requested that none go beyond them.

By means of the improvements which the Gymnasium and Field Association has made this spring, more opportunities in athletics are afforded the students of Smith College than ever before. It is hoped that they will show their appreciation by availing themselves to the fullest extent of their athletic privileges.

JANET SOMERVILLE SHELDON 1901.

There seems to be a tendency among us at college to take some things too seriously. We sometimes find that we have been laboring conscientiously—even painfully—in the pursuit of pleasure, and looking back we ask, “Does it pay?”

Among the college pleasures sometimes too dearly bought, we may count our house plays. All of us who have taken part in these plays must agree that for a certain amount of time and work, and even nervous strain, we are more than compensated by the recreation, the pleasure and the dramatic training that they afford. But we may be sure that the margin of utility has been reached when we ask ourselves if “it paid;” we may be sure then that it did not pay, and that one of two things is wrong: either there has been a mistake in the selection of the play, or we have made a mistake in putting into it more time and work and nervous energy than were necessary. In the selection of a play the choice is within such narrow limits that any mistake would often seem to be the fault, not of ourselves, but of our stars. Yet sometimes we are likely to feel that a heavier play and one which requires more time and work in the preparation is a better dramatic article than a lighter one. This is not necessarily so, for the lighter play is often better adapted for our purposes. To aim high is a good thing, but to know our limitations is still better. The selection of the play is the first step towards its success, to say nothing of the general well-being of those who take part in it.

But the decision of the question as to whether “it will pay” lies far more with those of us who are in the cast. Everything depends upon our attitude. If we feel that the house plays are valuable—as they undoubtedly are—then we can afford to set the exact value upon them; not to overestimate them, but to see them in their just proportions. In the first place we must realize that our college plays are only one side of college life; that there are other sides far more important. In the second place, we must remember that ours is not the only play ever given in the world, or even in Smith College; that our performances are very small affairs “twinkling restlessly” in the big universe.

Then too, if we would think less of what the audience are going to say, the dead weight of responsibility and a large part of the nervous strain would disappear. When the college plays can be such a pleasure to those who take part in them, and were instituted for the pleasure of all concerned, what is the use of our assuming the serious and martyred attitude of persons bending under a burden of responsibilities? When we do this we decrease the value of our plays just so much. By our making them too important, they will cease to fulfill the end for which they were appointed, and so become unimportant. There was once a drop of water,—a serious, self-important drop—which wanted to be two drops or three drops, and so it spread, and spread,

and spread, until all of a sudden it was nothing at all. A short fable which he who runs may read. Let us stop the serious tendency right here, shake off the dead weight of responsibility, and take our college plays for what they really are,—a present pleasure, a joy forever, and a dramatic training.

MARY HELEN LATHROP '98.

It has been the aim of the Smith College Association for Christian Work to bring itself more and more into closer union with the practical needs of the students of the college. Within the past two or three years, the Association has tendered such material aid to its members and friends that it has now become an indispensable instrument for good. In no way is this shown more forcibly than in a plan which the Association has recently advanced. The plan is a simple one, and yet, it is hoped, will be beneficial to many. There are many girls in college who are in the habit of employing outside assistance in the line of sewing, mending, reading, writing, or any such light work. It is known that there are also many students among us who are very glad to do such work, and are capable of doing it well. It is the aim of the Association for Christian Work to bring these two classes of girls together. For this purpose the writer will be found every Wednesday afternoon from 1.45 to 3 o'clock in the doctor's office at the New Gymnasium, which room Dr. Brewster has kindly offered for the use of the Association. Thus far, of course, the plan is more or less of an experiment. It commends itself to all, however, since it offers a simple and convenient means of communication between girls wishing work done and those desiring to do it. MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD '99.

An article in the last MONTHLY expressed the hope that Smith might soon join other colleges which support representatives in the foreign missionary field. That hope may be said to have become an accomplished fact. It has been decided to undertake the support of a medical missionary, and the necessary amount, over five hundred dollars a year, has already been pledged in monthly contributions. Who our missionary is to be has not yet been decided. The hope that she may be a Smith College woman is leading to efforts to find among our alumnæ some well-qualified physician who will be willing to go.

Her support has been undertaken by about two hundred girls. It may be too much to ask, though not too much to hope, that the remaining eight hundred should give in like proportion, thus making it possible to send not one woman but five. Yet we are glad that this beginning has been made, and the Smith girls of the future may be trusted to continue and develop the work with the same enthusiasm and loyalty with which it has been begun. For the reciprocal benefits sure to be derived from such vital connection with the great work of the world's evangelization, will be vast and far-reaching ones.

FLORENCE JUDD ANDERSON '98.

The last two lectures of the course given for the benefit of the Students' Building came this month. The first on the "Abolition of Legislative Bodies," by Prof. Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, was especially interesting to students of Economics who have been using Prof. Hadley's text-book "Railroad Transportation." A very entertaining lecture by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, "Re-

miniscences of Carlyle," was made doubly enjoyable by the knowledge of the personal relation which existed between the two men. The Committee is to be congratulated on having secured such interesting speakers for their course of lectures.

Dr. Moore of the department of Economics and Sociology will not take his classes this term, but has obtained a leave of absence until fall on account of ill health. Dr. Ernest L. Bogart, a Princeton graduate and recently a professor at Columbia, will take his place. Dr. Bogart has studied at the Universities of Berlin and Halle, taking his Ph. D. at the latter place.

The MONTHLY office, No. 3 Old Gymnasium, has been entirely refurnished. Not only has it been provided with a substantial oak desk, chairs, table and book-shelves, but the walls have been re-papered and the floor covered with rugs. For this great improvement in its quarters the MONTHLY is indebted to the taste and active interest of the '98 Board. The Board has also made arrangements to have the Monthlies for the last year suitably bound. As soon as a few missing numbers can be obtained, a complete bound file will be placed upon the shelves in the office.

At a meeting of Trustees held Monday, May 2, a new academic building was voted to the college. It is to be started during the summer vacation on the grounds now occupied by the Dewey House, which is to be moved back of the Hillyer Art Gallery. The new chemistry laboratory is to be erected between the Stoddard House and the Catholic church.

The Sophomores secured the Williams Dramatic Club in "One Night Only" for their Sophomore-Senior entertainment this year which was given April 20, at the Academy of Music. This is the first of the series of entertainments which will be given for the Seniors this spring and which end only with Commencement day.

Under the auspices of the Oriental Club, Dr. William Hayes Ward of New York gave an illustrated lecture on Babylonia, Tuesday, April 19.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster of New York has been visiting the college and on Sunday morning, April 17, gave a talk to the union meeting of the Bible classes.

Dr. Hazen gave a most interesting talk on the Cuban question to the students, April 29.

There will be no early recitations this spring term, as they have proved unsatisfactory in former years.

Mr. Daniel F. Noorian addressed the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, May 7, on "Unearthing Buried Cities" in ancient Babylonia.

The Smith College Association for Christian Work held its annual meeting May 7. Reports were read and the following officers elected: President, Carrolle Barber '99; Vice-President, Mabel Capelle '99; Corresponding Secretary, Sarah Watson Sandersen 1900; Recording Secretary, Harriet Louise Goodwin 1900; Treasurer, Alice Duryee 1901.

In order to avoid confusion it has been determined to arrange the names of the editors on the first page of the MONTHLY in the order in which their departments appear in the magazine. The list will then stand: Editor-in-chief, Literary Editor, Contributors' Club, Editor's Table, Alumnae Department, About College, Managing Editor, Business Manager.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|------|-----|------------------------------|
| May | 18, | Senior Concert. |
| | 19, | Biological Society. |
| | 21, | Phi Kappa Psi Society. |
| | 24, | History Club. |
| | 24, | Colloquium. |
| | 25, | Junior-Senior Entertainment. |
| | 30, | Decoration Day. |
| June | 1, | Hatfield House Play. |
| | 1, | Tennis Tournament. |
| | 2, | Biological Society. |
| | 4, | Tennis Tournament. |
| | 4, | Alpha Society. |
| | 11, | Phi Kappa Psi Society. |
| | 14, | Colloquium. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

June = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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JUNE, 1898.

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CARLYLE AS A HISTORIAN

A STUDY BASED ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A difficult task confronts anyone who sets out to criticise Carlyle as a historian. It is as if one were trying to classify a newly discovered fossil, the like of which had never been seen before ; for we have no standards by which to judge him. The old ones must either be set aside and new ones found, or else they must be greatly altered to include this unique and peculiar historian.

For judged by the common canons of criticism, Carlyle as a historian would make but a sorry show. Should not a history of a movement like the French Revolution be a sketch of the causes that led to its outbreak, an impartial and penetrating narration of its progress, and an attempt to sum up its effects and significance? Yet Carlyle's history is far from doing this. Still we believe that history as written by Carlyle has a hundred virtues ; some of them common to other writers of history, most of them peculiar to the man himself. Certainly he has very distinct notions on the subject— notions which it is worth while to discuss.

"History," said Carlyle, "is the essence of innumerable biog-

raphies." While he was writing his sketch of Johnson, he jotted down in his note-book: "Biography is the only history; I see it more and more." There is nothing so interesting to Carlyle in the record of men's doings as the men themselves. In *Sartor Resartus* he says: "For great men I have always had the warmest predilection and can perhaps boast that few in this era have wholly escaped me. Great men are the inspired texts of that Book of Revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History." In the first chapter of *Heroes and Hero-Worship* he says: "I take it, universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked there." There is no need to multiply quotations. It is evident in all that Carlyle writes that men, and moreover great men, are what he is interested in.

Now why did Carlyle take this view of history? And does this view show a thorough insight into the significance of history?

The first question is comparatively easy to answer. His view of history was the product of his own nature. It was the result of his character and temperament. Carlyle had an abhorrence of anything abstract: "Facts, facts!" he would cry to anyone who wandered into the realm of pure theory. To write a history of the French Revolution which should be a careful discussion of the principles for which it stood, sketching their birth in the previous history of France, and marking their establishment during the events of the Revolution itself,—such a history would have been impossible for him. In choosing biographical material for his work he was better able to use representative facts than he would have been, had he dealt with history in the conventional fashion. Moreover, at the time Carlyle wrote his history, there was a reaction in England against the "theorizing" historians. Men were criticising Hume and his school for over-emphasizing theories and selecting only such facts as fitted them. The public was becoming more independent in its judgment. It wanted historical facts, not theories. Again, Carlyle was a thorough humanitarian, even tending toward French Socialism. Governments and social institutions were nothing to him except as he saw the man beneath them, struggling by means of the "divine essence" within him, to claim his rights and stand free among his equals; and this is why he loved biography and excelled in it.

Our second question as to whether history is, as Carlyle affirms, essentially biography, is a more difficult one to answer. In fact the question has never been settled. To say that history is biography alone, would be to leave out many of its most important elements. Certainly a study of the Protestant Reformation through the lives of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, Knox, and Calvin would be incomplete. We should miss, for example, the realization of that spiritual fervor which contagiously leapt from heart to heart, inspiring great masses of people to zeal for a religious life. National habits and customs too, social institutions and their significance could never be fully explained by the lives of the men who founded them. On the other hand, history is so vast a thing that some path of approach must be chosen, by which we may enter the jungle of events, and parting to the right and left of us the great facts from the little facts, come out at last upon solid ground. Carlyle's path seems on the whole to be as direct as any. We are likely, however, to take Carlyle's assertions that history is nothing but biography too literally. It is only the representative men that Carlyle is interested in, and these he uses only as central points about which to collect and arrange his facts, thus producing not a biography of one man, or of a few men, but of all men.

But leaving this question of biography versus history about which so much can be said on both sides, and upon which Carlyle's critics are so evenly divided, let us look at Carlyle's purpose in writing history. Carlyle had, like most other great men, what he himself called a "message" for the world. It was this: the only revelation man has of anything higher or better, and in fact anything worse or lower, is to be found within himself. The "divine essence" is in every man. Great men are those who allow the divinity within them to come forth and show itself in word and act. James Russell Lowell says that Carlyle had a "deep disdain for human nature." It is true that he saw the failings of human nature very clearly. On the other hand, he was forever insisting on its sublime possibilities—the potentialities for great things that lie in even the humblest man. From the very nature of this message—man the revelation of God—we see that history was the most fitting form in which he could have chosen to speak. His whole best thought, his whole religion went into his history.

The "French Revolution" was the most purely historical

book that Carlyle wrote. A criticism of its merits and demerits, therefore, will perhaps be a fair criticism of the man as a historian. Carlyle had a distinct thought in his mind when he wrote this book—a thought that grew out of his message. It was that men's follies always turn upon them in the long run. "A lie will out," he said again and again; "The world is not a sham." This is what he saw in the French Revolution, whereby all the old institutions which were based on the false principle of oppression of the down-trodden many by a privileged few were overthrown completely, and new ones, based on Truth and Reality, were established. This underlying thought of the book comes to the surface again and again, so often in fact that we sometimes fear that Carlyle may be falling a victim to that which he criticised in other historians, and introducing only such facts as will prove his theory. But there is another characteristic of the book which shows that this is not so; Carlyle is trying to give actuality to the French Revolution. He is above all else endeavoring to "paint things as they are." After all, it is the facts and not the theory that occupy most of his attention.

The sources that Carlyle used for his work are numerous. Volume after volume of contemporary "annals" was familiar to him. The letters and journals of the men who took part in the Revolution are among his chief authorities, and to such authorities he attaches great weight. Contemporary writings are not his only source, however. He had read the works of such men as Voltaire and Diderot entire. John Stuart Mill sent him "barrows of books." In fact the French Revolution was an old hunting-ground for him. He was a prodigious worker, and in this connection one cannot help recalling the magnificent patience and courage with which he set out to rewrite completely the first volume of the "French Revolution," after it had been accidentally burnt by "that Mrs. Taylor."

It seems too as if this period of France's history was particularly suited to Carlyle. Its wild and fantastic character, its contradictions and inconsistencies, its striking contrasts between the horrible and the beautiful, the base and the ideal must have been a tempting subject to a man of Carlyle's temperament. Altogether the man and the theme are peculiarly at one.

The "French Revolution" is not a narrative history. The events are not taken up in order and portrayed with calm im-

partiality. Neither are the events that are chosen always the important ones. Importance in this sense is almost always sacrificed to the picturesque. Six entire chapters are given to a description of the Insurrection of the Women—an event that could not fail to arouse Carlyle's warmest interest and call forth his best powers of description, because of the picturesque woe and misery of the whole affair. On the other hand, Carlyle hardly mentions the great work which the Constituent Assembly did for France in drawing up the first Constitution, which seemed at the time such a failure because it "wouldn't march," but which was in reality the first victory toward establishing democracy in France.

Just as the "French Revolution" is not a narrative, so it is not a philosophy of history, although that movement furnishes abundant material for such a treatment. It stood for many of the fundamental principles and ideas which modern nations are striving to embody in their laws. Volumes might be written on the theories alone which the French Revolution threw open to discussion. But with this, Carlyle's history has nothing to do.

What then are its characteristics? Mill, in his criticism of the book in the *Westminster Review*, says, "This book is not so much a history as an epic poem, and notwithstanding, or even in consequence of this, the truest of histories. It is the history of the French Revolution and the poetry of it both in one." The most striking characteristic of the book is its pictorial character. This fact has called out very adverse as well as favorable criticism. "The qualities that come so near making Carlyle a poet," Lowell says, "spoil him for a historian." His pictures are "products of genius," but they are not history "any more than Shakespeare's plays are history." Mill, on the other hand, cites it as favorable to the book that it is like the *Wallenstein's Lager* of Schiller. How are we to reconcile these opinions, coming as they do from men of the soundest judgments? Perhaps we cannot reconcile them, but it is only fair to Carlyle to recall the aim he had in writing the book. His idea was to give to English readers the spirit of that period of France's history—to paint graphically in detail such parts of the French Revolution as should bring before his readers' hearts and eyes the men and women of that time. The spirit that possessed the French nation and led it to the violence and yet the self-sacrifice which it exhibited, was what he wished essentially to dwell upon. There

was need of such treatment at the time, for England was scorning the Revolution because of its violence and extreme democracy. Carlyle opened up that wider view of the Revolution and that kindlier judgment of its leaders, which the English have since held.

Remembering this we cannot dwell too much upon the wonderful vividness of the pictures Carlyle draws. One goes straight to Paris with him and stands in the midst of the mob, imbibes their spirit, goes with them through scenes of fearful cruelty and vengeance, beholds their passion and violence unrestrained, shudders with them at the horror of it all, and yet comes nearer to sympathizing with the frenzy that possessed these despised and down-trodden people. The storming of the Bastille becomes a real fact to us, the burning chateaux flare up in a dull glow against the blackness of the night. There is no more brilliant picture in the whole book than the description of the flight of the royal family from Versailles: the "queen lady in her gypsy hat," the glass coach, the "yellow body-guard couriers," the recapture at midnight, and the poor "phlegmatic Louis." The painting is not all done on large canvases, however. We have some very lifelike portraits of the men of the Revolution, done with a keen appreciation of character and in one or two words. Such are the "sea-green Robespierre;" "Broglie the War-God;" Mirabeau the "burly-headed," the "world-compeller;" Danton, the "brawny Titan." Again, in the midst of his long descriptions we constantly find the finest and most delicate touches, where we get a note of pathos and tragedy which gives significance to the whole description. One of these is sufficient; it is perfect in itself: "On green fields and steeped city the May sun shines out, the May evening fades, and men ply their useful and useless business, as if no Louis lay in danger." And it is not alone because Carlyle has the power to paint these pictures that we admire him; we admire him because he chose to do it, instead of giving us the usual kind of history. His work is invaluable to the student of that period. In no other place, unless we wish to wade through all the contemporary writings, many of them utterly worthless, which the author has used to such advantage, can we find the reality of the scenes of the French Revolution so truly presented.

The book is not a complete history of the French Revolution any more than is Taine's history or De Tocqueville's. No one

man can write a complete history, for the simple reason that no one brain can comprehend the full significance of history. Carlyle's book is written from a new point of view to be sure, but it is history, it seems to us, inasmuch as it gives us a truer idea of the French Revolution in at least one of its aspects than we can get from any other source.

There remains one point to be discussed. Did Carlyle appreciate the full significance of the French Revolution? One of the chief characteristics of the nineteenth century is the growth of the democratic spirit. This is shown in the laws which the nations have passed and in their literatures. England has passed sweeping reforms along the line of growing democracy—was passing them in Carlyle's time. It is still a matter of wonder that Carlyle took as little interest in them as he did. He was a thorough sympathizer with the improvement of the condition of the lower classes, for poverty and misery always called forth his profoundest sympathy. But the first struggles of democracy, the first steps that were being taken to make men socially and politically equal—these tendencies Carlyle neither understood nor appreciated. In the first of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* he gives us his full idea of democracy. He inveighs against it and considers it anarchy itself. The people, he said, could not go without a leader, and this trying to set them free to govern themselves is purest madness. Men are incapable of ruling themselves. It is the Heroes who should rule. It is the privilege of the people to be led. The worst oppression that could be put upon them is to turn them loose and let them have a voice in governing themselves. "The farther I look into the roots of all this, the more hateful, ruinous, and dismal does the state of mind all this could have originated in, appear to me." Such views show that he did not understand true democracy; for democracy does not mean the dissolving of all the ties which hold men together; neither does it mean man's sudden social and political emancipation. It meant at that time the new set of forces which were slowly and surely working to bring about a greater freedom and deliberation of action on the part of the working man, not only in regard to public affairs, but in connection with private business and everyday life. It meant not only the ballot-box, but education and an ever-rising standard of living.

Carlyle's view of democracy has a vital connection with his

estimate of the French Revolution. To us the French Revolution stands hand-in-hand with the American Revolution as the birth of individual freedom and democratic ideas. It is easy for us to appreciate the Revolution to-day. It was far harder in Carlyle's time. Not till half the century had passed did men realize that democracy, a gift straight from heaven, had come to stay. England hated the "brawling mob" of Paris. Carlyle, as we have said, gave to England a new appreciation of the sincerity and devotion of the men who led the French Revolution ; but here he stopped. He did not grasp the importance of the principles for which these men fought and went to the scaffold. He thus missed the great point of the Revolution. It is strange that with his familiarity with even its slightest details, together with his humanitarian sympathy with the French peasants, he did not realize that they were fighting for some other reason than mere rage at the oppression that had so long borne down upon them. Had he been able to add this discernment of the significance of the French Revolution to the powerful descriptions in the book as it now stands, its value as history would have been doubled.

But as it is we have a twofold treasure in the book. First, we have been put in touch with the real men and women of the period. Hereafter we can more fully pardon their mistakes and more heartily applaud their heroism ; we feel that we owe them a great debt of gratitude for helping to realize those ideals of freedom which are so much to us at the present day. And secondly, we have obtained a closer understanding of human nature as a whole. The character of the French people and the Heroes of the Revolution throw strong light upon the character of the people of every nation. We feel our outlook broadened ; we have learned to know more of the race to which we belong.

The book is a great book ; it was written by a great man. When it was finished, Carlyle gave it to his wife to read, with these words : " You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man."

ANNE HIBBARD HALL.

OMAR KHAYYAM

Poor Omar, struggling on so long in vain
To grasp life's mystery of love and pain
Forever wedded,—and to read aright
The darkened Book of Fate, without the light
Of faith, which streaming from the Master's face
Might, by the radiance of its heavenly grace,
Have solved all doubts, have soothed all fears to sleep ;
Thou couldst not hear His voice across the deep :
“I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.” Alas,
No hope hadst thou, when life was done, to pass
Beyond the Veil, where all shall hear and see
The plan, divine in its simplicity.
Thou couldst but feel Fate's bitter insolence,
Nor know of life the Whither nor the Whence ;
No saving hope of light in death was thine ;
Thy only comfort, the forbidden Wine.
Strange, is it not, through all these yearning years,
So many hearts have found their own sad fears,
Their own heart-hidden questionings in thine ;
Perplexed like thee, with human and divine.
Unravell'd still the Master-Knot must lie,
For He alone who made can tell us why
The “destined Plot of Dust and Soul” must wait
Vision of Death, to know itself—too late.

KATHARINE CECILIA AHERN.

A WIND FLOWER

Willard's landlady smiled sympathetically across the narrow breakfast table. “I guess you've got to stay in this mornin', Mr. Willard,” she said. “It's a good deal too raw and cold for you to be out around, paintin', to-day.”

Willard nodded. “Quite right, Mrs. Storrs,” he returned, and he smiled at his landlady's daughter, who sat opposite. But she did not smile at him. She continued her silent meal, looking for the most part at her plate, and replying to direct questions only by monosyllables.

She must be nineteen or twenty, he decided, but her slender, curveless figure might have been that of a girl several years younger. Her face was absolutely without character to the casual glance—pale, slightly freckled, lighted by gray-green, half-closed eyes, and framed in light brown hair. Her lips were thin and her rare smile did not disclose her teeth. Even her direct look, when he compelled it, was quite uninterested.

Her mother chattered with the volubility of a woman left much alone, and glad of an appreciative listener, but the girl had not of her own accord spoken a word during his week's stay. He wondered as he thought of it why he had not noticed it before, and decided that her silence was not obtrusive, but only the outcome of her colorless personality—like the silence of the prim New England house itself.

He groaned inwardly. "What in time *can* I do? Nothing to read within five miles: my last cigar went yesterday: this beastly weather makes me idle and gloomy at the same time. If she weren't such a stick—heavens! I never knew a girl *could* be so thin!"

The girl in question rose and began clearing the table. Her mother bustled out of the room and left Willard in the old-fashioned arm-chair by the window, almost interested, as he wondered what the girl would do or say now. After five minutes of silence he realized the strange impression, or rather lack of impression, she made on him. He was hardly conscious of a woman's presence. The intangible atmosphere of femininity that wraps around a *tête-à-tête* with the most unattractive woman was wholly lacking. She seemed simply a more or less intelligent human being.

Given greatly to analysis, he grew interested. Why was this? She did not lack intellectually, he was sure. Such remarks as she had made in answer to his own were not noticeable for stupidity or even stolidity of thought. He broke the silence. "What do you do with yourself these days?" he suggested. "I don't see you about at all. Are you reading, or walking about these fascinating Maine beaches?"

She did not even look up at him as she replied. "I don't know as I do very much of anything. I'm not very fond of reading—at least, not *these* books." Remembering the Pilgrim's Progress, Book of Martyrs, Mrs. Heman's Poems, and the Adventures of Rev. James Hogan, Missionary to the Heathen of Af-

rica, that adorned the marble-topped table in the parlor, he shuddered sympathetically.

"But I walk a good deal," she volunteered. "I've been all over that ledge you're painting."

"Isn't it beautiful?" he said. "It reminds me of a poem I read somewhere about the beauty of Appledore—that's on this coast somewhere, too, isn't it? You'd appreciate the poem, I'm sure—do you care for poetry?"

She piled the dishes on a tray and carried it through the door before he had time to take it from her.

"No," she replied over her shoulder, "no, I don't care for it. It seems so—so smooth and shiny. somehow."

"Smooth? shiny?" he smiled as she came back; "I don't see."

Her high, rather indifferent voice fell in a slight embarrassment as she explained, "O, I mean the rhymes and the verses. They're so even and like a clock ticking."

He took from his pocket a little red book. "Let me read you this," he said eagerly, "and see if you think it smooth and shiny. You must have heard and seen what this man tries to tell." She stood awkwardly by the table, her scant, shapeless dress accentuating the straight lines of her slim figure, her hands clasped loosely before her, her face turned indifferently toward the window which rattled now and then at the gusts of the rising wind. Willard held the little book easily between thumb and finger, and read in clear, pleasant tones, looking at her occasionally with interest.

"Fresh from his fastnesses, wholesome and spacious,
The north wind, the mad huntsman, halloos on his white hounds
Over the gray, roaring reaches and ridges.
The forest of ocean, the chace of the world.
Hark to the peal of the pack in full cry,
As he thongs them before him, swarming voluminous,
Weltering, wide-wallowing, till in a ruining
Chaos of energy, hurled on their quarry,
They crash into foam!"

"There! is that smooth and shiny?" he demanded. She had moved nearer, to catch more certainly his least intonation.

Her hands twisted nervously, and to his surprise she smiled with unmistakable pleasure. "Oh! no!" she half-whispered, eyeing the book in his hand wistfully, "Oh! no! That makes me feel different. I—I love the wind."

"What's that?" Mrs. Storrs entered quickly. "Now, Sarah, you just stop that nonsense! Mr. Willard, has she been tellin' you any foolishness?"

"Miss Storrs had only told me that she liked the wind," he replied, hoping that the woman would go, and let him develop at leisure what promised to be a most interesting situation. She had really very pretty, even teeth, and when she smiled her lips curved pleasantly.

But Mrs. Storrs was not to be evaded. She had evidently a grievance to set forth, and looking reproachfully at her daughter continued, "Ever since Sarah was five or six years old she's had that crazy likin' for the wind. 'Taint natural, I say, and when the gales that we hev up here strike us, the least anybody can do's to stay in the house, and thank Providence they've got a house to stay in! Why, Mr. Willard, you'd never think it to look at her, for she's a real quiet girl—too quiet, seem's to me, sometimes, when I'm just put to it for somebody to be social with—but in thet big gale of eighty-eight she was out all night in it, and me and her father—that was before Mr. Storrs died—nearly crazy with fearin' she was lost for good. And when she was six years old, she got up from her crib and went out on the beach in her little nightgown and nothin' else, and it's a miracle she didn't die of pneumonia, if not of bein' blown to death!"

Mrs. Storrs stopped for breath and Willard glanced at the girl, wondering if she would appear disconcerted or angry at such unlooked-for revelation of her eccentricity, but her face had settled into its usual impassive lines, and she dusted the chairs serenely, turning now and then to look fixedly at the swaying elm before the window, whose boughs leaned to the ground under the still rising wind.

Her mother was evidently relieving the strain of an enforced silence, and sitting stiffly in her chair, as one not accustomed to the luxury of idle conversation, she continued, "And even now, when she's old enough to know better, you'd think, she acts possessed. Any wind-storm 'll set her off, but when the spring gales come, she'll just roam 'round the house, back and forth, staring out doors, and me as nervous as a cat all the while. Just because I won't let her go out she acts like a child. Why, last year I had to go out and drag her in by main force; I was nearly blown off the cliff, gettin' her home. And she was singin', calm as if she was in her bed like any decent person! It's

the most unnatural thing I ever heard of ! Now, Sarah Storrs," as the girl was slipping from the room, "you remember you promised me not to go out this year after supper, if the wind was high ! You mind, now ! It's comin' up an awful blow."

The girl turned abruptly. "I never promised you that, Mother," she said quickly. "I said I wouldn't if I could help it, and if I can't help it, I can't, and that's all there is about it." The door closed behind her, and shortly afterward Willard left her mother in possession of the room.

The day affected him strangely. The steady low moan of the wind was by this time very noticeable. It was not cold, only clear and rather keen, and the scurrying gray clouds looked chillier than one found the air, on going out. The boom of the surf carried a sinister threat with it, and the birds drove helplessly with the wind-current, seeming to flee some dreaded thing behind them.

Willard found the outdoor influences depressing. Indoors the state of affairs was not much better. Mrs. Storrs looked injured ; her sister, a lady of uncertain years and temper, talked of sudden deaths, and the probabilities of premature burial, pointed by the relation of actual occurrences of that nature ; and Sarah was not to be seen. At last he could bear idleness no longer, and opening the dusty melodeon, tried to drown the dreary minor music of the wind by some cheerful selection from the hymn-book Mrs. Storrs brought him, having a vague idea that secular music was out of keeping with the character of that instrument.

After a few moments' aimless fingering the keys he found himself pedalling a laborious accompaniment to the Dead March from Saul, and in despair closed the wheezy little organ.

The long day dragged somehow by, and at supper Sarah appeared, if anything whiter and more uninteresting than ever, only to retire immediately when the meal was over. "I might's well tell you, Mr. Willard, that you c'n give up all hope of paintin' any more *this* week," announced Mrs. Storrs, as the door closed behind her daughter. "This wind's good for a week, I guess. I'm sorry to have you go, but I shouldn't feel honest not to tell you." Mentally vowing to leave the next morning, Willard thanked her, and explained that the study was far enough advanced to be completed at his studio in the city, and that he had intended leaving very shortly.

A few moments later as he stood at the window in the parlor, looking at the waving elm-boughs and lazily wondering how the moon could be so bright when there were so many clouds, the soft swish of a woman's skirt sounded close to his ear. As he turned, the frightened "Oh!" and the little gasp of surprised femininity revealed Sarah, standing near the table in the center of the room. Even at that distance and in the dark he was aware of a difference in her, a subtle element of personality not present before.

"Did I frighten you?" he asked, coming nearer.

"No, not very much. Only I thought nobody would be here. I—I wanted some place to breathe in; it seems so tight and close in the house." As she spoke, a violent blast of wind drove the shutters against the side of the house and rubbed together the branches of the elm until they creaked dismally. She pressed her face against the glass and stared out into the dark. "Don't you love it?" she questioned, almost eagerly.

Willard shook his head dubiously. "Don't know. Looks pretty cool. If it gets much higher I shouldn't care to walk far."

She took her old place by the table again, but soon left it, and wandered restlessly about the room. As she passed him he was conscious of a distinct physical impression—a kind of electric presence. She seemed to gather and hold about her all the faint light of the cold room, and the sweep of her skirt against his foot seemed to draw him toward her. Suddenly she stopped her irregular march. "Hear it sing!" she whispered. The now distinct voice of the wind grew to a long, minor wail, that rose and fell with rhythmic regularity. As she paused with uplifted finger near him, Willard felt with amazement a compelling force, a personality more intense, for the time, than his own. Then, as the blast, with a shriek that echoed for a moment with startling distinctness from every side, dashed the elm branches against the house itself, she turned abruptly and left the room. "Stay here!" she said shortly, and resisting the impulse to follow her, he obeyed. In a few moments she returned with a heavy shawl wrapped over her head and shoulders.

"Hold the window open for me," she said, "I'm going out." He attempted remonstrance, but she waved him impatiently away. "I can't get out of the door—Mother's locked it and taken the key; but you can hold up the window while I get out.

O, come yourself, if you like ! But nothing can happen to me."

Mechanically he held open the window as she slipped out, and dragging his overcoat after him, scrambled through, himself. She was waiting for him at the corner of the house, and as he stumbled in the unfamiliar shadows, held out her hand. "Here, take hold of my hand," she commanded. Her cool, slim grasp was strangely pleasant, as she hurried along with a smooth, gliding motion wholly unlike her slow indifferent walk of the day before.

Once out of the shelter of the house, the storm struck them with full force, and Willard realized that he was well-nigh strangled in the clutches of a genuine Maine gale.

"What folly !" he gasped, crowding his hat over his eyes and struggling to gain his wonted consciousness of superiority. "Come back instantly, Miss Storrs ! Your mother—"

"Come ! come !" she interrupted, pulling him along.

He stared at her in amazement. Her eyes were wide open and almost black with excitement. Her face gleamed like ivory in the cold light. Her lips were parted and curved in a happy smile. Her slender body swayed easily with the wind that nearly bent Willard double. She seemed unreal—a phantom of the storm, a veritable wind-spirit. Her loosened hair flew across his face, and its touch completed the strange thrill that her hand-clasp brought. He followed unresistingly.

"Aren't—you—afraid—of—the—woods?" he gasped, the gusts tearing the words from his lips, as he saw that she was making for the thick growth of trees that bordered the cliff. Her high light laughter almost frightened him, so weird and not-human it came to him on the wind.

"Why afraid ? The woods are so beautiful in a storm ! They bow and nod and throw their branches about—O, they're best of all, then !"

A sweeping blast nearly threw him down and he instinctively dropped her hand, since there was no feeling of protection possible for him, her footing was so sure, her balance so perfect. As he righted himself and staggered to the shelter of the tree under which she was standing, he stopped, lost in wonder and admiration. She had impatiently thrown off the shawl and stood in a gleam of moonlight under the tree. Her long straight hair flew out in two fluttering wisps at either side; her straight fine brows, her dark long lashes, her slender curved mouth

were painted against her pale face in clear relief. Her eyes were widely open, the pupils dark and gleaming. It seemed to his excited glance that rays of light streamed from them to him as he said under his breath, "Heavens! she's a beauty! If only I could catch that pose!"

"Come!" she called to him again, "we're wasting time! I want to get to the cliff!" He pressed on to her, but she slipped around the tree and eluded him, keeping a little in advance as he panted on, fighting with all the force of a fairly powerful man against the gale that seemed to float her along like a feather. It occurred to him, as he watched with a greedy artist's eye the almost unnatural ease and lightness of her walk, that she caught intuitively the turns of the wind, guiding along currents and channels unknown to him, for she seemed with it always, never against it. Once she threw out both her arms in an abandon of delight, and actually leaned on the gust that tossed him against a tree, baffled and wearied with his efforts to keep pace with her, and confusedly wondering if he should wake soon from this improbable dream.

Speech was impossible. The whistling of the wind alone was deafening, and his voice was blown in twenty directions when he attempted to call to her. Small twigs lashed his face, slippery boughs glided from his grasp, and the trees fled by in a thick-grown crowd to his dazed eyes. To his right, a birch suddenly fell with a snapping crash. He leaped to one side, only to feel about his face a blinding storm of pattering acorns from the great oak that with a rending sigh and swish tottered through the air at his left.

"Good God!" he cried in terror, as he saw her standing apparently in its track. A veer in the gale altered the direction of the great trunk, that sunk to the ground across her path. As it fell, with an indescribable, swaying bound she leaped from the ground and before it quite touched the earth, she rested lightly on it. She seemed absolutely unreal—a Dryad of the windy wood. All fear for her left him. As she stood poised on the still trembling trunk, a quick gust blew out her skirt to a bubble on one side and drove it close to her slender body on the other, while her loose hair streamed like a banner along the wind. She curved her figure toward him and made a cup of one hand, laying it beside her opened lips. What she said he did not hear. He was rapt in delighted wonder at the consummate grace of her

attitude, the perfect poise of her body. She was a figure in a Greek frieze—a bas-relief—a breathing statue.

Unable to make him hear, she turned slightly and pointed ahead. He realized the effect of the Wingless Victory in its unbroken beauty. She was not a woman, but an incarnate Art, a miracle of changing line and curve, a ceaseless inspiration.

Suddenly he heard the pound and boom of the surf. In an ecstasy of impatience she hurried back, seized his hand, and fairly dragged him on. The crash of the waves and wind together took from him all power of connected thought. He clung to her hand like a child, and when she threw herself down on her face to breathe, he grasped her dress and panted at her ear, "We—can't—get—much—farther—unless—you—can walk—on the—Atlantic!" She smiled happily back at him, and the thickness of her hair, blown by the wind from the ocean about his face, brought him a strange, unspeakable content.

"Shall we ever go back?" he whispered half to himself. "Or will you float down the cliff and wake me by your going?"

Her wide, dark eyes answered him silently. "It *is* like a dream, though," her high, sweet voice added. And then he realized that she had hardly spoken since they left the house. The house? As in a dream he tried vaguely to connect this Undine of the wood with the girl whose body she had stolen for this night's pranks. As in a dream he rose and followed her back, through the creaking swaying trees, through the howling sweeping wind. Her cold slim hand held his, her light shrill voice sang little snatches of song—hymns, he remembered afterward. As the moonlight fell on her, he wondered dreamily why he had thought her too thin. And all the while he fought, half-unconsciously, the resistless gale, that spared him only when he yielded utterly.

The house gleamed white and square before them. Silently he raised the window for her. He had no thought of lifting her in. That she should slip lightly through was of course. The house was still lighted, and he heard the creaking of her mother's rocking-chair in the bedroom over his head. He looked at his watch. "Does her mother rock all night?" he thought dully, for it was nearly twelve. She read his question from the perplexed glance he threw her.

"She's sitting up to watch the door so that I shan't get out," she whispered quietly, without a smile. "Good-bye. Don't

think too hard of me, to-morrow, Mr. Willard." And he stood alone in the room.

Until late the next morning he wandered in strange wearied yet fascinated dreams with her. Vague sounds as of high-pitched reproaches and quiet sobbing mingled with his morning dreams, and when with aching head and thoroughly bewildered brain he went to his late breakfast, Mrs. Storrs served him; and only as he left for the train, possessed by a longing for the great busy live city of his daily work, did he see her daughter, walking listlessly around the house. Her freckled face was paler than ever, her half-closed eyes reddened, and her slight awkward bow in recognition of his puzzled salute might have been directed to someone behind him.

Only his aching head and wearied feet assured him that the strangest night of his life had been no dream.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

THACKERAY AND PUNCH

"In a good day for himself, the journal and the world, Thackeray found Punch." So wrote Shirley Brooks, an editor of that classic periodical, and we, after reading Thackeray's Punch poems and papers, must heartily agree. In Punch and Fraser's Magazine Thackeray entered on his career as a man of letters. Like Barrie, he began by courting "Journalism, that grisette of literature, who has a smile and a hand for all beginners welcoming them at the threshold, teaching them so much that is worth knowing, introducing them to the other lady whom they have worshipped from afar, showing them even how to woo her, and then bidding them a bright Godspeed." He was a bit impatient perhaps to win the other lady, and one does not wonder, since in those days of magazine writing Vanity Fair was fermenting in his brain. But that is not saying that the nine years in which he wrote regularly for Punch (1843-1852) were not very happy ones. There was something of the literary Bohemian in Thackeray, and to this side of his nature his relations with Punch gave free play.

He was justly beloved by the Punch brotherhood—Mr. Punch's cabinet, as he called the literary and artistic staff. An important one of these was John Leech, who through his drawings did more than any other one man, if we may believe An-

thony Trollope, to make Punch famous. In a review of this artist's work, written in 1854, Thackeray said, "Fancy a number of Punch without Leech's pictures. What would you give for it?" Some of the lesser lights in the Punch constellation bore Thackeray a grudge for saying this, but he forthwith invited the whole confraternity to dinner. They came, were very merry, and went away loving him better than ever. For many years, long after he ceased to be a contributor, he was a guest at the annual Punch banquet. In this literary brotherhood he stood easily chief. Most of his best early work appeared in the columns of Punch. And while Thackeray's contributions have given no little lustre to the name of Punch, new interest is also added to all this work of his by its connection with that popular paper.

First of his contributions to Punch in order of time, came the mock-heroic histories: the History of the Next French Revolution, and Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History. Thackeray, it seems to me, wrote very few things funnier than these lectures on the early English kings, delivered to her pupils—her "little dears"—by Miss Tickletoby, who, though according to her own words, "a sensitive and delicate female," is yet a very stern school-mistress. Perhaps many an Englishman reading his Punch feared he ought to be a little shocked at such irreverent treatment of his country's history. But we, without any such scruple, may laugh as much as we please at the pictures of Gregory, then "a simple clerical gent," blessing the little Angles in the market-place, and cracking a joke "which certainly did not do much honor to his head," and of Queen Eleanor, an old crone, offering the fair Rosamond her choice between a dagger and a bowl of poison. And here the word "pictures" is used with a double meaning, for half of the joke lies in the illustrations, which are Thackeray's own. Punch's Prize Novelists form another group of his contributions. These are parodies on the work of Bulwer, Disraeli, Cooper and other novelists of the day. The humor here lies rather in the cleverness of the mimicry than in anything that is said, and while the sketches are interesting as showing the dexterity of a young craftsman in style, they have little if any intrinsic value.

In Punch reappears the character already made famous by the Yellowplush Papers which came out in Fraser's Magazine. I refer to Jeames, the flunkey whom Thackeray makes the vehicle for some of his cleverest and most scathing satire on London society. Through the rise of this footman by railroad specula-

tion to gilded prosperity, and his sudden downfall therefrom, told by Jeames de la Pluche in his diary, in genuine Cockney spelling and all, we learn what Thackeray thinks of the wealth-worshipping London of his day. He shows us, too, the honesty and simplicity of Jeames, who remains unchanged at heart through all vicissitudes, and is content to settle down at last to keeping a public house with the ever adorable Mary Hann'Oggins.

Next to Jeames, the most important character whom Thackeray produced in *Punch* is the Fat Contributor, who sends many accounts of his wanderings to Brighton, on the Continent, and especially in the East, in which, as his supposed commentator in *Punch* remarks, "there is not a word about the places visited, but a prodigious deal of information regarding himself."

The Snob Papers are among the best known, though perhaps not the most entertaining of Thackeray's writings in *Punch*. There are too many of them; they grow monotonous, and one wishes with one of his critics that instead of finding a snob in each walk in life, he had analyzed snobbishness according to its attributes and characteristics.

Thackeray's work in *Punch* was by no means all in prose. He wrote also a number of ballads. Some of the most delightful of these are merely incidental to other work. In saying this we think of two which appeared in Miss Tickletoby's Lectures—the famous ballad of King Canute, and another called Æthelred Kōning, Murning Poste Redinge, which as he says, "is important to the archæologist, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back." There are also the Ballads of Pleaceman X, which show the Cockney in another form. Another set of ballads is written in what Trollope calls Hibernico-Thackerayan, or English as Thackeray thinks the Irishman speaks it.

The mere enumeration of these ballads, sketches and tales suggests some of the characteristics which they have in common with the work of the mature Thackeray, the Thackeray whom we best know and love. Here we find his versatility and flexibility of mind. And as he turns lightly from one role to another, playing Jeames and the Fat Contributor and all the rest in turn, we recognize the beginnings of that dramatic power which made him a prince of character portrayers. In this early work is most strongly marked the hatred of snobs and shams which we always associate with Thackeray. This forms the

chief part of his satire on the follies and artificialities of English life. Nor is there lacking the genuine kindness and earnestness which at least one of his readers believes is always behind the satire.

All this makes us feel the personality of the man. But we feel too, if I may be allowed to say so, the personality of Punch. We must not let that name stand merely for a comic paper, else we cannot speak of Mr. Punch. Then would be lost the delicious flavor of Mr. Folkstone Canterbury's letter from Paris, which alludes to the domestic bliss of Mr. Punch with his immaculate Judy. Then too should we fail to sympathize with Jeames in his desire that Mr. Punch should stand godfather to little Jeames. Failing to think of Punch as a person, we cannot echo the Fat Contributor's eulogy of the moral and political influence of Mr. Punch throughout the East. That reminds one of the story of Punch at the Pyramids. Let us hear an account of it in the Fat Contributor's own words: "The 19th of October was Punch's Coronation. I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—on the 19th of October, 1844, I pasted the great placard of Punch on the Pyramid of Cheops. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die it could not be undone. If I perish I have not lived in vain. If the forty centuries are on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, I did not see them. But Punch has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?) One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighboring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn."

So much for Punch. But it is Thackeray's own personality which holds us after all. And we find a genial man who while he makes us laugh, makes us respect and love him too. For there is a moral earnestness under the surface joking which indeed commands our respect. This is shown in his sincere attack on the practice of flogging in the army, in the Civilian Snob,

and again in his condemnation of inefficient courts in one of the Ballads of Pleaceman X. Mr. Snob's Remonstrance to Mr. Smith contains earnest words on the duty of kings to live royally. Again I would call your attention to the essential kindness of the man. Some may find grounds in his later work for calling him cynical, though even this I would dispute. But in these Punch papers there is nothing to substantiate that charge. And indeed to the charge of cynicism, let his friend Shirley Brooks make answer :

"He was a cynic! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought;
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise!

"He was a cynic! You might read it writ
In that broad brow crowned with its silver hair,
In those blue eyes with childlike candor lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear."

Such was the genial Thackeray—a fit companion for the ever merry Mr. Punch.

FLORENCE JUDD ANDERSON.

THE GYPSY

The Northern winter's o'er :
The cold, forbidding winds no longer blow,
The sharp frost bites no more.
Come, let us up and go
Far from the South where we have wintered long;
I must away, far, far away!
The old unrest, the old unquietness
Stir now within me, all my soul possess.
Where the winds with the sea-waves play,
And where I may hear the sea's hoarse song.
As it thunders and booms by the great rocks there,
Flinging the white spray high in the air—
There, there,
With the salt wind in my hair,
I'll wander, as free
As the open sea,
As free as the blue sky overhead,—
Ay, freer than they,
For the sea must stay

Ever in its appointed bed,
And the sky is there day after day,
But I—I may go at my own sweet will,
Beside the sea or over yonder hill,
Blue in the distance as another sea.
By the sea will I wander on the sand,
From rise of sun till night creeps o'er the land,
Then peacefully
Lie down to sleep, in my ears the low
Sobbing voice of the undertow ;
Then in the morning with quickened powers,
Following the trail through the daylight hours,
Ever and aye,
In my soul's unrest,
On the old, old quest :
New earth, new sky—
No place the worst, no place the best,
So from the sea that lured but now,
Inland, far shall I turn my face,
Inland, over the low hill's brow.
Still on from hill to hill I'll pace,
Coming at last to the deep greenwood,
Where the scent of the resinous pines will bring
A languor sweet to my very soul.
There, for a time, shall be my goal,
Lying there 'neath the sheltering
Of the pine, that nurses the robin's brood.
And the thrush will sing to me all the day,
Tossing his rapturous song to the air
With as little thought, as little care
As I, just humming some roadside lay.
I shall listen to Phoebe's lover call,
"Phoebe, Phoebe," tenderly,
(Though Phoebe never comes at all.)
But the golden oriole's cheery cry,
From the meadow at the edge of the wood :
"Come away, here, come away,"
Shall draw me forth—ah, my fickle mood !
And on again from day to day,
Ever changing,
Ever ranging,
Life's full cup of joy I drain—
Sometimes, truly, tasting sorrow,
But to-morrow
Brings forgetfulness of pain,
While remembrance of each pleasure,
In full measure,
Lures me on to seek it once again.

LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

QUATRAIN

The Spring-light lies on snow-mute hills :
The Love-light grows in her dear eyes ;—
The Golden Age will come again
When time fulfills these prophecies.

F. O.

I

A woman's friends said to her, "Why do you always wear green?"

"Why, what is the matter with your eyesight, Fables friends?" said the woman. "I am not wearing green, but blue and yellow."

Her friends, however, would not be convinced and saw only green, while the woman still insisted that her gown was blue and yellow.

Now one who called himself a philosopher listened to the discussion. "You are both wrong," he said. "The gown in itself is neither green, nor blue and yellow, but black. It is only the light of the sun that lends it color."

But though the philosopher argued himself hoarse he could convince no one. "If the sun did not shine," they said, "the gown might be black, but the fact remains that the sun does shine."

So they all continued to think their own way; and—who was right?

II

A man had a plain substantial coat with a rich and beautiful lining, and some of his friends, catching a glimpse of the lining now and then, admired it greatly. After a while the man be-

came vain of the bright lining. "What a pity it is," he thought, "that everybody cannot see and admire the expensive stuff and rich colors."

The more he thought about it, the more rich and beautiful the lining seemed to him, and the greater seemed the pity that the world should see only a plain substantial coat. At length his vanity so got possession of him that he turned his coat wrong side out and wore it so. He forgot that the bright and rich stuff, which was beautiful for a lining, was not appropriate for a coat; it looked gaudy and cheap.

Some of the man's acquaintances laughed at him; some turned away in disgust. And the sun's rays faded the lining, and the rain stained it, until it was shabby and dingy and worn. Then the man wore the lining on the inside again, but its beauty was gone.

M. H. L.

The queen stood at the window, looking out upon the garden.

"Some day," she said, with an impatient sigh, "some day I shall die of ennui. And then the people will

A Good Ruler be very much entertained, because there will be a pretty funeral."

The king shrugged his shoulders.

"Even that," he answered, "might fail to amuse them. But it might be tried. In the meantime, there is the ball."

"Yes," said the queen dryly, "there is the ball. At which," she went on, after a pause, "you and I sit, masked, in fancy dress, on a daïs, while other people do things. That's what comes of being a 'good ruler.' Now if you weren't—you'd do things."

"Such as—?" queried the king.

"Oh! such as getting off the daïs and forgetting who you are." The queen, who had been apparently addressing herself to the rain, turned abruptly. "Why not do it anyway—we can make someone take our places, and put on some black dominoes and masks, and really have some excitement."

The queen's eyes were shining brightly, and the king looked at her admiringly.

"You will need a large mask," he said.

"Really," said the queen, seating herself on the arm of his chair, "Really, you know, you are very charming—even though you are a king."

“And a ‘good ruler’?” said the king.

“And a ‘good ruler,’” acquiesced the queen, with a laugh.

So it happened that on the evening of the ball, an astonished lord and a bewildered lady found themselves dressed in the royal costumes, masked, and seated on the royal daïs, while the king and queen, black-dominoed figures, slipped out into the night and then in again, among the variegated throng. The queen gave a little inward laugh of exultation as she moved along with the crowd toward the dressing-rooms, where, wraps laid aside, the guests blossomed out into flower-girls, grand dames, or beggars, each as fancy dictated.

“I am glad I thought of this in time,” she said to herself happily, slipping out of her domino, and giving a touch here and there to the saucy peasant costume it had concealed. “Now even he won’t know me; he thought I was to wear a domino.”

Yet in spite of her delight in the novelty of the situation, it was a little strange, and not altogether pleasant to be elbowed and jostled by the good-natured crowd. For a queen, accustomed to have the densest throng separate at her approach, it was not the easiest thing in the world to make a way for herself. So she was not at all sorry when a voice said gently, “My arm may be of some service in making a path for you. If so, may I not—?”

The queen gave a little sigh of relief. “Indeed you may,” she said; “And is there not some place where—”

“Surely, there is,” interrupted her companion. “Here—” and he led the way through a passage into the coolness of a dimly-lighted room.

“Ah,” said the queen, sinking back among a pile of cushions. “you have excellent taste—you have been here before?” and she laughed.

“Seldom,” he answered deprecatingly, “and—pardon me if I am too bold—never in such good company.”

The queen eyed him through her mask, thought how well an antique courtier’s suit became an athletic figure, approved mentally of his well-shaped, well-gloved hand, gave one flitting thought to the whereabouts of a certain black-dominoed king, and—yielded to temptation.

“Is it so good?” she said.

“It is better than good,” answered her companion promptly. “It is entrancing.”

"The good is rarely that," said the queen with a sigh.

"Of the two," he said, "if one must choose,—I prefer the entrancing."

"Would you prefer both?" asked the queen with a mischievous glance.

"I could omit—the goodness," he answered. "In fact—"

"Suppose," said the queen calmly, "that, for to-night, we consider the goodness omitted."

"With all my heart," said he fervently. "A bargain—which I will seal here." He raised her hand to his lips; and accustomed as a queen may be to kisses on the finger-tips, a bargain sealed with a kiss in the soft warm palm of her hand, has, even for her, possibilities of emotion.

Hours later the queen, bright-eyed and black-dominoed, and the king, black-dominoed and reminiscent, met like two guilty conspirators in one of the rooms of the queen's suite.

"Wasn't it fun," said the queen, seating herself before the fire.

"It certainly was a change," admitted the king, dreamily.

Something in his voice made the queen glance at him sharply.

"Did you wear that domino all the evening?" she said.

"No," said the king, shaking it back from his shoulders. "I thought I'd be a little more gaudy."

He stopped as he saw the queen's expression—a curious mixture of astonishment and laughter.

"What is it?" he asked, glancing down at his costume.

"Don't you like it? I rather fancied it myself."

"It's—very—becoming," said the queen, gasping a little. Then—"So it was you I—saw—in that little room, all the evening, making love to some girl."

"How do you know I was making love?" demanded the king.

"George—Edgar—Frederic—Ernest—Victor—don't you suppose I know how you look on those interesting occasions?" she said, drawing her domino a little more closely around her.

The movement was an unfortunate one, for it disclosed a pointed shoe, ornamented with a huge silver buckle. Now even a man cannot be wholly blind to such conspicuous objects as peculiarly large silver buckles, on remarkably pointed shoes. The king's eyes travelled from the buckle to the queen's face, and back again. Then he stepped forward.

"Take off that domino," he commanded.

The queen hesitated, and then threw it off, defiantly.

"So it was you," said the king slowly, "you—that I—saw—in that little room all the evening, making love to some man."

"I wasn't," said the queen, "he—you—did it all."

The king nodded. "And yet," he said, "you seemed—pardon me if I use a colloquialism—you seemed to 'know your book.'"

"I ought to know the answers to your speeches, by this time," answered the queen, still defiantly; then, penitently, with her arms around his neck, "It was horrid of me, I know. But it was fun."

"Yes," said the king, "it was fun. And I don't think we are either of us in a position to—to cast stones," he added, laughing.

"Really, you are very nice," said the queen, contentedly.

"But next time," said the king, sternly, "we will sit on the dais."

"Next time," said the queen, lifting her face from the king's shoulder—"Next time, we will go—together."

"Quite so!" said the king, as he bent to kiss her. "Together—if we go at all."

R. P. M.

NASTURTIUMS

Heart's blood of the sunshine glows in your petals,
 Mingling the tints of crocus and rose;
 Dazzling the butterfly that flutt'ringly settles
 Thinking one flower the fairest that blows,
 Till quickly the next gleams out for him brighter,
 And decisionless, flitting, onward he flies
 Than summery clouds in constancy lighter,
 As the memory even of each flower dies.
 Brilliant-lined faces flauntingly flaring,
 Against your green background in coquetry leaning,
 Smaller suns back at the greater sun staring,
 In your tropical glow and your grace overweening,—
 The flower of an hour, yet no thought of a morrow
 Casts a soberer shade on your orange and red:
 No hint of a dying or sigh of a sorrow,
 Like violets praying in low-hiding bed,
 Can turn your tint purple, sweet color of thought.
 For you, you are happy and fear not the shower;
 You are glad in the present; the future is naught,
 And you live in your beauty, an Epicure flower.

M. L. D.

The old shoemaker sat in the growing darkness, pegging away on a sole by the light which shone out through the opened door of the stove. The outer door opened, and

The Sad Fate of in came Tommy, "me one patrashion
Dennis McKenna frind," as the shoemaker was in the habit of calling him because he lived in the "iligant manshion" around the corner. "He's a pony and a female attindant entoirely to himsilf," he would say to his friends when he wanted to impress them. But pride in the acquaintanceship did not prevent him from always treating Tommy with infinite scorn.

"Will, and what do ye think ye're after wantin' *this* time?" he said, without deigning Tommy a glance as he seated himself on a bundle of leather.

"A story," said Tommy.

"Indade, and air ye so forehanded as to know what koin'd of a story ye're a-wantin'?"

"Yes sir," said Tommy politely, "I think I should like a *new* one. Not but what the others are very nice," he added apologetically. "But I know the one about Tim Dougherty's Wedding, and the one about Rory Megan's Hanging, and the one where Bridget finds the hidden will, so well now. I think you must know others just as good. I should like it full of ghosts and wild animals and murders."

"The nixt best thing to havin' what ye want is knowin' what ye want," said the shoemaker.

"Please begin," said Tommy.

The shoemaker eyed him a moment with a twinkle in his eye.

"Did I iver till ye about the sad fate of Dinnis McKinna?"

"No," said Tommy.

"Will, this is a raal true story I'm about to till ye. Dinnis was a frind of mine whin we were young min together in the awld country. He was a foine strappin' lad, and he grew into an iligant stock of a man. He'd fought a dozen dools before he was twinty, killin' ivery wan of his adversaries at the first whack. He was a bowld man, was Dinnis. But Dinnis's succisses made him vain, and he begun to think there was nothin' in the whole world was too much fer him. 'Twas his vain-glowry that brought Dinnis low. Will, this that happened to him was after the war was over, and Dinnis was travellin' through the southern part of Ireland to take ship fer the Injies where he was goin' to wallop the blacks.

"He was travellin' along in a lonesome part of the country with himself and his baste. 'Twas night, as dark as the divil's cauldron and a thin rain drizzlin'. The country was all unknown to him, and after travellin' miles and miles and fetchin' up to nowhere, he begun to wonder where he was. Boi-and-boi, 'long about midnight he come to a dark, gloomy, *sepulchral* buildin'."

"How could he see it?" said Tommy.

"If ye wish me to proceed don't be after interruptin' me," said the shoemaker. "Ye'd have known by this time if ye'd lerned not to be so inquisitive."

"Excuse me," said Tommy.

"Ivery now and thin', a blazin' flash o' light come stramin' out o' the windys, or more correctly spakin', the hawls where windys wance was. It was *onarthly*. Have ye iver seen a divil?" he asked Tommy.

"Not that I know of," said Tommy.

"Thin ye can't understand this. It was caused by the divils winkin' their eyes. Howiver, the flashes lasted only one millionth of a second. And whin they were gone the darkness was most apallin'. And Dinnis stood still and debated whither or not he should inter. But he always had an advinturous spirit, and he siz to himsilf, siz he, 'Oi'l inter that mansion if there's tin thousand divils a-gardin' it—which Oi don't believe there is,' siz Dinnis, 'but there's no tillin'.'

"Spakin' this to himsilf he started toward the buildin'. He wint up to where he remimbered the door was. He ketched hold of the knob of the door to open it and immejiately it flew open. A draught of cowl'd dank air strnck Dinnis on the cheek. Dinnis began to git some apprehinsive, but he kept on. He intered the manshion and found himsilf in a long narrow passage. He put his hand on the wall and groped along in the dark. As he got further on he begun to hear exeruciatin' sounds, groans, and clankin' o' chains, and onct he heard a divil laff.

"Dinnis filt himsilf gittin' cowl'd. His hair stood on ind, and the marrow froze in his jint. And he begun to think he'd go back. But he found he could not go backwards one stip. And all to onct a terrific force drew him into a chamber. He fild cowl'd clammy claws a-pullin' him.—What's the matter, ye git-tin' scared?"

"No-o," said Tommy.

The shoemaker gave him a severe look over his goggles, and then went on.

"Will, whin Dinnis got in that room, he see a bid."

"Was the room lighted up so he could see?" asked Tommy.

"Naw! Did ye iver hear of a ghost chamber bein' illoominated? The dark in that room was so thick ye couldn't cut it with an axe. But Dinnis had bin in the dark so long he'd got so he could make out some things.

"Will, Dinnis see a *bid*. It was a very iligant piece o' furniture, with carvin's, and inlayin's, and embroidered tapestries. Dinnis thinks he'd make the ghosts think he wasn't afraid of 'em, so he siz, siz he, quite loud, siz he, 'Oi'l jist be layin' down in the bid so koindly pervided for me, and sleep till Oi'm obloiged to continue me travels in the mornin'. And a foine bid it is.'

"The ghosts they laffed. Siz Dinnis, 'They're laffin' in chagrin, because Oi ain't afraid of 'em.'

"Will, so Dinnis layed down on the bid, and doin' so he brought on his own destruction. It don't do to talk so big before ghosts. Dinnis hadn't bin on that bid more'n long enough for a loively spirit to snap his fingers, whin all to onct that bid begun to sink down. And foinally, after fallin' and fallin', it come to ground in a terrible dungeon loyin' moiles under the airth.

"Dinnis filt the cowl'd dank air a-penetratin' through his bowns. Growns, and soighs, and mutterin's kept goin' up on all soides. And Dinnis see heaps o' human bowns all over the bottom o' the pit. And a grinnin' ghost come up and chained Dinnis to a pile o' bowns, and thin the divils and the ghosts they come and danced around him all a-grinnin' and a-jeerin'. And thin they flew up to the upper regions agin, and lift Dinnis to his fate. Fer no one that got in that pit iver came out, did or aloive."

"Oh," said Tommy. "Poor Dinnis! How did they ever find out about him?"

"Years and years afterwards some travellers happened to look down that pit, and there they see Dinnis's bowns,—what there was lift of 'em."

"O-oh," said Tommy, looking into the fire with big round eyes, all unconscious of the twinkle in the old shoemaker's eye.

M. P. R.

EDITORIAL

At the annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, held last month in Boston, the representatives of the MONTHLY felt a considerable interest in a discussion of the best method of electing editors. This interest was aroused not so much by the methods themselves as by the presuppositions on which they seemed to be based. Several more or less elaborate schemes were brought forward, some of them in actual use, others imaginary, but almost all based on the idea of open competition for a place on the board of the college magazine. The problem before the electors was understood to be the best method of testing the rival candidates. To the delegates of the MONTHLY, the discovery of this attitude brought a distinct shock, and after the shock came a question. Such a method of election would be impossible to us, but why? What is there in the present system, by which the outgoing board appoints its successors subject to the approval of the head of the Rhetoric Department, more intrinsically adapted to our conditions than a method apparently affording better opportunities for accurate and intelligent choice? The answer seems to involve principles far broader and more far-reaching than the mere carrying on of a single organization.

The official policy of the College is opposed to competition. So much is clearly understood and gladly accepted. Any attempt to make our marking system more public than it is at present would probably meet with determined opposition on the part of the student body. Public marks add to the wear and tear of life; they furnish a stimulus to the very students who are least in need of it, and leave the others uninfluenced. Moreover, we feel that they introduce an extraneous and comparatively unworthy motive into the dignified and serious pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Culture is not so slight a thing that it can be set down in decimals, or gauged by the relative

positions of names in a list, and the introduction of such considerations in any definite form appears at once too businesslike and too flippant.

But the idea of no competition has not been allowed to stop here: on the contrary, it has been ostensibly extended over almost every field of our college activity. Ostensibly, I say, for would anyone maintain that the spirit of emulation, the desire for honors, the craving for small distinctions in the eyes of our fellow-students, are really non-existent here? They are too essentially a part of human nature for that, and not necessarily an ignoble part either, inextricably intertwined as they are with the desire for larger opportunities of self-expression and for some fixed object on which to expend our energy. But these motives, real and legitimate though they may be, form no part of our scheme of things, and so competition is driven entirely from the surface of our life, to appear all the more strongly as an under-current. By one of our conventions, nobody ever wants anything here, except no doubt the applause of an approving conscience. What additions are made by this convention to that great body of Things We Never Speak Of in general society, of which every girl in the college could make so long a list! Take a single example. Who among us would dare to refer in public to membership in the literary societies as an object of general ambition? Every girl, no matter what the likelihood of her being invited to join one of these societies, is expected to receive such an invitation as the well brought-up heroine does an offer of marriage—as a very delightful thing which she never in her life thought of before. Any one who cares to take the trouble can multiply instances, for we bring the same point of view to bear on most things that we do. It is a positive relief to find girls frankly competing for parts in Senior dramatics, though even there do they not maintain that ‘they only want a place in the mob?’

This is by no means an accusation of hypocrisy. It is not maintained that girls deliberately set their hearts on certain honors and distinctions, and then exclaim like the villain in the play, “But I must dissemble.” The deception is farther back than that. It is simply that our attitude makes no allowance for the existence of certain motives in human nature, and that these motives go on acting without official recognition. And after all there is nothing essentially wrong about them. Ambi-

tion, at its highest, is one of the healthiest of sentiments, for it implies delight in the exertion of strength, and striving for a wider field of application. Even competition, so it be frank and cheerful, is not necessarily selfish. "To drink delight of battle with our peers" is no ungenerous emotion. If the College could eliminate these motives from our nature it would offer us an odd preparation for life, in which we understand they play no inconsiderable part. But it does not eliminate them; it only forces them to go masked. We look at the objects of our ambition as-
kance, without admitting them to others or even to ourselves, and so our standard of values becomes warped, and we are as likely to set things too high as too low. Perhaps this loss of frankness is more than counterbalanced by gains in other directions; but it seems worth while for once to look matters squarely in the face, and admit that outside of the official curriculum, the applications of the principle of no competition are apparent, not real.

EDITOR'S TABLE

A great deal might be said, and a great deal has been said, about the place of the short story in modern literature, and the permanence of that place. But whether it has come to stay or not, there can be no doubt that the "conte" is with us for the present, and in full force. It is therefore in the light of future expectations that the crude fiction of the undergraduate world should be judged. It is from this soil that a large, if not the largest part of our next crop of magazine-writers is to come. The general tendencies, naturally enough, are already the same, with the inevitable differences of age and atmosphere. Even these already incline to disappear, as the number of years required in a contributor seems a sliding scale, with a rapidly increasing propensity to slide to the bottom; and the interest of subscribers in that recently perfected invention, the American College, threatens to rival that taken in the other home-manufactures.

The general run of undergraduate stories may be roughly divided under three heads: those founded upon other writings; those founded upon personal experience of a kind already worked up; those founded upon experience not yet exhaustively treated. There is an unfortunate but very natural preponderance of the first two kinds over the third, and moreover it is extremely difficult to discriminate between the former. For instance, it is hard to be certain whether the writer of a Japanese customs sketch has really seen what is described, or merely picked up the details from the numerous recent works on the subject. In the same way the universal "dialect" story may or may not be based upon actual knowledge. On the other hand, it is easy enough to see whence the characteristics of a '49 or '61 episode derive their being, statistics alone sufficing to prevent the thought of any real experience here. Horrors too have been pretty well done up. The number of diseased hearts and brains

in alcohol has even by a few captious critics been already declared too large. At any rate, in all these instances the youthful writer has so many skilled competitors ahead of him, that except as literary exercises, these compositions can be but little productive to him.

There remains—much. First and foremost for strength and purity of local-coloring, the college sketch. This desirable though dangerous form of fiction is all our own. Few college stories, comparatively speaking, have been published at all; fewer still have met with anything beyond the most limited local approval. But the subject is one of growing interest to outsiders, of immense, almost of vital importance to every member either past, present or future of a college. How are we to increase if we are not fairly represented in the world, how are we to be properly appreciated? It is on our “spirit” that we all rely, and is that to be expressed by photographs and statistics? The element of danger remains. The likelihood of personal application and misapprehension can scarcely be overestimated. It must however be faced, and that it is so the increasing number of local tales in the majority of the magazines begins to testify. In this connection, “The Diary of a ‘Prof’” in the *Inlander* would deserve mention, even if it were not for its vividness of coloring, as a student-revelation of faculty-life before the boldness of which the feminine imagination recoils in horror.

There are likewise the tales of the hour, of which “A Problem in Social Economy” in the *Vassar Miscellany* and “What They Would Do with It” in the *Kalends* are clever examples. For the psychology of light flirtations, there seems also no lack of material, but to the majority of us most deeper experience of mature souls is a sealed book. In the deeper experience of immature souls, we have on the other hand a wide and fruitful field. Who better can describe the joys and sorrows of those wee beings on whom so much attention is now being turned, than we who but the other day were ourselves children? What better object can we now attain than the vivid representation of those emotions which time has not blurred into a dim chromo of “childhood’s happy hour?” This experience is all behind us; it has acquired the necessary perspective. Let us then make the most of it, while it is yet fresh and whole. The tragedies and love-poems will follow all too soon.

The following sonnet is from the *Williams Literary Monthly*:—

FROM HELOISE TO ABELARD

In the dim church at Vesper-time last night
Amid the surge of canticle and prayer
And ecstasies of adoration, there
With the great cross high in the tapers' light,
I crouched where all the nuns knelt, hushed and white.
Those still, pure women! Have they aught to share
With hearts that yearn, and mad desires that dare
To barter Heaven for earthly touch and sight?

Across the singing came a dream to me—
Lo, it was April and we twain astray
Down drifted orchard-paths in that old place
My heart has folded safe in memory.
Do you remember, Dear, that sweet spring day?
Ah, pity, Lord! Let me forget its grace!

BOOK REVIEWS

* "BOSTON NEIGHBORS," by Agnes Blake Poor. The short stories collected under this title are evidently the work of an apprentice. They remind one of dried fruit—a taste of what might have been real fruit—so a suggestion of what might have been clever stories. The plots, though slight for the most part, are possible; and in "A Little Fool," and "Poor Mr. Ponsonby," there is a certain novelty of idea that is interesting. "Modern Vengeance," in contrast to the cheerful tone of the other stories, is sad enough, and is perhaps the most convincing of all. This very convincing quality, and the kindred one of personal interest, are the ones that Miss Poor's stories most lack. The scenes in their simplicity and poverty of emotion need some touch of individuality, of humanity, to give them force and a reason for being. Here and there, there is a simple directness of phrasing and delicacy of humor that is very pleasing. The local color, too, is noticeably good. But these desirable qualities cannot make up for what the book lacks—some touch of breathing human interest.

* "BIRD STUDIES: AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAND BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA," by William E. D. Scott. It is difficult to speak of Mr. Scott's book in any terms save those of unqualified praise. A more skillful combination of the popular and scientific treatments would be hard to find. The author has set himself a double task: to present a complete account of the land birds of "that portion of the continent east of the Mississippi River, Lake Winnipeg, and the western borders of Hudson's Bay," and to "point out a pleasant itinerary" to "the would-be traveller." Neither of these aims is allowed to interfere with the other. At the first glance one is chiefly impressed with the popular side of the treatment. The beautiful form in which the publishers have clothed the book, and the charming illustrations, from artistic original photographs taken "under the author's personal direction," naturally give this impression. The arrangement of the book, moreover,—its classification into birds "About the House," "Along the Highway," "In the Woods," etc.—is clearly designed to catch and hold the interest of the beginner who might be confused and discouraged by a systematic presentation of all the members of one group together.

But this arrangement is supplemented by a complete systematic table in the back of the book, by reference to which, with the aid of an index, one can readily discover the family relationships of the birds described in the text. Indeed, the more one studies the book, the more one is impressed with its solid scientific value. Each bird is described briefly but thoroughly—appearance, range, situation and character of nest and eggs, habits of migration, etc. Altogether, we have to thank both author and publishers for their alluring "invitation to a more intimate acquaintance with the "Land Birds of Eastern North America."

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

COMMENCEMENT DAY

We have come back again to our old place.
We are no longer sisters, mothers, wives :
We have turned back the current of our lives,
The old glad spirit shines in every face.
The changes of the years have left no trace
Of the new-old home life wherein each strives
To blend her two selves, so that neither thrives
At cost of other, but the two keep pace.

Dear friends and comrades all who are not here,
Your hearts are with us in these fair June days,
When we, returning, lead the old glad life.
Unto our hearts you grow each day more dear.
Your faces shine clear through Time's shrouding haze,
Untouched, unclouded by the great world's strife.

Alice M. Richards '95.

THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ will hold its next annual meeting in Philadelphia during the last week of October, and cordially invites to the meeting and to its membership all graduates of Smith College. The membership of the Association now numbers two thousand two hundred and fifty alumnæ of the following colleges and universities:—Boston University, Bryn Mawr College, Universities of California and Chicago, Cornell University, University of Kansas, Leland Stanford Jr. University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Universities of Michigan and Minnesota, Northwestern University, Oberlin College, Radcliffe College, Smith College, Syracuse University, Vassar College, Wellesley College, Wesleyan University and the University of Wisconsin. The organization was formed in Boston in 1881 by a nucleus of sixty-six women representing eight different colleges. Its purpose as formulated in its constitution was "to unite alumnæ of different institutions for practical educational work," and its lines of activity so far have borne an eminently practical character.

The first work undertaken by the Association was an inquiry into the reciprocal relation between college education and the health of women. It investigated the causes of withdrawals from college before the completion of the course; it published tabulated accounts of the work done in physical

training in the different colleges; it gathered statistics in regard to the health of college graduates. The results of these investigations have undoubtedly aided in securing better physical conditions in colleges and preparatory schools, and have helped to demonstrate the fact that with intelligent attention given to these conditions the anxiety once felt regarding the effect of higher education upon the health of women is groundless. More recently much interest and energy have been expended upon the study of the sanitary conditions of public schools. The Boston Branch last year made a sanitary inspection of the schools of Boston. Their findings, published at the same time with those of a committee of experts appointed by the Mayor, so roused public opinion concerning the existing conditions of ventilation, lighting and plumbing, that \$200,000 was at once appropriated for the needed improvements. Similar inspections are now in progress by the Washington, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Ohio and Connecticut Branches. Several Branches are carrying on the study of domestic sanitation initiated by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Miss Mariou Talbot of the University of Chicago. Many members of the Association gathered data to assist Miss Lucy Salmon of Vassar College in the preparation of her volume on "The Conditions of Domestic Service," recently published by Mac-Millan, and are still conducting research along this line. A committee under the leadership of Miss Eleanor Lord, formerly of Smith College, has gathered important statistics in regard to the wages of women. Careful studies have also been made from time to time of the occupations of college-bred women. "The Problem of Occupations," read before the Detroit meeting last autumn and published in the "Educational Review" for March, emphasizes the necessity of women developing courage to choose their occupations according to genuine taste or inclination, and ceasing to overcrowd the field of teaching to the great detriment of themselves and of the profession. A Bibliography of the Higher Education compiled by Miss Mary Rollins has been published by the Trustees of the Boston Public Library and supplements will be published every year or two.

The Association has from the start endeavored to exert its influence towards the maintenance of a high standard for collegiate institutions. The Committee on the Endowment of Colleges have brought to public attention the need of a campaign of enlightenment as to the meaning of a college degree. Its chairman, Miss Alla W. Foster, says in her last report that in many states there is no legislative provision against granting the power of conferring degrees to institutions "chartered with merely nominal endowments, in some cases utterly without foundation, solely as money-making instruments, under no official supervision, and utterly regardless of those ideals of scholarship which in every other civilized country are recognized as imposing certain inflexible conditions of high attainment." The committee has made systematic effort to have influence brought to bear upon state legislatures not to grant college charters to new institutions financially incapable of granting a standard degree. This result has been attained in New York. Pennsylvania has recently appointed a College and University Council which is to have full power to decide upon the chartering of new institutions. The Pennsylvania Legislature has also enacted that before an institution can be chartered with degree-conferring power, its assets must amount to at least

\$500,000, and its faculty consist of at least six regular professors who devote all their time to the instruction of its classes. Initial steps in this direction have been taken also in Michigan, California, Ohio and Massachusetts. The Association has kept in view the interests of those *alumnæ* who wish to carry on advanced or specialized study. For many years a Committee under the direction of Mrs. Martha Foot Crow of Chicago University has informed itself of the growth of opportunities for women to study at the leading universities abroad and at home. Since 1890 the Association has granted in competition each year two fellowships—a European and an American. The eleven European and seven American Fellows have done much by the quality of their research work to broaden the outlook and opportunities of those of the younger *alumnæ* who have genuine enthusiasm and ability for specialization. The Association in addition to the fellowships carries an annual subscription to the endowment of the American Women's Table in the Zoölogical Station at Naples. Within the last year there has been formed a Council to Accredite Women for Advanced Work in Foreign University. This Council seems to be a need of the present time, if women of sufficient training and serious purpose who wish to study abroad are not to be hampered by the prejudice created by other women who have neither, but who apply for permission to attend seminaries and lectures. The officers of several German universities have expressed informally a wish that the Association would relieve them of the embarrassment which they find in distinguishing between properly qualified women and others, by undertaking to accredit women who satisfy a Committee of the Association that they are qualified to do advanced work. The Association has accordingly formed an internal committee with Miss Laura Gill of Northampton as chairman, which will receive applications from all women who wish for its letter of introduction. It will be assisted in examining the work and credentials of each applicant by a Council of forty members of the Association who are serving upon college or university faculties, and by an Advisory Council of heads of departments in our leading American universities.

This is but a partial sketch of the work of the Association. Many new lines of work are opening for the future for which there is no space in the present paper. The younger *alumnæ* will be most naturally drawn to the work carried on in the Branches now established in all our large cities. These coöperate with the general Association but pursue also lines of local interest and usefulness, and often offer delightful social features. ANNA A. CUTLER '85.

Alumnæ desiring tickets for Senior Dramatics can order them through Frances Parker '98, Morris House. The orders will be filed in order of application, and the tickets so reserved may be obtained at the box office just before the performance.

'79. Julia H. Gulliver has published recently through Swan Sonnenschein & Co. of London, her translation of the "Ethics" (Part I.) of Professor Wundt, with whom she studied at the University of Leipsig.

'82. K. E. McClellan gave an exhibition of her artistic photographs of scenery, fine cloud effects, etc., in New York during Easter week.

- '82. Mary Gulliver sails June 18 for a year of Art study in England and Paris. Alice Peloubet Norton has, in addition to her work in the Brookline High School, given lectures in Boston and vicinity during the year on Sanitary Science.
- '83. The circular of the Salisbury School of Pittsfield, Mass., is signed by Mira H. Hall, who has accepted the position of Principal for next year. Mary C. Welles has resigned her position at the head of the Greek department in the Woman's College of Baltimore in order to study at Yale for the degree of Ph. D.
- The class of '83 will hold a reunion June 20.
- '88. Daisy L. Blaisdell is teaching German this term in the Academical Department of Oberlin College.
- The class of '88 will celebrate its decennial by a class supper, June 21.
- '91. Florence H. Abbot took the degree of M. D. at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary in May, 1897, and is now a Resident Interne in the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia.
- Anna H. Billings is engaged in graduate work in English at Yale.
- Blanche W. Bowman is teaching in the Chelsea High School.
- Edith Cadwallader is studying medicine at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.
- Florence Paul is teaching in the Somerville Latin School.
- Mary E. Raymond, during the winter semester, studied Literature and Philosophy at the University of Berlin.
- Cornelia R. Trowbridge is teaching Latin in the Kirkland School of Chicago.
- Alice H. Sherwood has completed her medical studies and is now a professional nurse.
- Janet M. Wallace is teaching English and Latin in the Omaha High School.
- Elizabeth S. Williams has taken the M. A. degree at Barnard College.
- Helen A. Lord, having taken her M. D., is now in charge of a hospital in Englewood, N. J.
- Minnie Aikens has been studying College Settlements in New York.
- Ethel D. Puffer, after studying at the Universities of Berlin and Friburg, is now continuing her psychological work at Harvard.
- Grace A. Bruce is teaching in one of the new grammar schools in New York City.
- Ellen Sherman was in New York last winter writing book reviews.
- Alice Sterne has taken an M. D. at Barnard.
- Helen F. Greene is head worker at Hartley House, the new industrial settlement of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor.
- '96. Kate Williams has been in California during the winter.
- '97. Harriet Morris has been traveling in Mexico.

ABOUT COLLEGE

MUSIC AS A COLLEGE STUDY

It may now be assumed that Art has important relations to literary and scientific study, and that its own best results are not attained when divorced from them; this much has surely been gained, in the opinion of competent scholars, by the experiments of the past twelve years in several American colleges. The English and Continental universities have known it for generations, and have shaped their courses of study with reference to it; we are perhaps no tardier in the recognition of it than of other fundamental facts concerning art, but our country since 1880 has witnessed a development of genuine art-appreciation, unparalleled in the history of the globe. All mature American musicians now living can remember the time when no one of the great music-compositions in any department was really known or competently studied here, whereas now the choicest repertoires of ancient and modern composers are not only to be heard at their best in all our large cities, but the critics of England and the Continent wait for our approval of them, and no artist is considered equipped for a European tour unless he can bear with him the favorable notices of the New York press. Anton Seidl had abundant justification for his reply to a solicitation to take a position in Berlin as Royal Orchestra Director,—“I would rather be Capellmeister in New York than in any other city of the globe.” All this change has come about since 1880, when Rubinstein first visited us and returned to Europe with disgracing opinion of our knowledge and taste concerning art. Music has confessedly come to be one of the most powerful of all factors in the development of our personal and social life. The question before our colleges, especially those for women, is how the power and the fascination of this most vital art may be utilized, coordinated and associated with other educational processes, so as to contribute to the total result of the study-courses something fairly commensurate with its phenomenal development and mysterious charm.

And, truth to say, the problem is by no means a new one: Socrates discussed it most earnestly, as having important relation to the education of a Greek citizen, insisting that the power of music-training lies in the fact that “Rhythm and Harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful if ill-educated.” In the early days too, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom, Gregory, Constantine and Guido affirmed it with tremendous emphasis, and laid upon it the foundations of all the marvelous sacred-music development of the past ten

centuries: while among modern writers Cousin, Schopenhauer and Swedenborg, in their widely differing attitudes toward the general subject and as representing the great mass of substantially consenting opinion, paid equal tribute to the doctrine that "the final power of music to refine and ennoble the nature depends at last upon the intellectual and moral character of him to whose artistic sensibility it makes appeal."

We must surely give assent to these utterances, and base upon the truth in them our insistence that music be treated as an academic study and welcomed to its proper place in the American college curriculum. On the level of mere information and accurate knowledge of the recognized forces that are moving the world, no scholar, however unmusical, can now afford to be ignorant of the great tone-works of the world any more than of the masterpieces of dramatic or lyric poetry. The *Eroica* Symphony of Beethoven is as worthy of serious study as *Macbeth*, and the *Götterdämmerung* as *King Lear*: the complicated structure of modern orchestral composition is as rewarding to the intellectual student as any department of mathematics or metaphysic. And on higher levels, since music yields up its best only to those whose intellectual and moral life is strong and high; and also since in the vast majority of cases it is capable of rendering incomparable service in the development of that life, association with the strenuous intellectual life of the college affords it its supreme opportunity of influence and power. All questions of relative emphasis proper to give to this study and its quantitative relation to the curriculum as a whole, can only be decided by each college for itself, according to the status and the needs of its students.

The administration of music as a branch of college study will necessarily include two distinct lines of work; one addressed to students who are musical, and who are able and inclined to elect the study as a practical pursuit involving special instruction in some branch of music-performance, together with the daily practice that is essential to it,—and the other addressed to the whole body of students, requiring no especial music-training or capacity, but only an earnest disposition to acquire an accurate knowledge of the rudimentary science and history of the art, together with competent guidance in the direction of interpretation and criticism. It is clear that the director of this work must be a college man, both as to training and ideals, bent upon turning the whole influence of his department in scholastic directions: he must also be in complete sympathy with his associates in the Faculty, and they with him, in order that his work may be truly coördinated with theirs and a real academic result be secured for it. Under him, sympathetic with and responsible to him, must be a competent force of able teachers in the various departments, and every student electing to study with them must also do regular class-work in Harmony and music-structure, besides taking lectures in music-history. All these studies, as well as practice and private tuition, must be formally considered as elective studies and counted as such upon the college-lists, with all the responsibility for them in the regular course that this involves. In connection with the second branch of the work optional lecture-courses should be offered to all students in Music-History, Church Music, the great Repertoires, sacred and secular, Practical Analyses of Music-works, and the rudiments of Music Criticism; classes in sight-read-

ing and in chorus singing might also be formed. There should be no extra expense whatever to students electing any part of this general department of the study, but they should be under the same responsibility for thoroughness of work and satisfactoriness of result as in any other college elective. Full courses of advanced music-study, blended with ample literary and scientific work, should be arranged for students who are especially qualified and desirous to pursue them, with reference to the college degree of B. M., and it is a *sine qua non* that the quality and extent of these courses be such as to place this degree upon a level with that of B. L. or B. S., the difference between them being only of relative emphasis upon certain branches of study, and not at all of range, breadth or thoroughness of scholarship involved. So far this work must be purely academic, and not special; but opportunities for special post-graduate work in all departments of music-work ought to be furnished.

In this outline of what college music-work should be, the course pursued in our own institution has of course been constantly in mind. We commenced fifteen years ago as a sort of Music Conservatory, sheltered within the College walls, necessarily hampered by an unhomogeneous constituency and many varieties of unrelated study. It seemed necessary then to work tentatively and carefully toward our ideal, which, in outward form, was reached two years ago, and toward the complete attainment of which, in all details of inter-relationship and coöperation with all the other ministries of our splendid college-life, we are bending all our efforts and expending all our strength.

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, Director of the Music School.

Ninety-Eight's Class Book being as yet but an idea, and possibly a different one to each member of the class, it would seem unwise to speak of it in detail as if it were an accomplished fact. And yet a plan, which the committee are trying to carry out, was long ago formulated. The Class Book is more specifically a Senior book, and especially a souvenir of Commencement. Whatever original work is given by the members of the graduating class during that last week is material for the book. Thus the reading matter will consist mainly of the Ivy Oration, words and music of the Ivy Song and the four histories which for the first time are to be read at class supper. The only other article will be the Shakespeare prize essay which will have the place of honor, the first in the book. Many pages will be filled with reprints of the Senior photographs of the members of the class, while under each picture will be a facsimile of the student's signature. Pictures of the heads of the departments and a few groups, such as the three musical clubs, the Ninety-Eight editors and basket-ball team, will probably come next in order. Throughout the reading matter there will be views and pictures of some of the campus buildings. At the end of the book will be placed the names of the members of Ninety-Eight and their home addresses.

ESTELLA ELIZABETH PADGHAM '98.

The class of '98 will present as its Senior play Shakespeare's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*. There will be two performances, on June 17 and 18, the play commencing at 7.30 p. m., a half hour earlier than the time announced on the program cards.

In this connection a brief statement of the aims of the play may not be inopportune. Much Ado About Nothing was not selected because it is one of the standard plays on the professional stage, but in spite of that fact. It is not the aim of the class to compete with the great metropolitan theatres in the elaborate staging of the play or in perfected histrionic art, rather is it the intention of those connected with this production to give a clear, consistent, appreciative interpretation of this work of Shakespeare's, to learn to know one great masterpiece with the thoroughness only to be acquired by living with it and to give some expression to the many-sided college life and training.

The cast of the play is as follows :

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon,	Ethel Dickinson
Don John, his brother,	Elisabeth Hammond
Claudio, a young lord of Florence,	Florence Reed
Benedick, a young lord of Padua,	Cora Waldo
Leonato, Governor of Messina,	Ruth Duncan
Antonio, his brother,	Alice Duncan
Balthazar, attendant on Don Pedro,	Ethel Arnold
Borachio, } followers of Don John.	Mabel Large
Conrade, }	Jessie Budlong
Dogberry, } two officers.	Grace Blanchard
Verges, }	Josephine Clark
Friar Francis,	Henrietta Seelye
A Sexton,	Rejoyce Collins
A Messenger,	Helen Rose
Hero, daughter to Leonato,	Mae Dillon
Beatrice, niece to Leonato,	Cornelia Harter
Margaret, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.	Cara Burch
Ursula, }	Leila Holmes

Messengers, Watchmen and Attendants. Scene: Messina.

The committee are Elizabeth McFadden, Frances Parker, Mabel Knowlton, Alice Duncan, Mary Helen Lathrop, Cara Burch.

ELIZABETH MCFADDEN '98.

The New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its seventeenth annual meeting Friday, May 20, in the Copley Square Hotel, Boston. Representatives were present from Wesleyan College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Trinity, Amherst, Colby, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke and Smith.

The meeting was called at three o'clock by the President of the Association, Mr. Henry of Wesleyan College, and a number of papers were read on subjects interesting or suggestive to editors of a college paper,—“Advertisements,” “Editorials,” “The College Monthly as an Influence in College Life,” “Friendship Between Man and Man in College Verse,” “Methods of Electing Editorial Boards.” These were followed by an informal talk by Mr. Ayres of the *Boston Advertiser*, on “Journalism.”

At the business meeting which followed the reading of papers, the officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mr. Marriott, of Amherst College; Vice-President, Miss Sinclair, of Mt. Holyoke College; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Benson, of Institute of Technology; Associate Member of Committee, Miss Smith, of Smith College. The meeting then adjourned.

At eight o'clock the delegates met again at the annual dinner given by the Association in the hotel dining-room. Miss Jordan of Smith, Miss Luce of Wellesley, and Miss Sweet of Mt. Holyoke, were patronesses. Mr. Winslow of the Institute of Technology was toastmaster, and introduced the following toasts: "The New England Intercollegiate Press Association," Miss Daskam (*Smith Monthly*); "The Paper and the College," Mr. Blanchard (*Amherst Monthly*); "Women in Literature," Miss Eaton (*Mt. Holyoke*); "The Journalist," Mr. Flinchbaugh (*Wesleyan Argus*); "The Editor's Joys and Sorrows," Miss Cook (*Wellesley Magazine*); "The Hub," Mr. Richmond (*The Tech*); "College Athletics," Mr. Johnson (*Amherst Monthly*); "The Collegian in War," Mr. Remsen (*Trinity Tablet*); Address, Mr. Marriott.

Mr. Brocklesby has drawn up the plans for a pretty little club-house to be built at the golf links near the first tee. The house is to consist of one large room with bay windows and a cosy fire-place, two lockers and a ten-foot wide piazza surrounding it. The building will cost between five and six hundred dollars and the townspeople who are interested in golf have kindly proposed to raise half if not more of the required amount. The Gymnasium and Field Association is trying to raise about two hundred dollars by subscription from the students interested in golf, as this is the first year of the golf club and their expenditures for the links were so large that their treasury is not able to bear this expense alone. After the kindness of the townspeople in raising their share, the students should be as generous as possible.

The Junior Promenade was, as is always said of the last one, unusually fine this year. The music, the refreshments and the floor were all good, but most successful of all were the efforts of the decorating committee. For a week a committee of forty Sophomores had been hard at work hanging the walls and rafters with flags and ground pine and arranging more artistically than ever before the small tête-à-tête rooms and corners. After a reception of half an hour at which Miss Barber and Miss Capelle, as presiding officers of the class, received with the patronesses, the dancing began at half-past seven with The Stars and Stripes. Promptly at half-past eleven Mr. King made his appearance and the Juniors realized that the Junior Promenade, so long looked forward to and counted as a prominent landmark, was a thing of the past.

Each year the Juniors have sought to rival the preceding classes in the uniqueness and originality of their entertainment for the Seniors. This year a May party was given. After a reception by the May Queen and her court, six couples, representing Robin Hood and his merry men and six little milkmaids, danced a May-pole dance with ribbons of green and red, the class colors of the Juniors and Seniors. This was followed by two scenes from Twelfth Night, "as the Faculty wish it," which were full of local hits. Then came a short German with dainty favors and refreshments served by a corps of pretty Freshmen. Patriotic songs and the usual college airs were sung before the entertainment broke up.

Wednesday evening, June 1, the Sarm Ganok Society presented "Fanchon, the Cricket," in the New Gymnasium. The performance was very successful, especially in consideration of the unusually short time spent in preparation. The play chosen was interesting from its novelty, while the French peasant costumes were pretty and effective. The acting though unequal was for the most part good, the part of Fanchon in particular being rendered with great spirit.

Dr. Percy Gardiner of Oxford gave an interesting lecture Saturday afternoon, May 28, on Early Greek Portraiture, illustrated by stereopticon views. The lecture was well attended, the members of the Greek Club acting as ushers.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Dress Rehearsal of Senior Play,	Thursday, June 16,	7.00 P. M.
Senior Play,	Friday, June 17,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Play,	Saturday, June 18,	7.30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Sunday, June 19,	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 20,	10.00 A. M.
Reunion of Colloquium,	" "	11.00 A. M.
Biological Society,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Alpha Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Phi Kappa Psi Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Astronomical Society,	" "	5.00 P. M.
Art Reception,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	" "	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	" "	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 21,	10.30 A. M.
Orator, Rev. Kinsley Twining, D. D.		
Alumnæ Reception,	Tuesday, June 21,	2.30 P. M.





